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World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Boxing's progress has been world-wide since the legalization of the sport through the enactment of the Walker Law twenty years ago. More good talent has been developed in every division under legalized boxing than at any time in the history of pugilism. The extraordinary rise of the Negro race has featured the sport in the last two decades.

THE RING Editor, in the final installment of "Twenty Years of the Walker Law," traces the rise of the colored race from obscurity to world fame. He tells of the great champions developed during the last two decades and of their thrilling contests. Don't miss this story.

The chronicler's delight. Know who he is? You've guessed it. None other than Max Baer, the Swashbuckler Extraordinary, the greatest showman in modern fistiana. Read about him in Hype Igoe's most interesting article.

The Army, Navy and Marines are getting the cream of the American boxers among the enlisted men. Champions and top-notchers, boxers who have made their mark in the professional and amateur field, are now doing their bit for Uncle Sam. Read about their doings in the service in the columns of this publication, the standard bearer of the service men.

In addition, you'll find all the news worth while from all sections of the world. You'll get the timely chatter from your home state, the editorial comment on world-wide topics by Nat Fleischer, and ringside snapshots of the world's outstanding fights of the month.

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Boxing Follows Flag

Sea Devils, the Fighting Marines, Long Efficient in the Manly Art of Self Defense—Colonel Biddle, Grand Old Man of the Corps, Though Long Retired, Continues to Teach Bayonet and Hand-to-Hand Fighting

By LIEUT. COL. HARVEY L. (HEINIE) MILLER

(Commander, First Battalion, First Marines, First Division, Atlantic Marine Force)

BOXING has been definitely adopted by the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps as the leading form of athletic recreation. The reason is obvious. It is the one sport, more so than any other, that develops every muscle in the body, develops coordination of mind and muscle, aids in the training of the service men in the use of the bayonet, and enables all to learn the art of self defense, so essential in the life of a soldier, sailor or marine.

As Lieutenant Colonel, the commander of the First Battalion, First Marines, First Division of the Atlantic Marine Force now stationed at Guantanamo Bay, I encourage the lads in taking a deep interest in boxing. First, because I was an active boxer when in the Navy and next, because I have been most enthusiastic about boxing ever since I was a kid. I have been associated in one way or another with the manly art of self defense since 1903 and with the military service since 1905. To me boxing and the service, no matter what branch one may be concerned about, go hand in hand. It is the service man's sport.

Lieut. Col. Harvey L. "Heinie" Miller, U.S.M.C.R.

When I was asked by my good friend, Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine, for which I was a correspondent from 1922 to 1926, to add to the many interesting and valuable articles he already has had on Boxing and Our National Defense programme, I was tickled pink to accept. Why? Because I know of no publication that has done and is doing so much for our youth as has and is THE RING. It is truly the Bible of boxing, but it is likewise the Bible of the Service Men. It is a magazine worthy of note and is enjoyed by all who read it.

They eat this magazine alive, so to speak. I know of no better way than through THE RING to impress on the minds of the nation's boys who are now joining some branch of the national service, or will be joining soon, the value of boxing as an exercise, a means for recreation and a developer of the manly courage so much required by those who want to make good in the service, especially that branch in which I am serving.

* * *

I LEARNED my boxing in the Navy and I feel that I am so much the better now for taking it up when I did. I owe much to the sport and I feel that every boy under my command, as well as those under the command of other officials, no matter what branch of the service, will in later years thank those who urged them to learn the rudiments of the art of fisticuffs.

I don't intend to go deeply into the reasons why we in the service are paying such attention to boxing. Those who have written competent, instructive articles before me—Spike Webb, Gene Tunney, Bill Brown and Daniel M. Daniel—have minutely gone into this phase in previous issues. Suffice it to say, however, that he who masters the art of boxing, even he who just learns the rudiments, will be so much better off when it comes to handling the deadly bayonet, an important item in warfare, than the chap who knows nothing of boxing. That was proved in the World War.

The work that Gene Tunney is doing in the Navy is a job that commands considerable attention, because, as he so aptly put it, a strong, sturdy body, a keen eye, a quick thinking brain and a speedy attack—a combination that is developed in boxing—is the essential of every well equipped naval aviator in the service today.

The same holds with our marines—those who fight on land and sea, the Sea Devils who are the protectors of our people in every part of the world.

And that's why boxing has such a strong appeal among these men. They are the bravest of the brave; they admire spunk; they love a good fight; they are able-bodied athletes who seek peace at all times, but are ever ready, with the bare fists or their weapons, to courageously back the right by force, when necessary.

And that's where their knowledge of boxing comes in handy.

* * *

BEFORE discussing boxing in the Marine Corps, let me give a little account of myself. Not that I want to, for I don't care to appear as a braggart, but THE RING Editor insisted that I must go into this as part of the article; hence, Commander of Marines or just a buck private, I must obey, for in this case he is my commander. So here goes:

I was a professional boxer in 1904 in Milwaukee and when I entered the service in 1905, I won the fleet titles in the bantam, feather and lightweight divisions. Most of the bouts in which I appeared were 20-rounders. A few were slated for 45. Naval old timers rated me "a fighter with a great head and hell-uva right." Only a few top-notchers beat me in the Navy.

With that kind of a background, can you blame me for loving the sport and taking such a deep interest in it now? All types of recreation are indulged in by our boys in Cuban waters, but boxing still is and always will be the major sport. Like baseball, it follows the flag. Find even only a few marines in any distant port, and there you will find baseball and boxing as the leading pastimes.

Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney, retired, undefeated heavyweight champion of the world and now director of the athletic programme of the United States Navy, is pictured here at the Navy recruiting office with nationally famous boxers who will aid him in putting the Naval aviators in trim at Pensacola, Florida. The boys have all enlisted in the Naval Reserve for a four year term. Left to right are: Commander Tunney; Frank Poreda, Jersey City heavyweight; Jimmy Webb, light-heavyweight, St. Louis; Patsy Perrone, Cleveland, O., heavyweight; Tommy Tucker, Rockville Center light-heavyweight; Georgie Abrams, New York City middleweight; Cal Cagni, Jersey City middleweight, and Al Nettlow, Detroit welterweight.

As in the case of Gene Tunney, my activity in boxing as a fighter, referee and even a manager and promoter, has helped me in finding the right kind of men upon whom to depend to teach the sport to the marines under my care. I refereed for a long time in the famous Olympic Club of California and later in collegiate and professional fights in Maryland, Washington and other places through the South. That kind of background is what adds to the prestige of one who wants his charges to follow in his footsteps. That's why boxing is so popular among the boys in Cuban waters.

For several years I managed such good service fighters as Charley Grande, who fought Jack Dillon, Willie Meehan and Jimmy Clabby and Frankie Kirk; who was beaten only by Benny Leonard. For four years I was head boxing coach at the University of Maryland, my teams winning the Southern Conference titles in 1937 and 1939, after an undefeated season, and today I feel confident that when our fleet championships are staged, our boys in the Marines will give as good an account of themselves as did my college lads.

* * *

THE intensive field training program of the United States Marine Corps in operation at the present has left little time for athletics on a grand scale. However, Marine Corps leaders appreciate the value of boxing as a sport and its close relation to hand-to-hand and bayonet fighting. Boxing will soon be flourishing on a larger scale in the Semper Fidelis outfit. We will make it an outstanding sport and exercise.

Unlike the U. S. Navy, the Marine Corps has no title elimination series to determine Service title holders, because the Marine Corps is a part of the Navy. Marine Corps boxers, when serving in the Fleet, take part in Fleet title bouts and the Leathernecks have, in the past, produced their share of Fleet title holders, outstanding among them being such as Ted Schneider, heavyweight, "the Sandman" of the *U.S.S. Mississippi,* and Steve Muchic, of the *U.S.S. Michigan.* Schneider was Fleet heavy champ. He knocked out Biff Crowley of the *U.S.S. Arkansas,* who in turn won from Jack Sharkey, later world's heavy champ.

Muchic won the Fleet middleweight title and was good enough to make the U. S. Olympic Team.

Every move, and I mean *EVERY* move, in bayonet fighting, is a *BOXING* move. Armed with rifle and bayonet your bayonet fighter, using the proper military names for each move, nonetheless stakes his life, close up, on the left jab, left and right block, left hook, right cross and inside right cross counter, right uppercut to the body or chin, etc., etc. The man who knows how to slip under or inside of a left hook to counter with a right to the body will instinctively do the same against a bayonet thrust. And for the highest stakes in the toughest sort of fighting.

Colonel Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle, U.S.M.C.R., the grand old man of Marine Corps bayonet and hand-to-hand fighting, although now retired, still teaches the Marines a combination of bayonet and knife fighting, Judo and Jiu-Jitsu. The Colonel learned his boxing in gym jousts opposite Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. To the old Colonel the Marine Corps is the end all and be all in military outfits and he has done more than his share toward the Corps. A great fellow, "Colonel Tony."

* * *

THE NAVY has turned out a brilliant array of champions and near champions. Navy-made title holders were Jack Sharkey, Johnny Buff, Ken Overlin, Eddie Babe Risko.

Outstanding Navy fighters include such names as Tom Sharkey, Yankee Sullivan, George Gunther, Frank Moran, Gunboat Smith, Eddie Huffman, Eddie Roberts, Charley Grande, Ed Petroskey, Sailor Burke, Sammy Robideau, Freddie Fritts, Tommy Teague, Denny Tighe, Sammy Whalen, Heinie Orchard, Frankie Kirk, Billy Walters, Leo Lomski, *(Continued on page 43)*

ABE SIMON EXHIBITS FIGHTING COURAGE

His Stand Against Joe Louis is the Greatest Since Bomber Won Crown—Abe's Left Tantalyzes Champion—Powerful Rights End Battle in Thirteenth Round—Fighters Make "Exhibition" Edict by Michigan Commission, Look Foolish

By NAT FLEISCHER

SURPRISES in boxing are what make that sport so fascinating. It is a sport of thrills. There is no sport that holds such a fascination for the fans as does boxing. Always there is the expectancy of getting a new thrill—a bigger and greater thrill than has been encountered previously.

That is why, regardless of the opponent, Joe Louis draws them in at the gate. The Brown Bomber bouts always are thrill providers. Either he furnishes it by means of his punch soporific, or his rivals furnish the thrill by putting him on the canvas, by employing a style that baffles the great Negro title holder by displaying an unexpected attack or by flashing the kind of courage that gains for the loser the whole-hearted support of the spectators.

That is why, when Joe Louis fought Abe Simon in Detroit on March 21, the Olympia Stadium was packed to the doors, with hundreds standing and thousands turned away. They came to the arena with the full realization that the Bomber would emerge from the affair with his title still in his possession in his fifteenth defense of the world heavyweight championship, yet they flocked in droves to the scene of action.

Why? Because of that expectancy which I mentioned. Because in almost every fight in which Louis has appeared, there has been at least one thrill-providing round. In Simon he was facing a giant 52 pounds heavier than Joe, a fighter who only recently had been whipped in Baltimore, yet a crowd of 18,908 persons paid a gross of $56,605.10 to see the mill, in the hopes that Simon would furnish that one thrill.

And well were they repaid for their journey. They not only saw one thrilling round, but a large number in which the underdog, Simon, a 20 to 1 shot, clearly outpointed and outhit the champion.

They saw Abe Simon give the Bomber the greatest battle he has had since he won the crown from Jimmy Braddock, and

When the fight was stopped. Here we get a glimpse of Abe Simon as he looked, holding the ropes, and back to Louis, a bewildered giant. The referee halted the bout when he saw that Abe was helpless.

receive the largest amount of punishment Joe has gotten in any fight since the first bout with Max Schmeling. True, Louis was fighting a fellow fifty-two pounds heavier, a tremendous advantage, and Simon was fully drilled on how to use that extra avoirdupois to advantage, but that's what a heavyweight champion must expect. Therefore Simon must be given full credit for what he had accomplished.

* * *

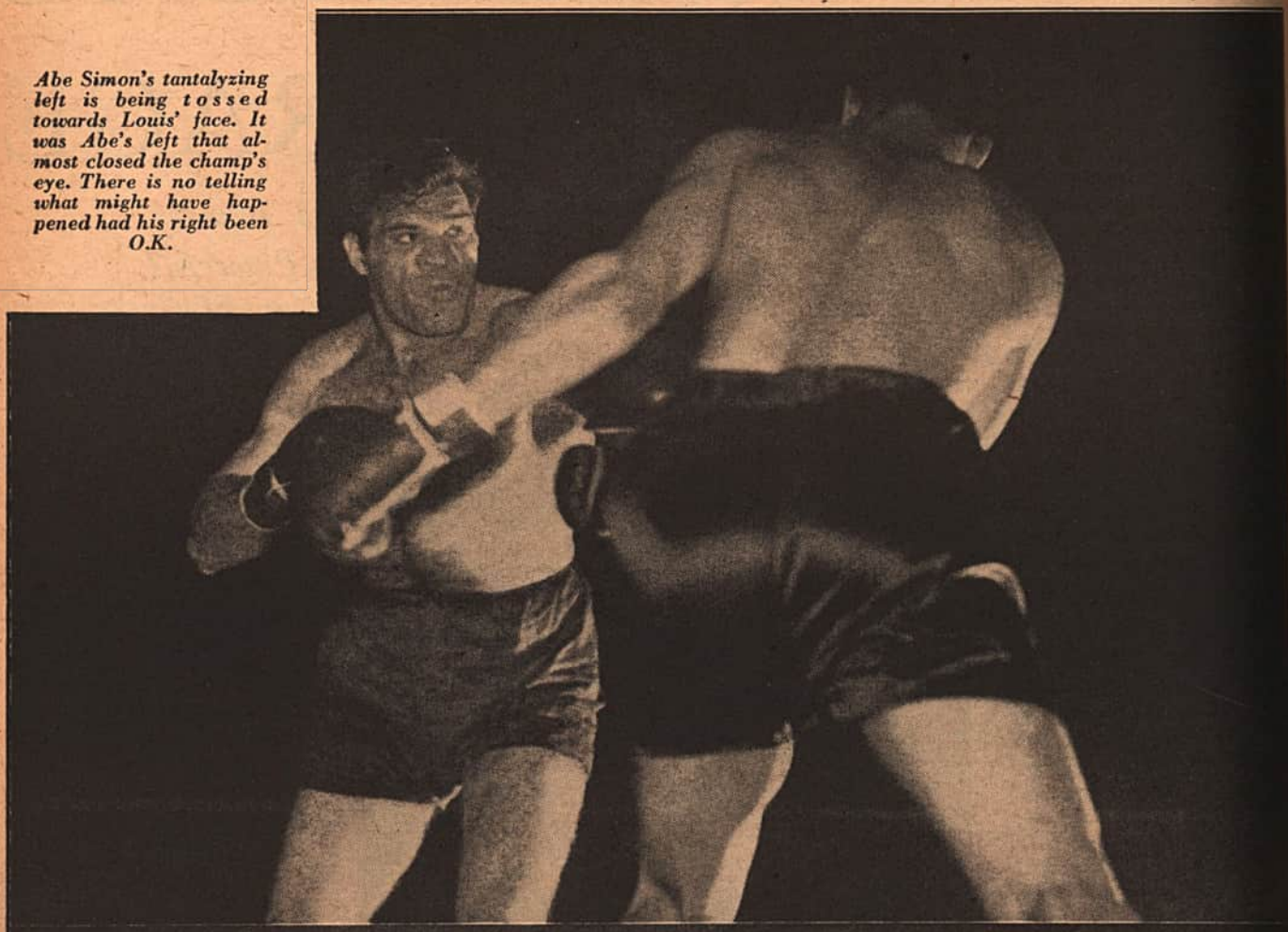
THE showing of Simon, who was not halted by the Bomber until he was twice floored in the thirteenth round, gave an incredible performance. The bout was stopped by Referee Sam Henessey in 1:20 of that session, and when the action ceased Louis was a mighty happy man. Joe's left eye was beginning to close and he had a mouse under it, all from continued left jabs.

Simon was a badly whipped man when the official stepped in to save him from a knockout and possible injury, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he fooled the critics, caused the wise bettors to go into hock and had furnished the spectators with the surprise that has now come to be expected in each fight in which Louis appears. When they resume their engagement on May 9 in the Garden, they'll turn away several thousand more fans, despite the fact that those boxing enthusiasts are satisfied that Joe will repeat over Abe.

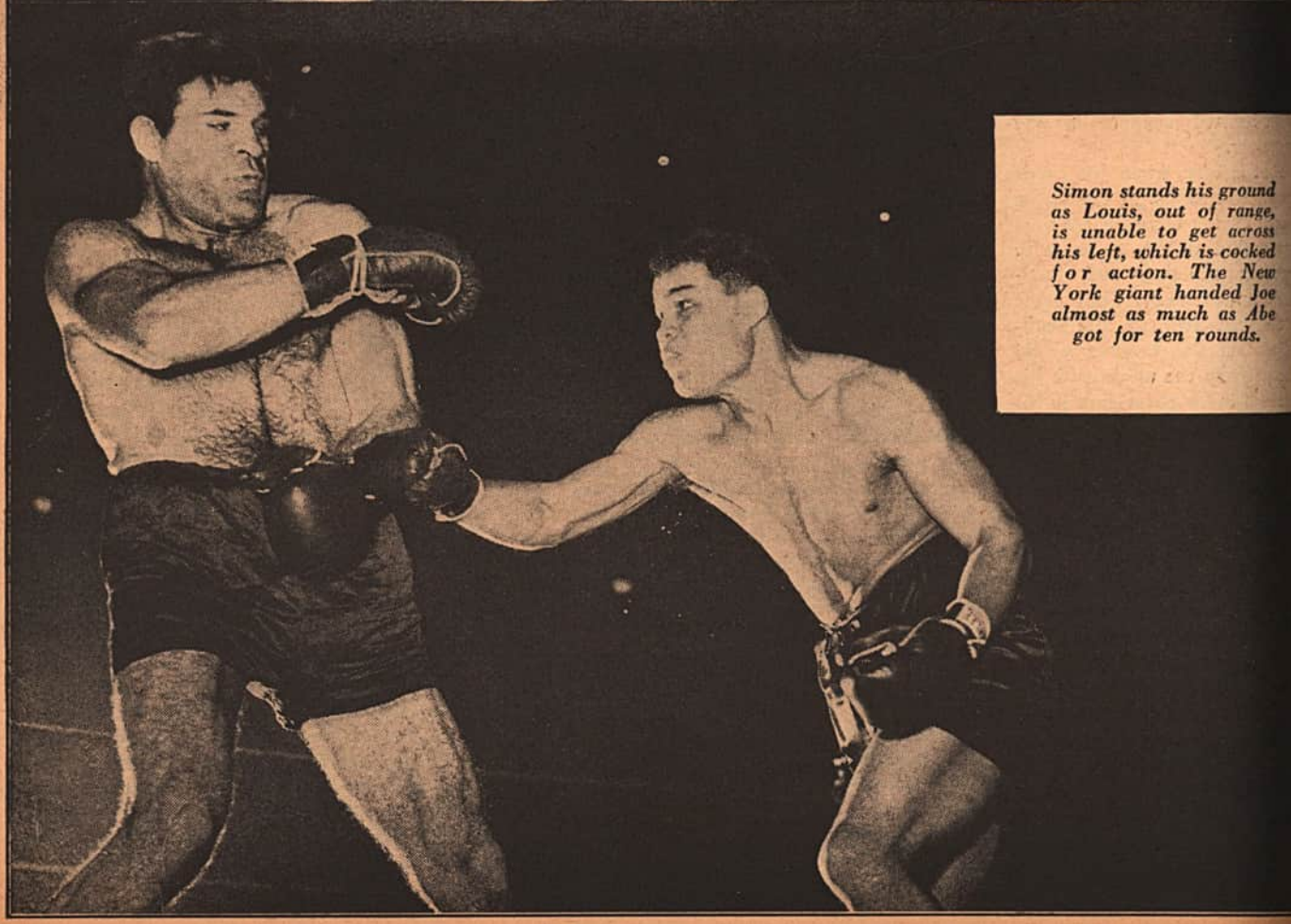
Louis' fifteenth defense of his crown made him appear as if Mike Jacobs had picked the wrong man for his opponent in the one-a-month fight. In the second, sixth, eighth and tenth rounds, according to my score card, Abe not only outboxed the Bomber but clearly outhit him and landed punches that carried more power than did Louis'. On a number of occasions in other rounds than the four which I awarded to Simon, Big Abe stuck his left into Joe's face four or more times without a single return.

Unfortunately, Simon had broken a bone in his right hand a few days before the fight, and thus couldn't use it. No one except

Fearless Giant Faces Bomber



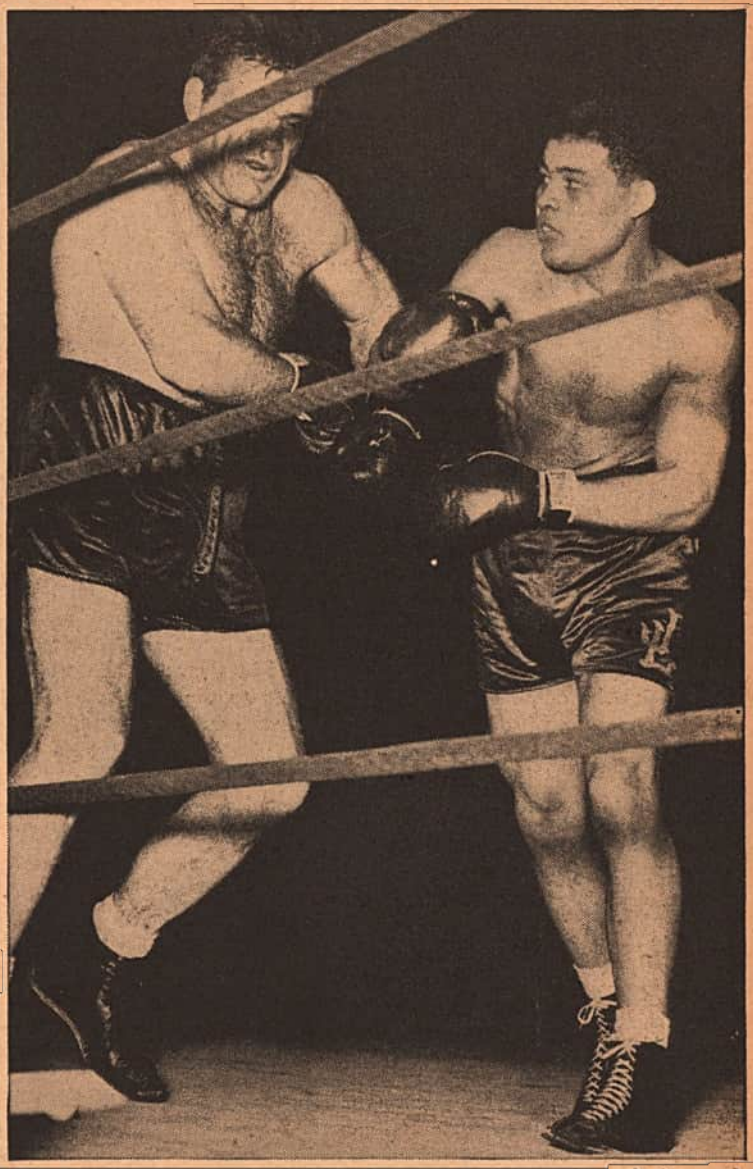
Abe Simon's tantalyzing left is being tossed towards Louis' face. It was Abe's left that almost closed the champ's eye. There is no telling what might have happened had his right been O.K.



Simon stands his ground as Louis, out of range, is unable to get across his left, which is cocked for action. The New York giant handed Joe almost as much as Abe got for ten rounds.

Crashing Fists Fell Simon

Simon grinning in the seventh round after he had slipped to the canvas.



The Bomber has just landed his devastating right to Simon's jaw and is ready for a follow-through with the left.

Abe, face distorted with pain, against the ropes in the last round, is ready to drop.

And here he is, down for the last time in the thirteenth round.

his handlers knew of the injury, but it was apparent soon after the bout got under way that there was something wrong with Simon's right because he seldom used it other than in a feint. What might have happened, in view of Abe's fine performance, had his right been O.K., is problematical. Joe should be thankful for that injury.

* * *

CONTRARY to the general reports, I don't believe that Louis has lost much of his form. Too much is expected of the Bomber and too little of his opponents. As soon as Joe meets one who will stand and fight him, and such a fighter invariably makes a good showing for several rounds, the report goes out that Louis is slipping. Yet in the end Joe does what has been expected—he stops his man, and that is what counts most. When Louis finally turned on the steam, cornered his man and bombarded him with dynamite rights as well as lefts, there seemed nothing wrong with him. He certainly was the great Bomber in those moments. Simon will testify to that.

Scarcely had that fatal thirteenth gotten under way, when the champ unleashed a beauty, a right that landed on the side of the head and down went Simon for a count of nine. Finally aroused from his lethargy, Joe was a maddened gladiator. In all his fights, I have never seen the killer instinct so much exhibited in him, than after that first knockdown in the final session.

He stepped after his foe relentlessly. Rights smothered Abe's jaw and chin when he arose, and when these by themselves failed to knock Abe out, Louis added many lefts to the assault. He felled him again with a right that crashed with force against the jaw and Abe didn't get up until another nine count had been tolled off.

When he clambered to his feet this second time, a left hook to the jaw made Big Abe quiver from head to heels. His body actually shook. He was dazed.

As in the fight between Jack Sharkey and Tommy Loughran when Tommy grasped the ropes and started to parade around the ring, so Abe took a firm hold on the ropes, and with back to his opponent, he gazed out in space, over the heads of the spectators, eyes glassy and a wandering look on his face.

Louis stood poised. His right hand was cocked for another delivery, which under the rules he could have sent across, but he held the punch while he turned towards Referee Henessey to note that official's reaction. It was obvious to the champion that Simon was in no position to continue, and sportsman that he is, Louis refused to take advantage of the situation to score a knockout and possibly injure his opponent seriously, unless ordered to continue by the third man in the ring.

The referee was quick to act. This capable official, one of the best in the professional ranks, rushed forward, pushed Louis aside, as he sensed the danger lurking in Joe's powerful arm and signaled the end of the fight. It was a wise move that met with hearty approval by all, even Jimmy Johnston, manager of the defeated fighter. The end was unexpected. Most of the spectators thought that Abe would go the route because of his excellent work in the previous rounds.

* * *

THE story of the Detroit battle is the story of endurance. Big Abe, with a big heart and brute strength, went into the fray without the use of his right hand, and like his stablemate in a previous encounter, was determined at least to stay the limit if he couldn't win by a knockout. That he didn't was due only to the fact that whereas men like Pastor and Godoy, who went the route with the devastating Bomber by continuous circling of the ring or by the use of monkey-shines, Simon elected a different and most costly method—that of fighting his man as no other opponent had chosen.

Abe stayed and bullied his way into the thirteenth round against a man whose fighting qualities have been extolled to the four corners of the earth and whose ability has gained for him a ranking with the all-time greats of the roped square. For that, he must be honored as a daring individual, one who may well feel proud of his achievement.

Big Abe made a fight of it from the very first bell. He rushed his great hulk across the ring to meet his renowned opponent and landed the first blow of the fight, a left to the eye. The punch made Joe blink, though it did no damage. Incidentally, in that respect, Joe bore out the after battle statement that every time a left is tossed the Bomber's way, the champ blinks. The next punch, the first Louis shot across, was the one that floored Abe for the first time. It came exactly thirty-four seconds after the bout had begun.

Big Abe got up and weathered the storm, though it appeared he would become the quickest knockout victim of the champion, a record Joe set in his bout with Max Schmeling. Terrific clouts to the head and the other parts of the body didn't even slow up Simon for subsequent rounds, though any other opponent would never have survived that opening session.

Actually Simon didn't take it all standing up a target for Joe's wallops. He got in a number of punches. When he got to his feet, he laced over a left and then two rights to Joe's jaw and then came a left to the eye that started to puff Joe's left optic. There followed a series of punches which Joe hurled to all parts of Abe's big frame, but he couldn't down the former cop again. As the round neared its end, Simon got in four perfect lefts to Joe's eye, then shot a right cross to the jaw, and a few seconds before the bell sounded, Abe reached home with two lefts to the head and a left to the eye to get in the last blows.

* * *

THERE is where the killer instinct of Dempsey would have been seen to its highest degree. Had Simon faced Dempsey, the giant killer of Toledo fame, instead of Louis, Abe never would have survived that opening session. Louis should never have permitted the round to end as it did.

But one must also consider the fact that Abe took blows that would have felled a concrete wall and never crumbled. It was the first time in the career of Louis as a title-holder that he actually had a man going, ready for the kill, yet failed to get him, and there's where the durability of his opponent showed to advantage, as well as Simon's tremendous advantage in weight. Throughout the trying session, Abe, instead of going down and out, kept shoving that powerful left of his into Louis' face, disconcerting him and forcing him to step out of range and to get set again, a movement that proved rather costly.

That one weapon of Simon's, a tantalyzing left with plenty of punishing power behind it, is what made it a fight. The astounding gameness and unruffled demeanor of the challenger added to the attractiveness of the battle. They said after that first round that Louis had gone back, and that statement was frequently heard after the battle, but let me add that Joe was plenty good—he had to be, to be able to carry on as he did against such a powerful opponent carrying so great an amount of avoirdupois.

* * *

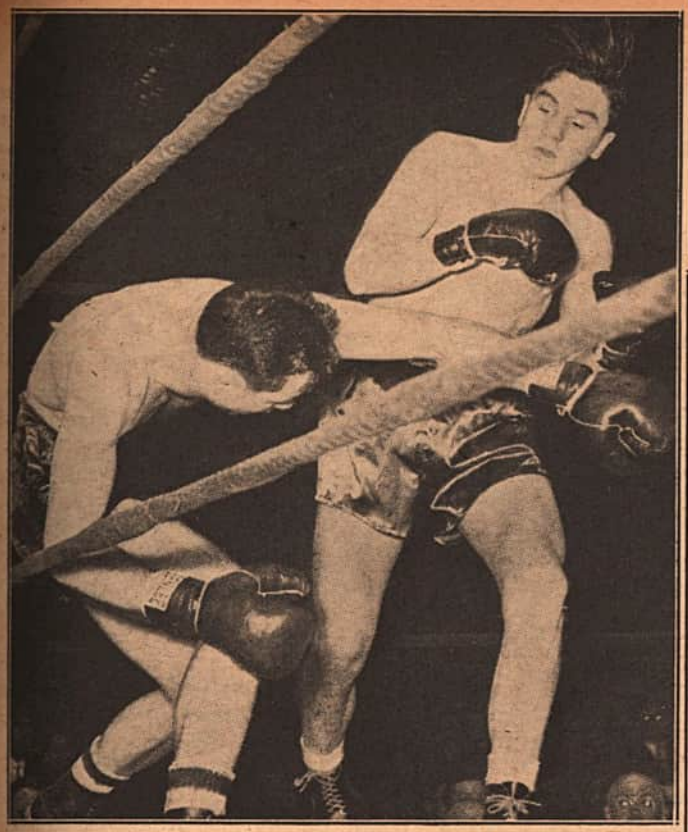
FROM that first round on, it was the famed Louis right that dominated the proceedings. It showed in every round after it had clipped Simon's huge jaw to score the first knockdown.

In the second session, Abe took the play away from the man who had floored him in the opener, and actually won that round. Every time Louis came in to toss his right, Abe met the attack with an attack of his own by shooting a volley of well directed lefts to the face.

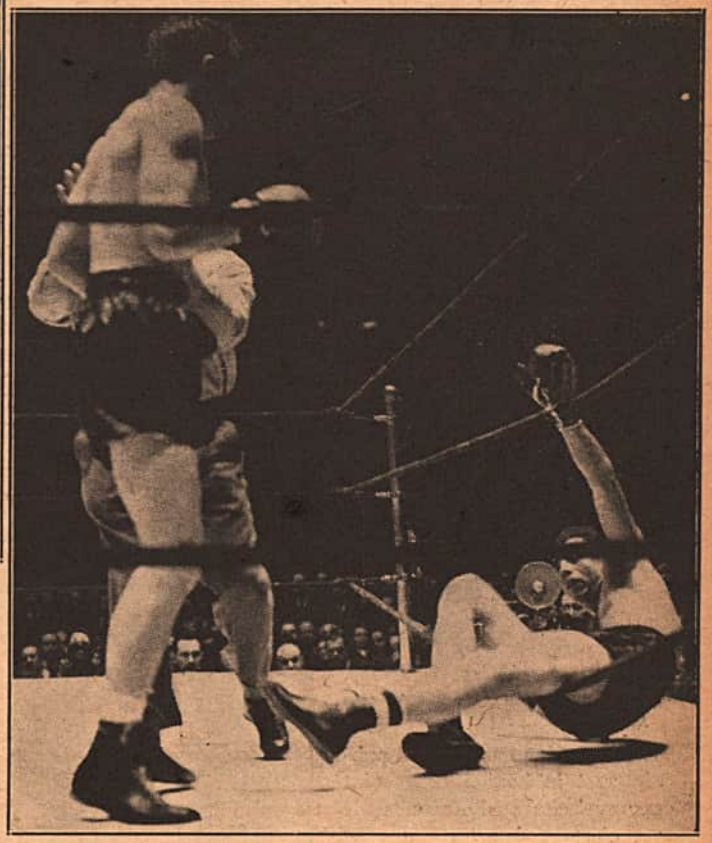
Louis came back strongly and gained a good-sized margin in the third, fourth and fifth rounds, in which he frequently staggered his huge opponent, but in the sixth, Abe outclassed the champ, only to become a chopping block for Joe in the succeeding round.

Simon was staggered from one punch after another, with Joe's left working like a piston. He was faster in shooting his blows across to Simon's body and jaw, occasionally using a short, chopping downstroke, but after bumping Abe around the ring, using a variety of blows, the bell sounded and Joe went to his corner somewhat downhearted. He had tried everything. He had used every means within the hands of a great fighter to bring his man into submission, but had failed. *(Continued on page 43)*

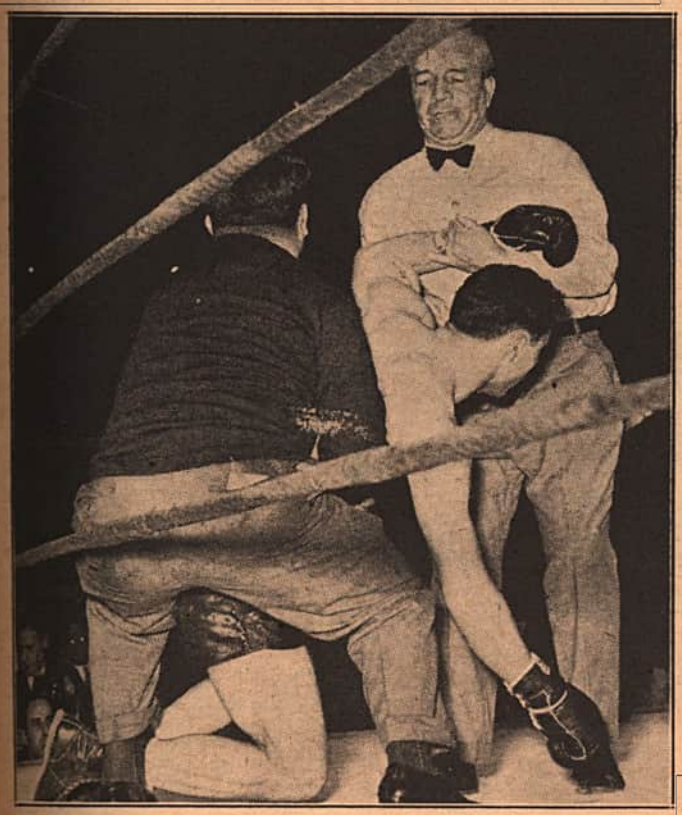
Thrilling Contests



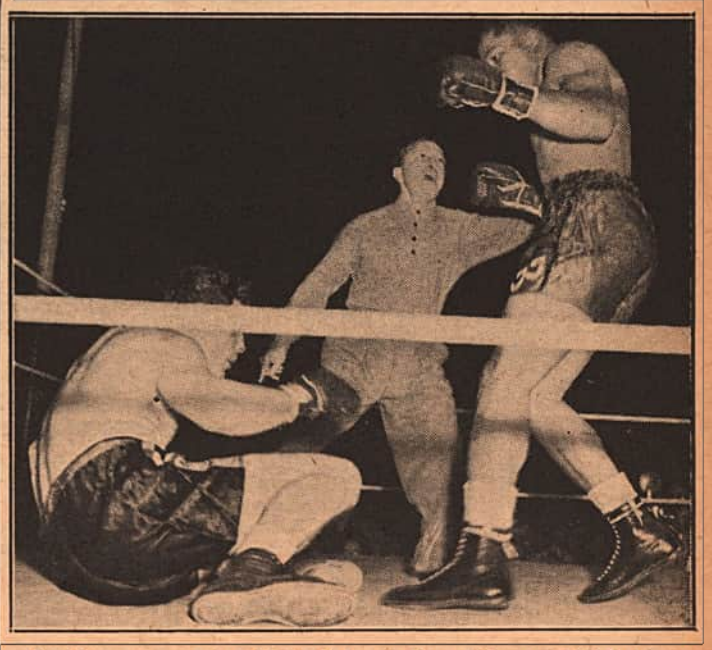
Tami Mauriello ready to deliver the finishing punch, with Belloise about to topple over while leaning against the ropes for support, Tami rushes in, sets himself, then crashes a powerful left to the head of Steve. As Belloise began to totter, he was met with vicious rights and lefts.



Unable to keep his balance, Steve went over the lower rope, in the same corner and almost in the same position as did Red Burman when he was downed by Joe Louis. Grasping the middle strand, Steve tried to raise himself but with only two more seconds for the round to end, Referee Cavanagh stepped in to halt the slaughter.



Shunting Mauriello to his corner, Cavanagh, aided by Steve's chief second, raised the limp body of Belloise and dragged him to his chair. He was knocked cold. It was a great triumph for Mauriello, who, by his victory, leaped into the front ranks of middleweight championship contenders.



And here we see the third of the six knockdowns of Bob Pastor in his fight with Turkey Thompson at Hollywood. It was one of the most thrilling contests seen in a California ring in many moons. Bob got up, floored Turkey three times in the remaining rounds, and carried off the victory by a safe margin before a gathering of 15,000 fans. By his triumph, Bob gained another match with Joe Louis.

LOUIS TOLL RISES

Fight-a-Month Club Adds New Victim, Tony Musto, to Its Register—Courageous Stand Against Great Odds, Proves Insufficient in Heavyweight Championship Fight

By NAT FLEISCHER

CONTINUING his one-a-month defense of his world heavyweight crown, Joe Louis added Tony Musto to the casualty list when he halted the stumpy built, fearless Italian challenger in 1:36 of the ninth round at St. Louis, Mo., thus making it five in a row since starting his unusual campaign last December and rolling up his sixteenth victim since winning the title. They called it a technical knockout when Referee Arthur Donovan interceded to save Tony from further punishment, but in my record book it goes down as a kayo, the only thing one can call a contest that is stopped when a fighter is badly cut up or battered.

In the bout with Musto, as in that with Simon, the Brown Bomber again proved himself the fighting champion. Never in the history of boxing have we had anything like Joe Louis. When he won the crown from Braddock he vowed that he would be a fighting title holder, and he has been just that ever since. His record to date will last for years. Joe has been the answer to the promoters' prayer.

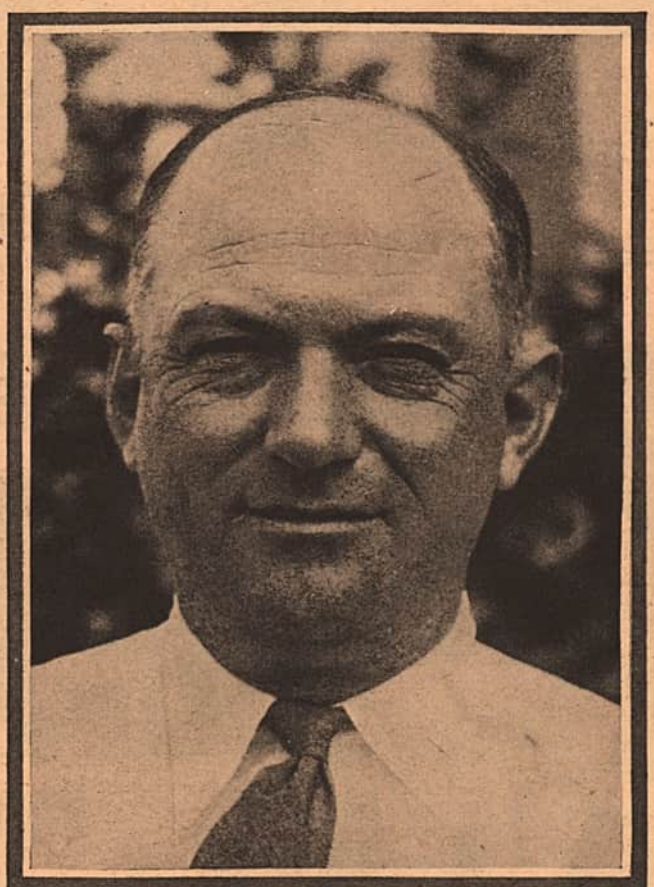
The champion has aroused public interest in boxing to a point where even those who cared little for the sport before, are now coming out in droves to see him in action. They do not mind that he is taking longer now to conquer his opponents than when he started to become famous as a knockout artist. They get just as much of a kick out of his work over the longer route, because it gives them an opportunity to see Joe employ a variety of tactics to down his man such as they would miss when a quick kayo is scored.

* * *

THAT'S how the capacity house in Detroit seemed to think about it when Joe stopped Abe Simon and the same held true in St. Louis. Such is the popularity of the man who is making America boxing conscious.

In his fight with Musto, a gathering of 17,456 persons, who paid the St. Louis record sum of $52,993.75, saw Joe pound Musto into submission by a continuous facial and body attack that eventually forced the referee to intervene. Yet they talk about Louis going back!

The employment of tricky styles in recent fights have delayed the knockout, but Louis gets his man, nevertheless, and that's all that counts. At least the public seems to agree on that point, judging by their wide interest in Louis's mills. No man, not even John L. Sullivan nor Jack Dempsey, has been responsible for such a national boom in the sport as has the Brown Bomber.



Mike Jacobs, whose boxing ventures are proving most profitable. The world's ace promoter, through his chain-store system, has aroused a new interest in the sport and has created a demand that has brought about a revival of boxing in localities where pugilism has been a dead issue for years.

His mill with Musto, his second championship match since we last went to press, again proved that big or small, regardless of weight, fighting qualities or style, the champ continues to remain head and heels superior to all who are willing to gamble on their chances with him. He may be jabbed incessantly, as in the Simon fight; he may be hit frequently, as he was by Musto and Red Burman, but undeterred, cool, plodding along, he eventually either puts his man to sleep or forces a halt by the third man in the ring. That's why Joe Louis is a great fighter.

* * *

IN the Musto battle—and it was just that—Louis found the toughest target he has yet encountered—a short, fearless, compact battler, employing a crouching style that made it most difficult for the champion to strike out with perfect shots. Many of Louis' blows struck Musto's head. Such punches invite a hand injury, and as Joe went into that fight with his right hand bruised, he decided, after two shots, to use only the left and save the right.

He made up for the loss of the right by employing the other hand with effect in one continuous, methodical bombardment of hooks, jabs and uppercuts that cut Musto's lips, battered the nose so that the blood flowed freely and cut the eye so that a steady stream of claret blinded Tony. Yet they say that Joe Louis has lost his skill and has gone back to a decided degree!

Only twice after the opening round, in the fifth and the sixth, was Musto able to hold Joe off. In the fifth he gave Louis as much as the champ handed out to gain an even break, and in the sixth he forced Louis on the retreat most of the time. In fact, Musto had Joe worried considerably in the sixth.

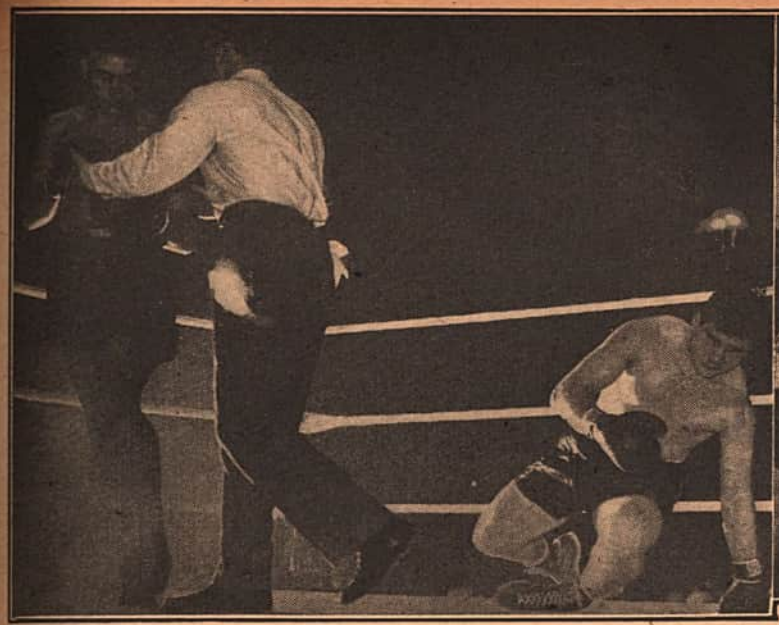
Tony tossed overhand rights with impunity and they crashed with force against Joe's cheek and head. On my score card I awarded that frame to Tony by the wide margin of 7 to 3 points.

* * *

BUT that was the last round in which the challenger could do any damage. From then on, Louis had the situation well in hand. Musto was the loser, but not as the critics and fans had predicted. He was not stretched on the canvas listening to the birdies sing. Not Tony—he was too game.

He fought back until his strength and the flow of blood checked him. Thus another of Louis' victims had the satisfaction of remaining on his feet, though defeat was chalked up against him.

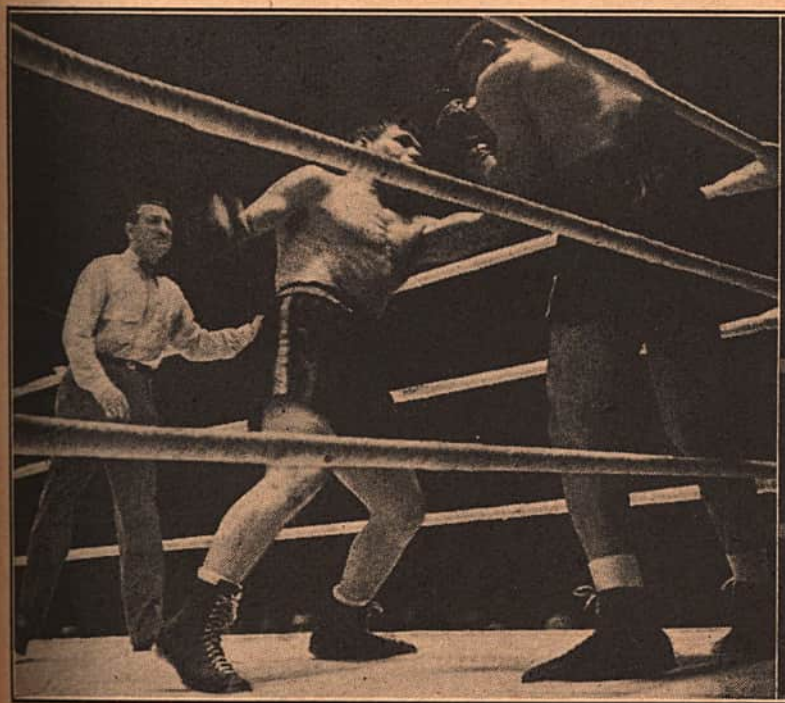
In the final session, Louis had many fine openings to shoot



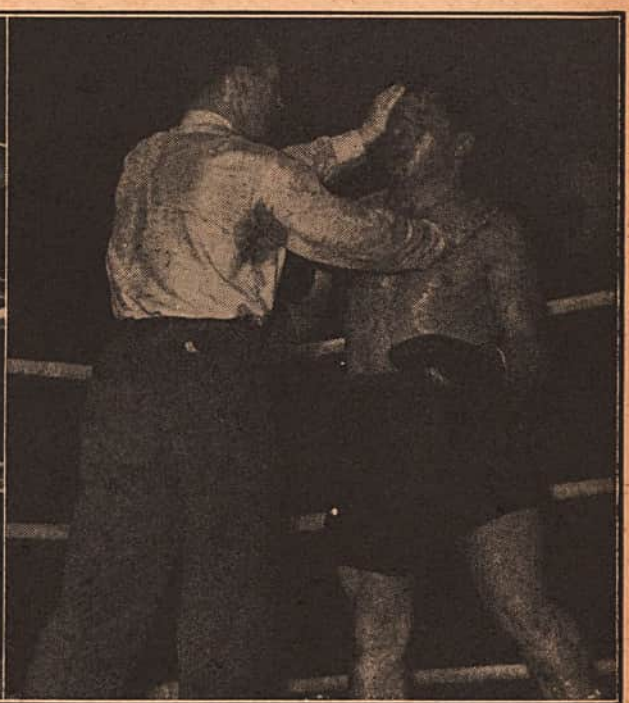
Musto down for a count of one in the third round. It was the only knockdown of the fight. Tony got up and fought back viciously. The blow that forced him down had no serious effect. Donovan had scarcely turned his back before Tony jumped to his feet.

Here we see Louis' left about to reach Tony's face. Note the condition of Musto. The blood is streaming from nose and eye and Referee Arthur Donovan is on the alert, watching every move of Louis' challenger.

TONY'S GAME STAND



The sixth round was Tony's best. He forced Louis to retreat and to cover up. There wasn't an idle moment so far as Musto was concerned. Here he is seen cornering the champion and letting loose an overhand right, a punch that landed frequently on Joe's face.



The end. Referee Donovan, afraid that the eye injury might become too serious if the bout continued, examined the wound and then told Musto that the fight was over. Tony protested vigorously, but without avail.

across his famed right haymaker, but he failed to take advantage of them. He explained later that he didn't want to hurt his hand on his opponent's head and therefore preferred to cut him down in easy stages.

Slowly, methodically, with a bored, yet determined look, he followed his man, and kept hitting the target with his left. At times Joe was cautious and didn't seem sure of himself. He blocked beautifully with gloves and elbows, though many of Musto's overhand rights did reach Joe's face, but Louis suffered little damage.

Not so, however, with Musto. He was well battered at the finish. But he was game. He fought against stopping the fight, but the fans cheered the referee when he decided against Tony. When Musto was ushered to his corner, he received a rousing reception because he had proved himself a fighting devil.

With tears in his eyes and through puffed lips, and the claret flowing from nose and eye, Musto protested Donovan's action. But the veteran referee, who has seen plenty of such cases, knew better and his judgment met with *(Continued on page 47)*

JOE WEARING OUT

Deterioration of Heavyweight Champion Set in Seriously With McCoy Fight, Analysis of Louis Performances Insists

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

JOE LOUIS, heavyweight champion of the world, is wearing out. His power is diminishing, his gait is getting heavier, he is going the way of all flesh. That is the writer's verdict, and it is not offered as anything which necessitates the utmost in ring erudition. Anybody who saw Louis carried to 13 rounds by Abe Simon and nine by Tony Musto must arrive at the decision that Joe isn't the old Joe any more.

Only a year ago most of us felt that to send Billy Conn against Louis would be mayhem. Later on, Conn's accomplished job against Bob Pastor hinted that a Louis-Conn match might not be as daffy as it looked.

But now the Louis-Conn fight in June looks a pretty good match.

To be sure, Conn himself achieved no tremendous progress in that terrible thing with Barlund in Chicago. It would be an excellent thing if men who have made themselves contenders kept away from third raters. The punk apple makes the good ones punk, too.

They hooted Conn out of the ring in Chicago, and they hooted Barlund for a wretched showing. He went out walking. But even with this moral setback, Conn still looks like a fight for the Louis who could not lay out Simon—the Louis who could not lay out Musto—who took plenty from each.

Either this man Louis has become so accomplished a cutter of thin bologna that he can, with deliberation and planning, carry fighters like Simon and Musto the distances they travelled against him. Or Louis is not the super hipper-dipper, five star bombshell he used to be. Arthur Donovan, famed referee who has officiated in seventeen of Joe's championship bouts, thinks Joe is slipping rapidly, but our own Nat Fleischer thinks otherwise. He says Joe is as good as he wants to be. Nat has seen Joe in all but two of his fights and has observed Joe's work so closely that his opinion is worth considering alongside that of Donovan.

* * *

IT is Fleischer's opinion, and he has had considerable training in the judging of fights and fighters, that far from being on the downgrade, Joe is almost as good today as he was a year ago, but that the edge has been taken off his fighting a little because he has been overworked.

"Louis is overtrained," says THE RING Editor. "He should be given a rest cure. It is asking too much of any fighter, especially a champion who has his title on the line every time he goes to scratch, to keep in fine physical trim week in and week out because of the one-a-month programme.

"No human can keep that up," argues Nat, "and still retain his full fighting form. Joe has had five fights in five months and is getting somewhat weary of the routine. This was distinctly in evidence both in the Simon and the Musto fight, in each of which he fought the greater portion of the battle as if the contest bored him. Such was not the case with the Brown Bomber in most of his other battles."

But Arthur Donovan, New York's leading referee, the man who has stood in the middle in almost all of Joe's title fights, argues differently. He says:

"Joe is definitely slipping. He does not seem to have the determination that made him a great fighter. His spirit seems to be gone. He fights in a lackadaisical manner, as if he just wants to get through with the job ahead of him.

"He no longer is the finished fighter that smacked the daylights out of Max Schmeling in their championship fight, polished off Tony Galento, Max Baer, Red Burman, Jack Roper and others. Joe possesses the same confidence as before, but the spark that drove him on in previous battles, seems to be gone.

"Can it be that he is tired and needs a rest or that he has just tired of the game in which he has made such tremendous headway? I'm sure it is the former because, from my knowledge of Louis, he just loves the game and would be broken-hearted if he lost the title through a knockout or by decision. He is too proud for that. He is still a great fighter, but whereas all his heart was in his work before, he just takes it as a matter of course now."

There you have Arthur's opinion.

Jim Corbett, whose cleverness almost whipped Jim Jeffries. Billy Conn insists he can do what Corbett did and remain on top to win a decision over Louis.

* * *

THE writer never has rated Louis a mental wizard, and does not now classify Joe as a student of psychology. Louis has lived an easy life. He has fought often—more often than any other heavyweight champion. But he has fought with something more than a 75 per cent chance in his favor. That sort of thing makes a human loggy, careless, lazy.

The deterioration of Louis set in quite definitely the night he let Arturo Godoy make a monkey of him and lasted the limit of fifteen rounds in New York's Garden. That was a year ago this past winter. To be sure, Louis took Godoy into the open air and belted hell out of the Chilean. But that did not prove anything.

When Louis entered the ring with Musto in St. Louis, Joe had a fine average. Since taking the title from Jim Braddock, Louis had polished off his opponents in 9 minutes and 48 seconds, average.

Imagine Louis taking 25 minutes 36 seconds to get rid of no more accomplished a fighter than Musto! And remember, when Arthur Donovan called a halt—and rightfully, too—Musto still was on his feet. Not out, as Simon had been, standing up. But on his feet, gory, with a cut eye and bruised lips and nose—but insisting he must go on.

The Musto thing was the fifth of a series of fights in which the marked deterioration of Louis was apparent to the ringside experts who have travelled with Joe all over the country. The Godoy indoor fight was wiped out, in a way, by the Godoy scrap under the stars.

But with the Al McCoy thing in Boston, the Louis of reduced power and pressure began to be watched very closely by the measures of retrogression. The meetings with Red Burman, Gus Dorazio, Simon and Musto drove home the absolute conviction that Louis had hit the skids, a conviction shared by many boxing scribes. But, whether he has gone back sufficiently for Billy Conn to whip him, is a horse of another color, though I think if any fighter can outpoint Louis in his present form, Billy rates first.

* * *

NO, Pedro, we are not trying to picture Louis as a doddering old man, who will be pushed over by Conn. As for you, Hemingway, we are not advising you to dash out and mortgage your wife's brother Jake, sell the family car and go into hock to bet on Conn to wipe the canvas with the Brown Bomber.

But the New York Yankees, who won four straight world champions, were knocked into third place in 1940. Jack Dempsey reached a night on which he was not sufficient against Gene Tunney, a 5 to 1 outsider. John L. Sullivan had his Corbett, and so on down the familiar line.

Caesar had his Brutus, Chumley, and now Louis may have his Conn. Be that as it may, Conn has a fine chance. Billy should be heavier. He should hit harder. He should be able to start a fight hot, instead of taking three, four rounds to warm to his job.

But even with these manifest handicaps, Conn must be rated tough for Louis.

When Joe Louis became the heavyweight champion of the world, the world was surprised—and the Negro section of it chagrined because Jack Johnson did not fall all over himself praising Louis.

"Joe will keep the title quite a while, now that he has it, but he has one big enemy outside of money and ease—and that is, Heavy Legs. Those legs will get heavier and heavier. They will put Joe down," said Johnson.

The Louis legs have not been amazing ever since the inside fight with Godoy. Since then, Louis has slowed up little by little. The Musto fight was amazing, not because of Tony, but on account of the slowness of the title holder against a man who was not exactly Mercury himself.

* * *

NOW, Pasquale, suppose Conn dashes about and stabs the Brown Bomber. Suppose Conn jabs and feints, and keeps peppering the title holder. Suppose Conn declines to be what is easy for even a slowed up Louis—a set target—and insists on keeping Louis on the move. Suppose Billy throws a big burden on the Louis legs, what then?

The writer is not trying to kid the reader into the belief that Louis is a setup for the faster Conn. We know that for the Conn fight Joe will be better prepared. He will put in more time in intensive training, and we are sure that the fight will show us the best possible Louis it will be in Joe to present for that night.

But there is very interesting evidence, since the McCoy affair. Interesting in its promise, disturbing in its threat to the Louis connections.

Conn will have not only mobility, but a keener mentality than Louis. You may recollect how Conn, meeting up with Louis, looked him right in the eye and said, "Hey, I am going to beat you. I have you all doped out." Conn grinned. Joe looked at him in amazement.

That sort of psychology, backed by speed and science, by something new for Joe, and supported by the evidence of a champion who no longer is the devastating thumper who ruined Max Schmeling—well, it is most intriguing, Chumley, most intriguing. It seems that Mike Jacobs will cash in, after all. And then Louis can go off and join the army.

* * *

WHAT is the programme before Louis gets into Uncle Sam's uniform?

For June, Mike Jacobs has the Louis-Conn affair all set in New York's Yankee Stadium.

If Louis survives that stabbing affray he will be sent against Buddy Baer in July, in Washington, where Buddy recently stopped Tony Galento. Happily, Tony now is right out of the picture along with Max Baer.

For September, Jacobs has arranged a Louis-Lou Nova fight. Taking it again for granted that Conn will not be able to lift the title. Nova's victory over Max Baer recently in New York threw him right back into the position Nova occupied before he took that unmerciful shellacking from Galento in Philadelphia.

The fight with Buddy Baer is in the nature of a reward for Louis for taking on Conn in June. Buddy has come along some, but his seven round victory over Galento in Washington was not exactly a terrific triumph. Galento refused to answer the bell and said he had broken an arm. The fans shouted that Tony had done a scuttling job.

When this past indoor season got under way, Louis stood out supreme, without a fear of being dethroned.

In second place in the heavy ranking was Maxie Baer. But Baer of a younger age had quailed before Joe, and while Maxie kept hollering for a match with the Bomber, nobody took it seriously, even with the evidence of the Max victory over Galento before the fight public.

In the offing lurked the Polish Celt, Pat Comiskey. Jacobs had a feeling that Pat wasn't so much, and yet he wasn't sure Comiskey was not the man for Louis—the man for Joe even over Conn by summer of 1941.

But Comiskey has fizzled, for the time being. There are some who still say Pat has it, and by 1942 will be hammering away at the title. But right now, Comiskey is a discredited fighter. He has been threatening and threatening, and like the boy who kept hollering "Wolf," is not believed. It may be that one night Pat will be the real wolf, and will take the fistic world by surprise just as Tunney took it the rainy night he jolted the championship out of Dempsey.

Well, Max Baer is out of the picture. Galento is through. Comiskey is out of the picture. Nova, who last fall did not look as if he would fight his way back, has returned and now the No. 1 challenger quite generally is recognized in Conn, and the No. 2 man in Nova.

* * *

WHILE all this is going on in the ranks that aspire to put Louis down, the champion is having that inevitable battle with easy money, soft living and Dame Nature.

After the Musto fight, Louis uttered the same old classic. When the experts hinted they wanted some plausible explanation for his failure to polish off Tony inside three heats, Joe went back to what he said after his fifteen-round bout with Godoy. He was afraid of his hands!

"Jack Blackburn told me not to take too many chances hitting Musto on top of the head, as it might break my hands before the big fight with Conn," uttered Louis.

"I like to fight men who stand up, like Conn," Joe added. Well, that gag about not wanting to risk hands on somebody's head has become utterly shopworn, and it would be best for Joe not to drag it out of camphor another time. The public pays Louis, and pays him handsomely, to see him fight, with every facility and weapon at his command. It is not interested in his caution about hitting folks on top of the head. And as for his preference for stand-up fighters, a champion must be prepared to fight any kind of an opponent.

Conn may stand up and fight, *(Continued on page 55)*

CRUSADING SCRIBES

Charles F. Mathison, Bill McGeehan and Bat Masterson Gained National Recognition in Their Never-Ceasing Campaign Against the Forces of Corruption in Boxing

(This is the fifth of a series dealing with boxing during the Walker Law which is celebrating its twentieth anniversary.)

By "THE RING" EDITOR

TO the crusading efforts of New York sport writers was largely due the passing of the Walker Law in 1920, and the resultant rise of the boxing game to the prosperity it now enjoys. The story of the never-ceasing hostilities waged by the press against the forces of corruption in sport circles, as represented by the crooked gambling and political fraternity, is an ancient one, dating back to the Horton Law period.

Newspaper exposures revealing the extent to which gamblers and promoters were fleecing the public through the agency of "fixed" fights brought about the repeal of the Horton Law and its successor, the Frawley Law, as previously pointed out in this magazine, nor was the vigilance of ringside reporters relaxed in ferreting out inside information regarding shady performances of knights of the glove during the precarious "club membership" era.

That the Walker Law, which this year is 21 years old, successfully stood the test of time without the breaking of any major scandal to mar its record, is fair enough proof that gamblers and con-men once operating lavishly in connection with the modern arena, have been pretty well eliminated as a serious handicap. There will ever be crooks in evidence, human nature being what it is. But the days are past when crooked promoters can make big financial killings.

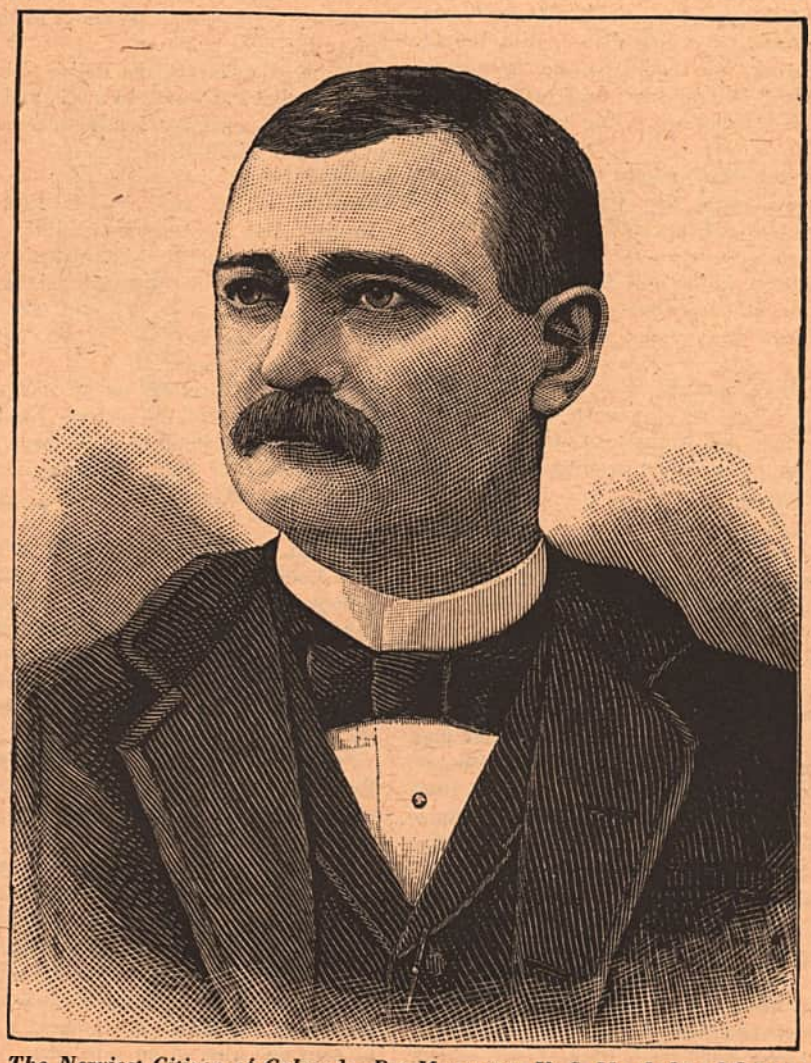
Here and there deals have taken place whereby venal battlers and managers tried to accumulate illicit profits. But the Boxing Commission has always kept faith with the public by instituting prompt punitive measures, with dire results for the guilty ones.

* * *

NOT many of the Old Guard of boxing writers who participated in the early newspaper crusades against fistic brigands are with us today. Among the vanished veterans prominent in typewriter wars upon entrenched graft, the names of the late Bat Masterson, Charles F. Mathison and W. O. McGeehan stand forth in bold relief. Bat passed over to the great majority in 1921; Mathison died in June, 1933, and McGeehan in the following November. With widely different personalities, each possessed one common factor—a journalistic policy of absolute fearlessness and honesty beyond question.

They all came from the West. Some forty-eight years ago Mathison was sports editor of the Detroit *Free Press*. On coming East he filled similar positions with the New York *Commercial* and the *Morning Telegraph*. Later he became boxing critic on the New York *Press*, the *Morning Sun*, the *Sun-Herald* and *Telegram*, on each under the leadership of Nat Fleischer, the Sports Editor. Mathison quit active newspaper work in 1921.

With the exception of the late A. D. Phillips, who died in 1939, Mathison's experiences as a ring reporter went back further than any of his contemporaries. He covered virtually all of John L. Sullivan's battles in the bare knuckle days, and all the subsequent heavyweight championship bouts.



The Nerviest Citizen of Colorado, Bat Masterson, U. S. Marshal and Sports Editor of the Morning Telegraph *of New York.*

During the hectic times preceding the Walker Law period, Mathison found plenty of opportunities for exercising his talents as a merciless castigator of the parasites and predatory promoters and managers whose pernicious activities made endless trouble in the boxing field. He was a bitter critic and his habit of "calling a spade a spade" with brutal frankness made him lots of enemies among a certain class of so-called sportsmen but a great asset to the newspaper and magazine for which he worked. But as Mathison wouldn't have accepted their friendship anyway, their revilings made no difference to him.

To Charlie Mathison, the Walker Law represented the salvation of boxing. He wrote the first draft of the law. He was one of its most enthusiastic advocates, and was the chief of staff of those who aided in drawing up the code of rules embodied in the measure. He also made a strong campaign in behalf of the ruling ultimately adopted by the

Tom O'Rourke, friend of Masterson and bitter enemy of Mathison.

State Athletic Commission, outlawing fouls. This, by the way, was an old theory with Mathison. He always contended that a fight should be fought out, and if a man were knocked out by a foul punch, he should be counted out, and afterwards, if the foul was proved, the offender should be penalized.

* * *

BILL McGEEHAN won his spurs in journalism on the Pacific Coast, and hit the New York trail around 1914. Like Mathison, he was a devastating critic. But where Mathison smashed into the objects of his dislike with a two-fisted attack that struck solidly, an attack that minced no words, McGeehan disposed of his victims like an expert swordsman wielding a keen, stabbing rapier. Each was a fearless writer.

Bill was a master of satire, dispensed in a kidding way, but hitting straight and true on the target. One of the kindliest men on earth, he could stand sentimental twaddle and went the limit in debunking the printed output of writers who slopped over in attempting to make heroes out of stuffed shirts.

A genuine humorist, he could use the weapons of ridicule with tremendous effect. Where Mathison would have raged melodramatically, McGeehan touched off the high lights of absurdity and started everyone laughing at the object of his disapproval. Where Mathison blasted a path to needed reform, McGeehan flew aloft and dropped bombs of acid wit that exploded with telling results.

McGeehan was wont to deplore the passing of the oldtime glove-fights, so rich in color, as compared with the more rigid and conventional modern ring settings. They used to scrap to a finish on the Coast when Bill was covering fights out there. His story of Stanley Ketchel's 32-round knockout of Joe Thomas at San Francisco in 1907 ranks as a literary classic of ring-reporting, yet it was but one of many sketches of life between the ropes that stamped him as a past-master of the art of vivid description.

He came to Manhattan in 1914, wrote boxing for the *Evening Journal* under the Right Cross signature, a job once held by another famous fight expert, and later a still more famous playwright, the late Paul Armstrong. Subsequently McGeehan became sports editor of the *Tribune*. It was there that he started his notable "Down The Line" column which for nine and one-half years was the outstanding feature of the sports pages.

THOUGH McGeehan never ceased to comment ironically on the commercial trend in boxing and its translation into Big Business, he frankly favored the installation of the Walker Law as a much-needed measure for the control of the sport and elimination of the unsavory conditions against which he himself had fought sturdily. In other words, he kept in perfect step with the march of time, and still found plenty of chances for the exercise of his critical humor on the deeds of the Boxing Commission and erratic shortcomings of promoters, pugilists and managers.

He was particularly apt in coining phrases. Thus the boxing game became the Manly Art of Modified Murder, or the Cauliflower Industry. Primo Carnera was referred to in the McGeehan column as The Tall Tower of Gorgonzola. Jimmy Johnston bloomed forth as the Boy Bandit. The Madison Square Garden Bowl in Queens donned the sobriquet of the Ex-Millionaire's Hole. The New York Boxing Commissioners he referred to as "The Three Dumb Dukes." His friendship for Gene Tunney lasted unbroken to the day of his death, while, on the other hand he never admired Jack Dempsey and kept aloof from the throngs of worshippers at the shrine of the Manassa Mauler, because of the slacker charge against Dempsey in the World War.

Charles F. Mathison, Detroit and New York Sports Editor, whose vitriolic pen curbed crookedness in boxing.

When Tex Rickard promoted the Dempsey - Willard battle he sweetened up the fight ballyhoo by making presents of stock in a Western gold mine to those of the press contingent who cared to accept them. McGeehan turned down the proposed gift. It had no interest for him. Said he:

"I couldn't afford to be rich. I'd have to waste too much valuable time trying to sidestep the boys who wanted to touch me. Besides which, no true McGeehan ever became a mining millionaire!"

In the final analysis the joke was strictly on the recipients of Tex's generous bounty, for the mine finally registered as a "bloomer," with the stock not worth the paper it was printed on.

* * *

BAT MASTERSON served for over seventeen years as boxing critic for the New York *Morning Telegraph* and became known as one of the most outspoken, don't-give-a-damn-for-consequences commentators that ever roasted a faking scrapper or took a fall out of a crooked promoter. Considering his background, that was the sort of thing to be expected of him.

For his past career had been of the glamorous type that, when exploited in Western best-sellers or the movies, makes the average American boy yearn for the glories of life in the "wide open spaces," as exemplified by the flash of six-shooters, whir of bullets and thunder of galloping hoofs.

The wild and wooly West was still untamed when Masterson, then a mere lad of sixteen, earned a precarious living as a hide-hunter. Buffaloes were being slain by thousands on the plains of Kansas and in the Texas Panhandle. The buffalo hunters lived hard lives and were in constant danger from attack by Indians.

While at Adobe Walls, a collection of adobe buildings dating

back to Spanish days, Bat and a score of other hunters were besieged by hundreds of redskins. The story of the defense of Adobe Walls has gone down in history as a saga of the West, ranking with the tale of the defense of the Alamo, and the fight of Forsyth's scouts against Indians at Beecher Island, on the Colorado-Kansas line.

The Indians, confident in their overwhelming numbers, expected an easy victory. But they were up against crack shots, armed with Winchester repeating rifles. Again and again the red men charged. The white men held their fire until at close range, then storms of lead swept the Indian ranks. When the smoke drifted away, the plain was covered thickly with bodies of the warriors and dead ponies.

Indians did not attack at night, because of a superstition that spirits of the dead prowl over battlefields after dusk. This fact enabled the white men to take a rest, and two of their number stole away through the darkness in an attempt to reach the nearest military post and summon aid.

For two days the defenders stood off their whooping foes, inflicting terrific slaughter upon them. About noon on the second day, the Indians, repulsed in another charge, were reforming their shattered ranks when a bugle call rang out, and they broke and fled before the galloping steeds and flaming carbines of the 10th U. S. Cavalry. The two messengers had successfully accomplished their mission and the battle of the Adobe Walls was over.

* * *

IT was a rough school that young Masterson was educated in, and as time went on, he was to become known as one of the West's best marksmen with revolver and rifle, who, as sheriff or marshal, had enforced the law with grim efficiency.

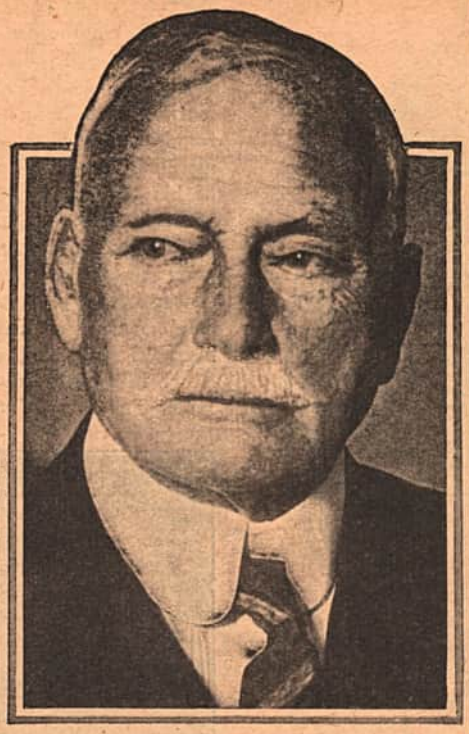
In the seventies, the principal cattle trail from Texas ended at Dodge City. The big cattle outfits brought in their trail herds, and the attendant cowboys at once proceeded to have a good time in their own reckless fashion. Dodge bore the reputation of being the toughest spot in the United States at that time. It took a real gunman to be sheriff of Ford County, in which the cow town capital was located.

Ed Masterson, younger brother of Bat, once filled that post of danger. At various times such noted Westerners as Wild Bill Hickok, Luke Short, Wyatt Earp, Pat Shugrue, Ben Thompson and other gents of tried fighting calibre had officiated there in a similar capacity.

Ed Masterton was shot to death by three cowboys bent upon taking the town apart. Before an hour elapsed, Bat had trailed down the killers and taken due vengeance by eliminating the trio in a gun duel from which he emerged unscathed. He was appointed a successor to his dead brother's office, and during his term, ruled Dodge with an iron hand.

Nothing could have been further from Bat's thoughts at that stage of his existence than a possible journalistic career. Yet it was during that hectic period of frontier life that he first occupied an editorial chair. Only a temporary assignment, so to speak, but fulfilled satisfactorily.

Richard Lambert, a youth newly arrived from the East, started a small weekly paper in Dodge. Curly Bill Barton took offense at a news item published by Lambert, referring briefly to Curly's arrest for disorderly conduct, with several drunken mates, each of whom had to pay a five dollar fine. Barton had a "bad man" reputation, and had been tried, but not convicted, for killing a Mexican down in the Panhandle country. He was a giant in bulk, a tough guy in a rough-and-tumble, and generally speaking, all around ugly proposition.



William Muldoon, the target for Bill McGeehan's jibes.

Curly called at the shack where Lambert made his headquarters, shoved a gun under the editor's nose, and threatened to kill him on sight if he didn't leave Dodge by noon the following day. Scared stiff, the Easterner sought out Masterson and told him his troubles.

The Ford County sheriff grinned sympathetically.

"I'll attend to Mister Curly," he said. "Don't you bother showing up at your office tomorrow. I'll be there instead."

True to his word, Curly Bill went Lambert-hunting next day. The shack was rather dark, but he could see what he supposed to be the figure of his prey bending over a desk in a corner. Curly whipped out his six-shooter. Before he could press the trigger, the man at the desk straightened up and a forty-five bullet tore the gun out of Barton's hand, incidentally carrying off his thumb and forefinger at the same time.

"It's your turn to move," said Masterton. "You've got till sundown to pull your freight. If you show up here again, I'll be lookin' for you."

Curly Bill Barton left town expeditiously and Dodge City knew him no more from that time on. Bat had made good on his first newspaper job—and it was a spectacular beginning indeed.

* * *

TWO other young men from the East, with whom Masterson was destined to become closely associated later on, hit the Western trail about this time. They were William Lewis and Alfred Henry Lewis, in after years two of the best known newspaper men in America. They came to Dodge because of its reputation as a wild-wolf prairie metropolis that howled all day and night long. They wanted excitement and Dodge seemed ideal in that respect.

Tradition has it that a drunken cowboy once boarded a Kansas train, and when asked for his ticket, had none, but produced a roll of bills to pay fare.

"Where you want to go?" enquired the conductor.

"I jus' as soon—g-g-go to hell!" hiccoughed the souse.

The conductor was equal to the occasion.

"Two dollars," he rejoined. "You get off at Dodge, pardner!"

The Lewis boys found Dodge all their adventurous fancy had painted it. They might have found it a bit too adventurous for tenderfeet had they not become acquainted with Masterson, who liked them, and took them under his protective wing until they had grown familiar with the whoopin', shootin' ways of the Western Helldorado. When Bat settled down in Gotham, it was Bill Lewis, then publisher of the *Morning Telegraph*, who hired him as boxing critic for that paper.

* * *

LIKE most of his gun-toting contemporaries, Masterson was always a patron of the ring. He was among those present when John L. Sullivan won the heavyweight championship from Paddy Ryan in 1882 at Mississippi. He was one of a bodyguard of sharpshooters formed to protect the interests of Jake Kilrain, when Jake lost his 75-round bare-knuckle battle with John L. at Richburg, Miss., in 1889. Gunmen were an important part of the pugilistic picture in those rough-and-ready days, when fair play was best maintained by a judicious display of force on both sides.

Bat saw Jim Corbett defeat Sullivan and win the heavyweight crown in their memorable 21-round glove contest at New Orleans in 1892. He had no illusions about John L.'s supposedly invincible prowess, knowing well that dissipation had played havoc with the latter's once marvelous stamina,

(Continued on page 44)

JEFFRIES RETAINS INTEREST *in* BOXING

By T. W. MCNIEL

OF the thousands of fighters who have come and gone from the ring wars since the inception of the Marquis of Queensberry rules many, many years ago, it is doubtful that a single one is leading a more peaceful existence in his declining years than that grand old heavyweight champion of forty years ago—James J. Jeffries.

Basking in the sunlight of California's sunny San Fernando valley, the spacious Jeffries ranch home at Burbank is still a mecca for fight followers. For, though it is almost 31 years since Jeff pulled on his last fighting mitt, he has never lost interest in the ring game.

Few important West Coast ring contests fail to find him an interested and enthusiastic ringsider, while fights staged in far-off rings always find him filling a radio "ringside" seat. And the huge Jeffries barn that once housed some of the best-blooded cattle and horses in the state, is now a boxing arena. Here every Thursday night of the year, aspiring young ringmen flail away at one another under the benevolent gaze of the rugged old ex-champion, who is always on hand to see if he can detect that spark of genius that might lead to a championship career for some unknown youngster.

* * *

FOR many years after his defeat at the hands of Jack Johnson, Jim harbored ambitions to find a youngster who might follow in his own footsteps, but talking with the old champion, one detects a note of futility in his voice.

Jeffries, who relied principally on brute strength and endless stamina to gain most of his ring glory, minces no words in letting it be known that the younger generation is sadly lacking in staying powers when the boys take up the ring sport.

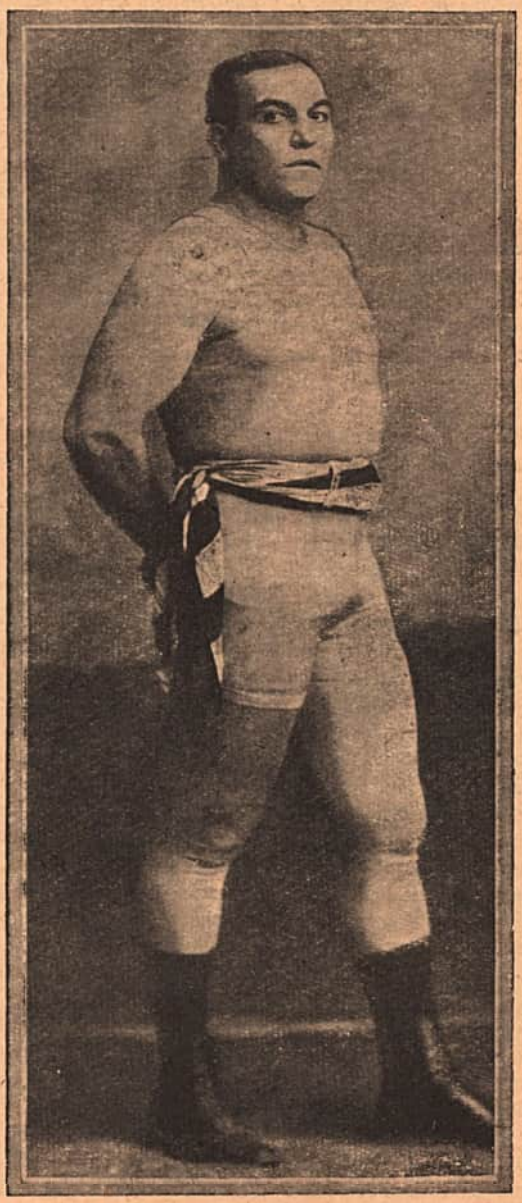
"Life today is too easy for the youngsters, and that is why they don't have the stamina necessary for a ring career. I see it in every fight I attend, every one I listen to over the radio, the ones I see on the screen and the weekly amateur shows we hold here on the ranch. After three or four rounds they are tired—dog tired.

"Look at any of the big fights. For a couple of rounds they do all right, then they begin to slow up. Then the first thing you know, they're floundering all over the ring, flailing out in a haphazard fashion, all the sting gone from their punches. That's what comes of our modern tendencies to ride everywhere we go. The old stamina simply isn't there, and no matter how much courage a boy might have, or how much he possesses the will to win, if he hasn't the staying powers, his case is well nigh hopeless."

* * *

HERE Jeff gave a descriptive account of his training routine when he was at his peak. Twenty miles on the road each day was a routine chore; a couple of hours tossing the heavy medicine ball; eight, ten or even fifteen rounds of hard sparring sessions rounded out a day's work. And we heartily agree with Jeff's contention that such a schedule would kill off the entire present-day crop.

But, of course, times have changed since Jeffries was ruling the fistic roost. Today the demand is for speed and still more speed. The tempo has been speeded up to keep pace with the modern tendency to hurry things up. Today we cater to the high-stepping, fast-punching kid, rather than the dogging, tenacious plugger that was so much in demand during Jeff's heyday, and naturally training routines have changed with the times.



Jim Jeffries as he looked when he was training for fight with Jack Johnson.

Rarely is there a day but what the old champion is visited by aspiring youngsters, thoroughly convinced that they have what it takes to beat Joe Louis, if they be only given a chance. In the past thirty years, Jeff has probably looked at more fighting flesh than any man in the country, but only two or three boys have ever appealed to him, and oddly enough, these proved complete fizzles when given the acid test.

Jack Richards was one boy on whom Jeff pinned his hopes several years ago, and an Italian kid by the name of Rocco Stragmalia was another. But neither ever graduated beyond the semi-windup stage.

* * *

JEFF has just celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday, and outside of a bulging waist-line, he is just about as fit an hombre as you'd find in the entire San Fernando valley. The hustle and bustle of the modern times have no place in his life. He is content to live on his peaceful acres and his habits are almost pioneer in simplicity.

Outside of a couple of hunting trips up into the hills each year, and an occasional trip into Los Angeles or San Francisco to view a fight card, he sticks pretty much to home. He reads a lot and enjoys nothing more than friendly chats and discussions with his neighbors and friends who often gather at his home. He hasn't had a sick day in years, all of which he attributes to his plain, simple mode of living. An occasional glass of beer is the extent of his liquor indulgence.

(Continued on page 44)

Baer's Last Battle

Relentless Youth Grimly Shatters Desperate Drive of Old Age, As Baer Fails in Final Rally

By CROSS COUNTER

LOU NOVA'S comeback has been completed. The man who fought his way back into the fistic spotlight after he had been unmercifully beaten by Tony Galento, regained his spurs as a heavyweight contender when he eliminated Max Baer before the second largest gathering that has attended a bout in Madison Square since its opening in 1925 and thus became one of the three outstanding heavyweight contenders. By stopping Baer in the eighth round, before 22,114 persons who paid the indoor season's record sum of $95,554 to see the mill, Nova secured for himself a place on the outdoor programme of Joe Louis, a goal for which he has been reaching for two years.

Nova, excellently conditioned, serious minded, battered the sneering, smirking face of Baer with lefts and rights in the last two sessions to such extent that it was a pitiful looking former champion who found a protector in Referee Arthur Donovan in 2:18 of the eighth round. Considering that Lou was on the verge of a knockout in the fourth round when he was hit with everything Baer could muster into service, Nova's uphill climb merited the shot he is going to get at Louis' crown.

But, what might have happened had Nova been facing a more determined battler, a fighter who was as earnest about his work in the ring as was Lou, is a horse of another color. It is my opinion that the victor would never have survived the fourth round, had he been opposed by one who took his fighting seriously, something Max Baer did not.

After having had Nova down, shaky, weary and on the verge of collapse in that hectic fourth session, Baer walked away from his prey, dropped his hands to his side, took a deep breath, sighed as if he were weary of the task, then even held out his tongue in contempt of the man opposite him, instead of tearing in for all he was worth to score a knockout. Any serious fighter, with half a million dollars awaiting him, as such a finish would have meant for Max, would not have clowned. He would have battled as Joe Louis does—sail in and wade away with two fists. But not Baer. He's different!

* * *

THAT momentary lapse cost Baer the fight and a fortune. He gave Lou just enough time to recover his senses and survive. Though Baer won the next round also, that was his last. Thereafter Nova came along to take the play away from Max, except in clowning tactics, something the former champ should never have indulged in, with such big stakes involved and so great a gathering on hand to pay him honor.

From start to finish one couldn't but help see that it was Baer, not Nova, who was the thrill provider, and that it was Baer who drew that near-record gate. It was Max's socking powers when he did cut loose that caused the fans to get into a state of frenzy, so much so that one ardent enthusiast at the ringside toppled over as Max landed nine consecutive rights to Nova's head without a return, and died from a heart attack before aid could reach him!

There was excitement aplenty, thrilling moments, pathetic moments as Baer was being slowly but surely shoved out of the heavyweight picture; wild moments as Max, standing flat-footed, swung like a gate to crash lefts and rights to Nova's body; and angry moments, as the huge gathering that had high hopes Baer would come through with a triumph, sat back and watched Max clown when the situation was most favorable for him.

As for the charge that Baer quit that is ridiculous. Those who make such a charge probably would talk differently if they were subjected to the same punishment meted out to Livermore Max in the last two rounds.

He took all he could. He absorbed plenty of punishment and then, when his legs could no longer stand the strain, he collapsed. It was the old story—age vs. youth, and the latter triumphed. There was no disgrace attached to what Baer did. He stood the gaff as long as nature permitted him to, and that is all we can expect of any fighter.

* * *

BAER had shot his bolt in the fifth. When he found he could not down his man and keep him down, he realized that he was beaten. He knew he had reached the end of the rope. He was well aware that the strain was too great as he became winded to such extent, that at times in the sixth and seventh rounds, he could scarcely catch his breath. But even in those rounds he was still the thrill provider, though he was ninety percent actor and only ten percent fighter as the bout neared its finish.

The contempt which he showed in the earlier rounds by snickers, gestures and other methods, was now gone. Nova's stinging fists had halted that. Max's endurance was also gone and with that passed the fury of action which had previously turned the Garden arena into a frenzied mad house.

Nova had all the better of the milling as the fight got under way. Calm, serious minded, he kept feinting for an opening, while Baer ridiculed him in an effort to rile his younger opponent, who kept his head and stabbed Max's face with stinging jabs.

A few more such punches to the nose in the second started the blood flowing and seemed to annoy Baer, who continued to play to the crowd with kidding antics, instead of the determination of a fighter. But Max has always been that way, hence the crowd didn't mind it. It was part of the show for which they had paid almost $100,000 and they enjoyed it.

* * *

IT wasn't until the third that Baer finally got set for real action. He caught Nova coming in, with a terrific right to the jaw that rocked the young man. Lou tried to jump into a clinch but Max was too quick for him. He caught Lou with a right to the body and a right and left to the jaw and Nova was hurt. Baer knew it. He set sail, like the Baer of old.

Rushing forth, he flayed away with both fists and Nova became worried. An expression of pain was visible, and as the bombardment continued, Nova's knees began to sag and it looked like he would go down. But he didn't thanks to his opponent's failure to follow through. When things looked most gloomy for Nova, Baer let up in his attack.

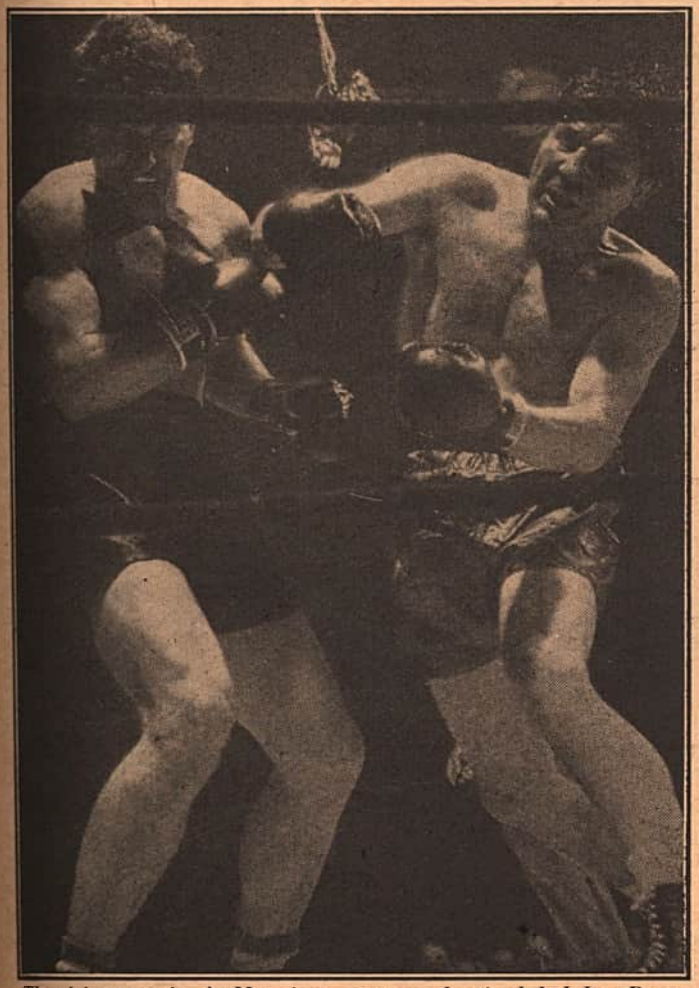
In one of those rest moments, Nova surprised Max by shooting across three lefts to the eye and the eye began to swell. There was no doubt but that Baer won that round.

And he also took the next, his best, a session in which Nova was in distress. Max came out sneering and the crowd roared. He let go his right and caught Lou over the temple. Nova's legs became wobbly. A left hook followed, and it, likewise, found its resting spot on Nova's temple. It was so powerful that it sent Lou half way across the lower rope. Knockdown Timer Jed Gahan had counted but one, when Lou raised himself, but he was a badly shaken fighter.

There was Baer's best chance of the fight. Had he the stamina, for that is what he most lacked, he would have torn into his man with tigerish fury, as would any fighter with such big stakes awaiting him. Instead, he stepped back, dropped his hands to his side and started puffing and clowning, to the exclusion of fighting. Here was Nova's opportunity to prove that he had fully recovered from the ailment that had put him on the shelf for so long a time, and that he again was in perfect physical condition.

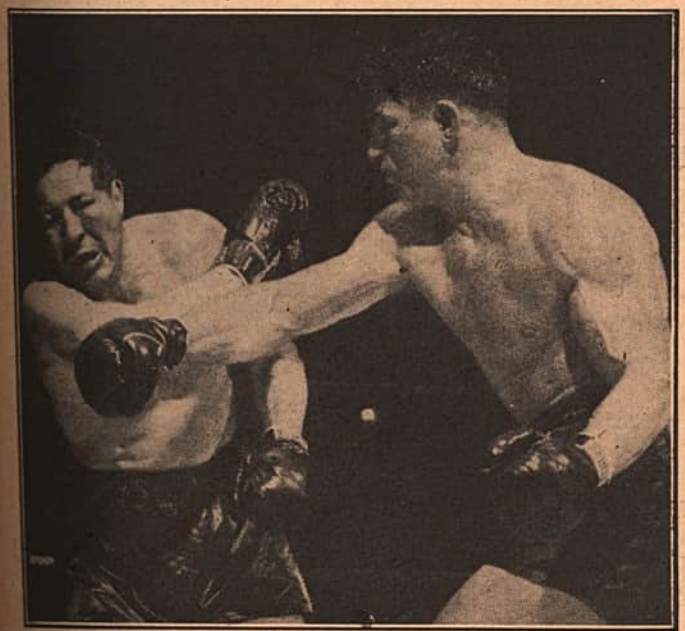
(Continued on page 45)

NOVA'S GREAT COMEBACK

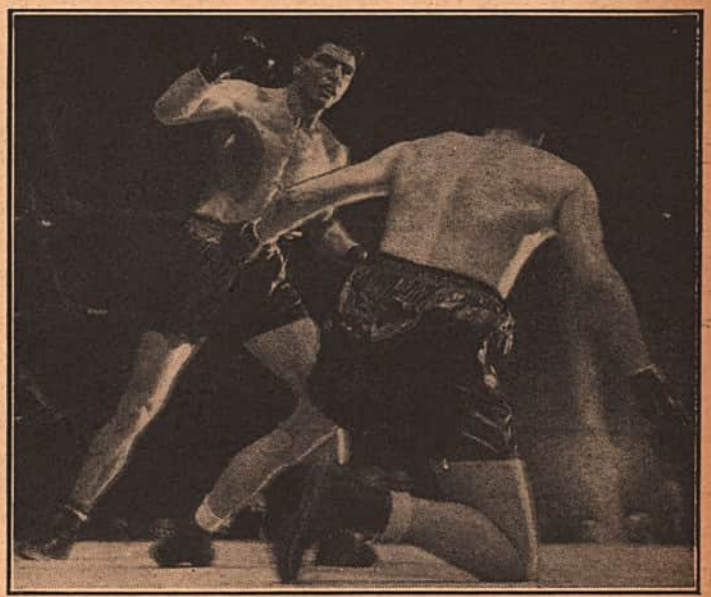


The vicious, tearing-in Max, in contrast to the tired, helpless Baer, who finally succumbed to the bitter attack of Lou Nova. In this picture we see the two-fisted, flaying Baer who almost had his opponent out in the third and fourth rounds. The former champion has just landed a powerful right hook to the jaw that forced Lou partly across the ropes.

The assault of the third round continued in the next and here we get a glimpse of Nova resting on one knee as he fell to the canvas from a terrific left hook to the temple. Knockdown Timer Jed Gahan counted one when Lou got to his feet. He quickly recovered and soon tore in and raised havoc with Max. With that round ended Baer's chances to win the fight.



Baer, grimacing in pain, as Nova shoots his right time and again to the badly swollen face. Lou's timing was perfect. When he saw that he had the fight well in hand, Nova measured his man and let go with all he had. He staggered the former champ time and again, battered his eyes until the left was closed and the right partially so.



A scene in the fatal eighth in which Baer was a mark for his opponent. First Lou peppered the left eye to close it. Then a right to the head dropped Max for a count of nine. Here we see him down for the first time. A bombardment of rights and lefts, with no let up, soon had Baer dizzy and he went down for the second time. When he got to his feet, he almost tumbled as he tried to keep his balance and Referee Arthur Donovan halted the bout.

SOOSE HEADS LIST

Best Among Recent Graduates From Collegiate Boxing— Likely Winner of Pro Middleweight Crown — Kara Brothers and Erickson, Idaho University Stars, Receive High Praise

By TED CARROLL

FOR almost as long as anyone can remember, hard bitten denizens of the world of boxing have regarded college-bred boxers with ill-concealed contempt. The attitude of the unlettered members of the fistic fraternity towards the rah-rah lads has been well expressed by young Mr. Billy Conn, graduate of Prof. Johnny Ray's Gym, class of 1933, who laughed off his match with Pastor with the crack that "The college guy never lived who could really fight."

That has been the prevailing opinion among fight bugs for years. Despite the considerable talent shown by Steve Hamas, who was good enough to beat Schmeling and Tommy Loughran after being exposed to four years of higher education in the classic halls of Penn State College, and the undoubted ability of Fidel La Barba, former world's flyweight champion, and one-time student at Leland Stanford University, criticisms of collegiate clouters as professional pugs have been many. The authority on all things pugilistic, Mr. Dumb Dan Morgan, advances the following theory:

"The real smart fighters have all been guys who never went to school much. These college guys' heads are too full of the stuff that comes out of schoolbooks. There's no room in their noodles for anything else. Give me a fellow who never got past the first grade, and I'll show you a guy with a head full of smart boxing stuff."

* * *

A LOT of boxing men insist that college boys never possess the killer instinct necessary in good fighters. Still others claim they start boxing at too late an age because of their college careers. Football playing has been considered a serious handicap to anyone attempting a boxing career.

Most of the college-bred heavies have been ex-grid stars. The pit-a-pat style of college boxing isn't robust enough for professional going, insist many critics. Most college men who are equipped to do something else if they care to, soon decide that boxing is too tough a business, and turn to other fields. These are some of the reasons advanced for the low esteem in which college aspirants to pugilistic fame are held by the regulars.

Oddly enough, considering the small percentage of college men who take a fling at the boxing game, the collegians haven't done as badly as is popularly supposed. Besides LaBarba and Hamas, Bob Pastor, ex-N. Y. U., fought his way to a shot at the world's heavyweight championship and has acquitted himself very well indeed in the heavyweight ranks for some years. Then, of course, there are Billy Soose and Lou Nova.

Other collegians who showed better than fair ability in pro boxing were Bud Gorman, product of a small Minnesota institution and present boxing coach at Rutgers College; big Sully Montgomery, who first gained fame as a lineman on the Centre College "Praying Colonels" football team. and Add Warren, another Southern football star. These turned in some good performances in heavyweight competition a few years ago. Gorman once beat Jack Sharkey and was accepted as a title prospect for a time.

* * *

FOOTBALL playing and a natural lack of fighting viciousness crimped the careers of most of the other fistic fugitives from the halls of higher learning. Some of them could punch a bit, like good natured big Ed Garvey, ex-Notre Damer, and and George Theodoratus, all-American footballer for Washington University, but that was all.

Most of them just petered out after realizing their shortcomings as boxers, such as Add Warren, Jimmy Bronson's hope from North Carolina University; Tiny Roebuck, Haskell Institute Indian, who wound up a wrestler; Tom Ponte of Maryland University; Monte Munn, one-time Minnesota tackle, who was almost broken in two by big George Godfrey; George Trafton, ex-Notre Dame gridman; the Mushky Jackson protege, big Jack Torrance, Louisiana State shotputter and football player, who was much too gentle and easy going to become any kind of a fighter, and Les Marriner, ex-Illinois gridder.

The man who is still looked upon as the greatest of the college heavyweight prospects never reached the professional ring. Ill-fated big Al Lassman, giant teammate to Ken Strong on N. Y. U.'s greatest football team, caused a furore when he stepped into the ring without any previous experience and knocked out a capable colored amateur heavyweight champion back in 1927.

A stampede in the direction of the Hall of Fame institution started among boxing managers, with Jimmy Bronson having the inside track. Lassman never lived to make his bid for heavyweight honors. He suffered an injury in a football game that produced lasting results, and lost his life by drowning in a Maine lake shortly afterwards.

* * *

EVERY now and then a university boxer makes such an outstanding record against college competition, he is almost forced to try his hand at the pro game. Such a one was Allie Wolf, teammate and contemporary of Hamas at Penn State, where Coach Leo Houck specializes in turning out the cream of the college boxing crop. Wolf engaged in 25 bouts in college circles, winning them all by knockouts, the while finding time to take part in football, baseball and basketball as a member of the varsity teams. A native of Brooklyn, N. Y., Wolf, a middleweight, began his pro boxing career in a blaze of ballyhoo, but fizzled out after a short career terminated by a knockout suffered in Boston. Allie is at the present time boxing coach at Cornell University.

Joe Moran's career paralleled Wolf's. Redheaded Joe, a Syracuse halfback and middleweight intercollegiate boxing champion, also won all his college contests by knockouts. Entering the ranks of the paid performers under the wing of that eminent fancier of college clouters, Jimmy Bronson. Moran didn't do badly in his first attempts, but contracted typhoid, from which he barely recovered and that marked the end of his boxing dreams.

* * *

ABOUT ten years ago, Willie Wallach, brother of former featherweight Bobby Michaels, completed his course in accountancy at City College of New York, earned his degree, then decided to put his education to use in the ring. Middleweight champion of the college, Willie showed more promise than either the more publicized Wolf or Moran, but eventually members of the family, brother Bobby leading the way, prevailed upon him to resume the study of accountancy.

Present-day pugs with college backgrounds are doing quite well around the country at the moment. Besides Soose, Nova and Pastor, three honest-to-goodness top-notchers, there are such promising ones as good-looking Arthur Dorrell, Eddie Walker's welterweight pride, who put in a couple of years at Texas A. and M.; boxing master Georgie Latka from San Jose College in California; polished and intellectual Hank Postaway, University of Michigan graduate; Danny Falco, erstwhile boxing prodigy of Temple University; giant Don Segal, star tackle at Michigan, who was going great guns until he ran into Pat Comiskey; Al

Wardlow, colored collegian from an Ohio institution, and Mott Womer, middleweight from Virginia University.

Of all the college representatives tossing punches in the pro rings at the present time, Soose is by far the most sensational. What makes the good looking Hungarian lad from Farrell, Pa., all the more remarkable is his strict adherence to the typically college style of milling that has been found much too fragile for the rough and ready pros in the past.

In appearance and ring manners, Soose really looks the part of the college boxer. He's tall, slick haired, slender, unmarked, a flossy dresser, smooth talking, and intelligent. In the ring he affects the classic style of boxing of Jim Corbett, stressing defense.

He disdains brawly slugging as something uncouth, keeping the action at long range by means of a flicking educated left, and clever leg work. At first glance, his style and his build appear lacking in the rugged requirements of the professional ring, but the record says otherwise.

Billy's refined manner of milling *(Continued on page 45)*

AMATEUR BOXING SWEEPS COUNTRY

Interest in Sport at Highest Level—Negroes Make Greatest Strides—Wichita Tournament Huge Success—RING Plans Gigantic Four Days' Meet in West for Novice Pro Fighters to Develop New Talent—Les Showers to Handle Affair

By THE PUBLISHER

THE growth of amateur boxing in America has been terrific. In every nook and corner of this country, clubs—big and small—have been organized and in them, boys of all ages, ranging from midgets to giants, are practicing the sport of fisticuffs as never before. Never was I so much impressed with the tremendous development of amateur boxing, than in my recent trip through the mid-west and southwest, where I had an opportunity to see to what extent boxing is being followed by the youth of America.

To me it was an eye opener, but a most pleasant sight, because no one realizes more so than do I, what that will mean in the near future in our National Defense programme. With the amateurs perfecting themselves in the manly art of self defense, the collegians following in their footsteps, the professionals, already masters of art and the service men, in all branches being trained in the elementaries of the science as an aid to bayonet drills, Uncle Sam's boys will be a tough lot to beat. They'll be hardened fighters.

As I remarked in the last issue, all this rise in boxing interest, a nation-wide interest I might add, has been brought about by the many Golden Gloves tournaments sponsored by various American newspapers. But the boys realize that to make a Golden Gloves team, or to make an A.A.U. championship team, they must show some skill and to develop that skill, amateur organizations have sprung up all over America.

While in the East, where the facilities are far better than in any other section, the boys find it easier to obtain the kind of training they most need, the lads from the mid-west, southwest and west are pretty well cared for through the medium of American Legions. They sponsor most of the shows; they assign special instructors to care for those entered in the Legion tournaments; they house and feed the lads, and in all other respects they go the limit to encourage all who are willing to try their hand in tournament matches.

* * *

TWO men who are responsible more than any others for keeping the pot boiling, for enlisting the aid of the legionnaires and newspapers, are Les Showers, a veteran of the last world war, and his associate, Dick Russell. Between them, they have staged several thousand tournaments through the western territory under Amateur Athletic Union sanction, with the sponsorship either of the Legion or the newspapers, and with few exceptions, almost every lad who has won an A.A.U. sectional, state, city or national title from the territory operated by this pair, are graduates of the Les Showers-Russell tournaments.

The work these men are doing is most commendable. They deserve the hearty support of the fight fans wherever they happen to be. No lad who thinks he has a chance, has ever had to plead more than once for the opportunity when Showers and Russell were at the helm. They have gone out of their way to develop talent and if what I saw on my recent trip, especially in Wichita, Kansas, is a fair example of the type of boys these men have brought into action in other parts of the country, then I think they have done a splendid job. In addition, they are well liked as promoters.

In Wichita, where Eddie Zongker, an excellent official, former Kansas and mid-west featherweight king, and I refereed the 88 fights in four nights and one morning, I found the same situation existing that is prevalent throughout the country—a bevy of splendidly conditioned young colored fighters in every division, boys who go into their work with a vim and give the spectators a fine run for their money. That condition brought on many queries from among those interested in the sport, as to why the colored boys have come to the front in such rapid strides and were among the nation's outstanding fighters, amateurs and professionals.

* * *

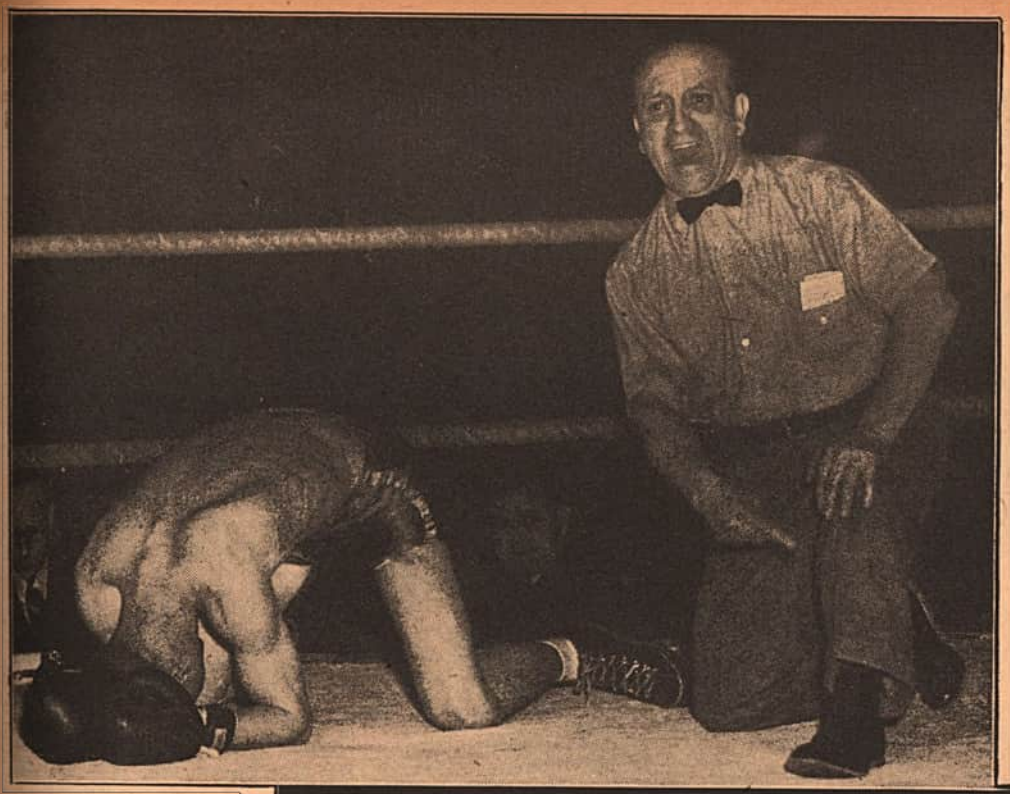
THE tournaments throughout the country have found many of the colored fighters on top. In the Southwest Amateur championships and the East-West Golden Gloves championships in Chicago, they ran true to form. It used to be a rare thing to see one of the Negro boxers carry off a national or state championship, but not now. They rule the roost in every part of the country where they are permitted to compete, as they should be in every sector, against the white boys.

Never in the history of boxing in this country have so many Negro boxers, members of the Amateur Athletic Association and the various colleges, rated so high as now. They predominate as the nation's outstanding talent. This was exemplified in almost every big A.A.U. or Golden Gloves tournament, especially in New York's Intercity and in the Chicago, East vs. West tournaments, as well as in the National A.A.U. championships at Boston. In the last named, the outstanding amateur meet of the year, 135 boys competed for top honors, and many colored boys fought it out to the semi-finals and final rounds.

The National tournament was one of the few staged during the winter and early spring in which the Western lads didn't outclass their Eastern brethren. The score in that was even, with four titles won by each.

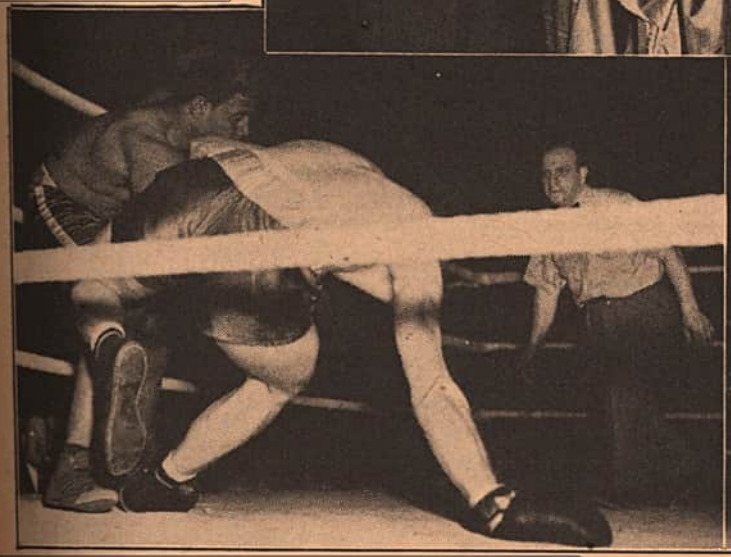
Among the Negro fighters, the best performance in that meet with those of James Reddick, star St. Louisian, who again finished second best in the light-heavyweight class, which was won by Gus Stanford of Seminole, Oklahoma; Al Jordan, Kansas City Negro, a stiff puncher, who lost a close decision in the heavyweight class to Ragan Kinney, the Hartman, Arkansas, school teacher, and Harold Dade, Chicago Negro, who lost a divided decision to rugged Lawrence Torphy of Philadelphia in the flyweight section. Robert Lakin, New York's Negro welter, lost in the semi-finals to George Horne of Cleveland, who in turn lost the final round to George Andrews of Lowell, Mass. Charley Riley, St. Louis Negro, after winning his way into the semi-final round of the 118-pound class, was eliminated by Raymond Brown of Chicago who was the winner of the final when he stopped Tony De Greggorio of Boston in the first. These are only a few of the many colored lads who took part in the eliminations in many parts of the country and then at Boston, in the national competition.

Heavy Hitting in Title Meet

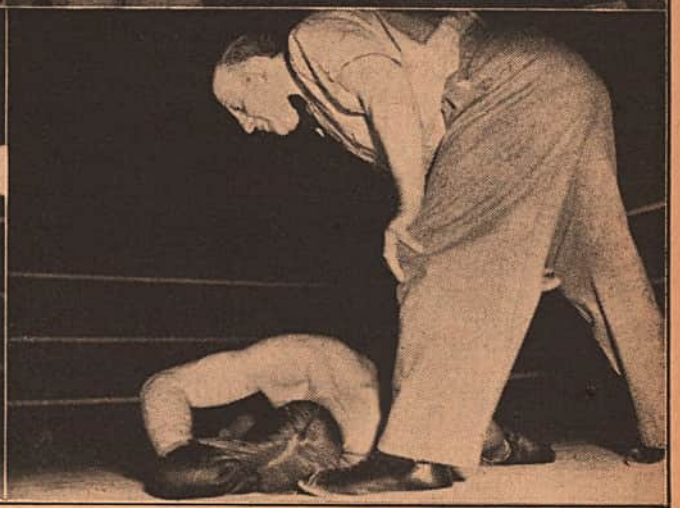


Nat Fleischer counting out Dick Taylor, Pittsburgh, Kansas, welterweight, who was knocked cold by Harry Rohnert of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, in the second round.

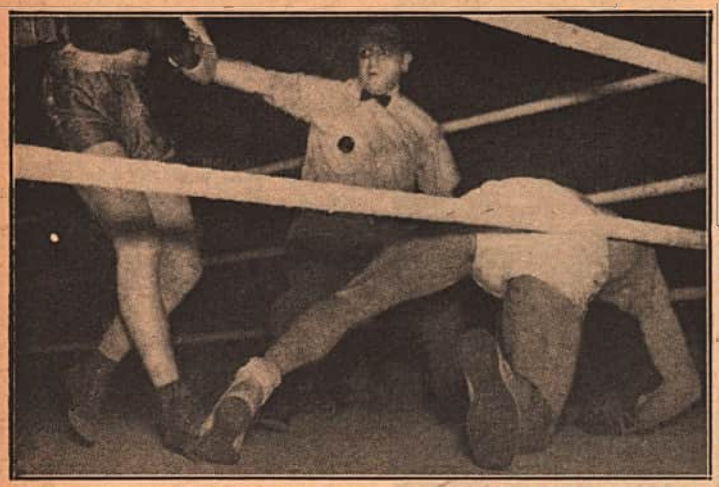
The winner of the heavyweight tournament, Arnold McAlpine, a senior in Pittsburgh Teachers' College of Kansas, wearing THE RING *Magazine Belt, donated by Nat Fleischer. McAlpine, an all-around athlete, is a slugger, powerfully built, who can make good in the pro ranks, should he care to give up his amateur standing. From left to right—Boxing Commissioner Frank Gilleece, a veteran official; McAlpine, the champion; Nat Fleischer; Dick Russell, co-promoter with Les Showers and Eddie Zongker, who divided the officiating with* THE RING *Editor.*



(Above) James Shearron of Omaha, one of the best and hardest hitting heavyweights in the Southwest championship tournament, putting Big Boy Owens of Omaha down with a right uppercut. Shearron, a terrific puncher of the Wellington C.C.C. Camp, lost a hot mill to Arnold McAlpine in the semi-finals.



The second quickest knockout of the tournament—Ed Pugh of Hutchinson, Kansas, was the victim in 25½ seconds, with Jake McKinnis of Kansas City the winner. McKinnis scored the kayo with a bombardment of lefts immediately after they came out of their corners.



The knockout of Harold Benham, rangy, clever El Dorado heavyweight, by Jack Cassidy, stocky, mule-kick, socking heavyweight scrapper from Hutchinson, in the second round. The referee, Nat Fleischer, is ordering Cassidy to a neutral corner.

LeRoy Davis, Amarillo, Texas, heavyweight, who was defeated by Red Nelson in semifinals of the Wichita tournament. Davis is being seconded by his pretty wife and Scotty McLean, an old-time British fighter.

EVERY fight tournament features many of them. Colored boys may not predominate in the entries, but when the semi-final and final rounds are reached, they outnumber the white lads in almost every meet. Contrary to the general theory so often advanced by those who try to belittle the prowess of the Negroes, it is not because the white lads are going soft and are unable to withstand the rigorous competition of the ring, that the colored boys are on top, but because two great Negroes, Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis, have instilled a spirit of pride into the colored boys and each tries to emulate the deeds of Hank and Joe.

It's the Joe Louis-Henry Armstrong influence. Since these two mounted the throne, there has been a decided increase of entries from among the Negroes. There has also been a decided swing to the fistic game by members of the race in every nook and corner of America where boxing is permitted.

Colored youths who never gave the sport a thought, have been so inspired by Louis and Armstrong and their rise to fame and riches, they think that they likewise can reach the heights, and many are on that road.

The same thing happened when Jack Johnson won the title. In every part of the country where boxing was legal, colored lads began to follow the sport. History is repeating itself.

* * *

WHEN I went to Wichita to referee the tournament, the biggest ever staged in the West, and to award a belt to the heavyweight winner, I did so, not with the idea of finding a white hope who might eventually beat Joe Louis. Louis has been too good a champion and a sportsman and an inspiration not only to his own people but to all in boxing, for one to seek someone to dethrone him.

What I did try to find was one or more good white heavyweights who might be added to the division in the hopes that, if talented, they would add interest to boxing by offering Louis better competition than he is now able to get from the string of has-beens who have been offered to him as a sacrifice because of lack of good material.

Joe Louis is a credit to boxing, and so long as he can remain at the helm, the sport will rest in good hands. Regardless of race or color, there never has been a champion more highly respected among the nation's fans than Louis, and that's why, when I venture into other territory to seek new prospects, it is not for the purpose of finding a white hope, but locating or developing some new life to revive the interest in the heavyweight class.

* * *

IN this respect, my trip to Wichita was not a failure, though no exceptional prospects were seen in action in the 88 bouts, of which I refereed half a hundred. There were plenty of fine white huskies, lumberjacks, railroad workers, collegians, oil well drillers, cow hands, wheat growers and what not, but in the final run, a colored boy, Arnold McAlpine of Pittsburgh, Kansas, a student in the Teachers' College, a star athlete with an all-around record, won THE RING trophy. He defeated the only surviving white heavyweight, Red Nelson of Denver, in a vicious battle in which Red was floored and almost counted out by me, and thus McAlpine carried off the Southwestern amateur championship.

McAlpine, a fine built fellow, strong as an ox, six feet three inches tall, with powerfully built muscles, showed that he can sock like a mule, but he lacks science. If he acquires that, the colored race, should McAlpine decide to turn pro, which he says he won't because he wants to teach, will have another ace in the hole among the heavies. His well-earned victory was well received. I hope that in his fighting career he'll be able to emulate the deeds of the great Joe Louis.

In the semi-final, McAlpine disposed of the favorite, Jim Shearron, another colored boy, via the knockout route. Shearron, the C.C.C. camp champion, a powerful hitter, looked like the winner up to the time the hard-clouting, stock-built camp fighter ran into a right and was knocked out in the third. Shearron previously had put the meet's best white fighter, Jack Cassidy of Hutchinson, out of the running to gain the semi-final.

When the bell sounded, Cassidy and Shearron raced at each other and fought for a few seconds toe-to-toe. Then Shearron landed a right and two lefts to the jaw and hurled Cassidy against the ropes. In a rebound, Cassidy's chin struck Shearron's fist and Cassidy knocked himself out.

It was one of the queerest knockouts I had ever seen. Shearron had his right cocked and moved it only about two inches as Cassidy came forward. Cassidy went through the ropes onto the floor, where he was unconscious for several minutes.

* * *

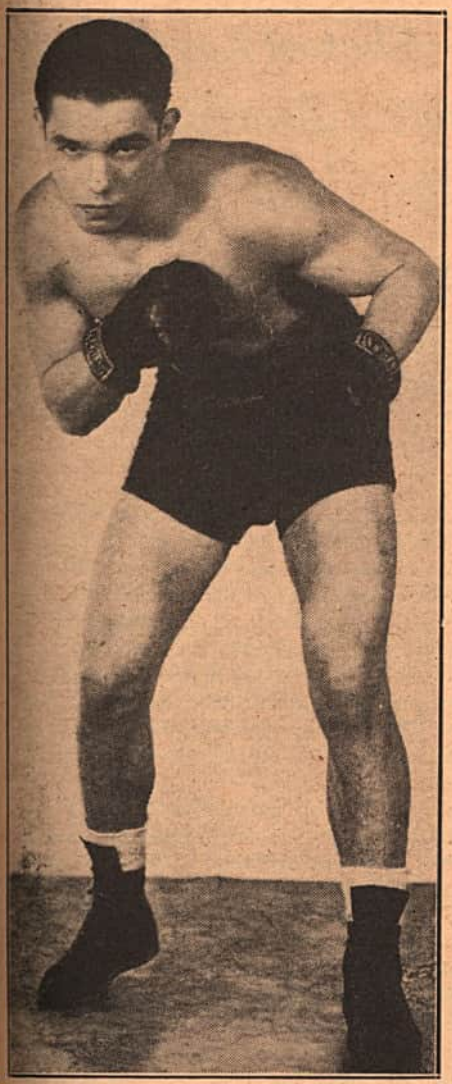
BESIDES McAlpine, Cassidy and Shearron, each of whom I think possesses possibilities as heavyweight timber, one other fighter in this division deserves special mention, though he was knocked out by Cassidy. Harold Benham of El Dorado is his name. He is a collegian, in his last year.

He is a tall, rangy, white boy, six feet two, with a beautifully built body, and carries himself in the ring like a Tommy Loughran. He is exceedingly clever, but proved that he couldn't take it. A heavy bombardment to the midsection spelled his doom. He was knocked out in 1:28 of the second round, but I still think he is a fine prospect if taken in hand by a capable trainer.

The entire tournament proved to me what I have often argued, namely, that the Western boys have it all over the Eastern amateurs in hitting power, but in cleverness, the East leads. The reason is obvious—more outdoor

(Continued on page 47)

MAKING THE GRADE



Terry Young, New York Italian lightweight, who is one of the best prospects in the East.

By FRED EISENSTADT

THIS being a world where speed and progress are the keynote of success, Terry Young lost no time in making the grade as a lightweight contender and did it by the simple but effective expedient of winning all but one of the 40 ring battles he has had to date. It was not alone the winning of his fights which has skyrocketed him to the top of his class, as it has been the impressive manner with which he accomplished his meteoric rise. Being endowed with courage, strength, endurance and confidence, Terry Young is the aggressive type who keeps after his foe, banging away at his head and body with fierce relentless attack, without slackening his torrid pace till the clang of the final bell is sounded.

Born Angelo DeSanza, on April 27, 1921, he adopted the family fighting name of "Terry Young"—the same name his father campaigned under some twenty years ago, and which his uncle used about ten years before that.

"I began to prepare Angelo for a ring career," explained the father of young Terry Young, "as soon as he was able to hold up his little fists. Even as a baby, Angelo was strong and husky—born for the ring. And so, during his public school days, I boxed with him almost every day. And the way he picked it up was amazing!

In a short time the kid was able to lick guys twice his size. I didn't like his beating up so many boys, but I was secretly proud that he could do it. One afternoon, I stood hidden behind a truck and watched Angelo beating the daylights out of a fellow who had been bulldozing the kids on the East Side—that's our neighborhood, you know.

"Well, I can't describe the thrill I got when I saw the way my son moved around the big rowdy, jabbing his head off with straight lefts and rocking him with perfectly timed shots to the head. Yes sir, it made me feel good to see the kid use all the tricks I taught him. At that very moment, I knew my son was destined to become a great fighter.

"He is a reminder of the old time good club fighters, because of his pleasing style and his sharp punching ability. He is an aggressive, durable lad who is rapidly taking the place left vacant by the retired Tony Canzoneri."

ANGELO DeSANZA — or Terry Young—began to take part in main events after participating in only 24 preliminary bouts, which he had in but nine months of boxing. He started his rise as a top liner by thrashing the seasoned Al Reid in eight hot rounds. And in 40 pro battles—Terry's had no amateur experience—he has lost but two bouts to Bobby Ruffin and Monty Pignatore.

Among those Terry Young has beaten are Charlie Varre, twice; Texas Lee Harper, twice; Monte Pignatore, Danny Bartfield and many other sterling scrappers. He has administered knockout drops to such good boxers as Samy Venti, Ginger Foran, Henry Huerta, Dave Crawford, Patsy Spataro, Jose Rayo.

Terry Young is a solidly-built battler and looks every inch the fighter. When close to his foe, Terry tears in, banging away with both fists—and never breaks ground. He is the cool, merciless killer in the ring. He shoots brain-numbing blows to the head and rips vicious wallops to the body. In close, he is even more devastating. He practically toyed with his latest kayo victim, the clever Frankie Conn, like a cat toys with a mouse. Then, suddenly, tired of the game, Terry opened a barrage on the bewildered Newark boxer—and it was all over. Frankie thought a hurricane of boxing gloves had hit him.

Terry is rapidly reaching the top stage, and in less than a year this boy may be battling for the lightweight championship of the world. Certainly he will be an insistent challenger and a foremost contender. A youngster who is making such amazingly rapid strides in moving to the top of his profession is sure to arrive there with flying colors.

* * *

THE phrase, "he learned to fight the hard way," is too frequently, and much too often erroneously, applied to boxers who have made the grade. On occasion it is of course wholly true. At times it is rather exaggerated. And at other times, it is completely wrong.

That Yussel Goldstein actually learned the difficult art of fisticuffs via the tough route can be substantiated by the numerous young men on whom the lanky Hebrew had inflicted many bruises in neighborhood brawls. Those fights, says this fine middleweight prospect from the Brownsville section of New York, have done more for him, pugilistically, than the best boxing instructors in the world could have accomplished.

Without ever having had an amateur fight, Yussel Goldstein entered the pro ranks as a welterweight two years ago and to date, out of 30 bouts has lost but two close decisions to Tommy Zano—whom he finally beat. Among the fighters who went down in defeat under the thundering fists of the speedy Brownsville scrapper, are such outstanding lads as Jerry Fiorello, Pete De Russa, Francisco Montaneri, Frankie Cavanna, Georgie Martin.

Yussel halted the rugged Gene Molnar and also the experienced and hard-punching Billy Beauhuld. Each of the above mentioned lads is considered topnotch fistic material. De Russa has been a consistent winner over the best men in his class of late. In stopping Molnar, Yussel disposed of a tough fighter who fought practically every noteworthy lightweight and welter in the business.

Goldstein's most distinguished fistic feat was his defeat of the rugged and clever Georgie Martin, and he accomplished it impressively. Martin is the lad who a short time ago defeated Pedro Montanez. The Brownsville Hebrew, however, easily solved Georgie's bobbing and weaving tactics and had no trouble outboxing and outfighting him.

It was in this contest that Yussel really proved himself a capable ringman, a scrapper who is ready to oppose the top-ranking middleweights. Goldstein delighted the spectators with his brilliant ringwork. Hitting a speedy scrapper like Martin is no simple matter, as Georgie demonstrated in his bout with Montanez and other good boxers, but Yussel reached Martin's head and body with comparative ease.

Goldstein's boxing style is an *(Continued on page 47)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Bob Pastor Earns Another Shot at Louis' Title
Conn Confident He Can Defeat Brown Bomber
Joe Louis' Rise Brings Liberalism to Boxing

WHEN Bob Pastor survived six knockdowns to win the ten rounds battle in Los Angeles from Turkey Thompson, California State heavyweight king, he forced himself right back into the heavyweight picture. Even Jimmy Johnston, his manager, didn't think that Bob would return to the ring after his knockout at the hands of Joe Louis, but money talks in the fistic world and often brings out even derelicts in the comeback role. For a time the average sports scribe thought of Bob in just that term, but after exhibiting the kind of courage that is admired by followers of the pugilistic sport, none can speak of the former New York State champion in terms other than those of a real heavyweight challenger.

With the field of heavyweights of ability narrowed down to a mere handful, with opponents for Joe Louis in his month-a-fight programme down to a point where the Bomber finds it necessary to repeat in return engagements with those whom he has already put out of the way, shrewd Jimmy Johnston has taken the bull by the horns and has resurrected two of his heavyweights who, it was thought, had already finished their fighting career.

First, Abe Simon, a twice-retired Behemoth who, to earn his daily bread, had joined the Long Beach, L. I. police force as a traffic officer, was ballyhooed into a fight with Joe Louis, despite the fact that in his initial comeback role he was whipped in Baltimore by Thompson. Strange as it might seem, though public opinion was strongly against that title bout, Big Abe came through with bells on, proving that he was a logical contender.

* * *

AND only a few days before that bout in Detroit, Jovial Jimmy Johnston, who had maneuvered Bob Pastor from retirement into a fight with California's heavyweight king, the colored boy, Turkey Thompson, found himself sitting on top of the world again as a manager, when Bob, floored six times in the opening round, put Turkey down three times as the fight progressed, and gained the verdict, which carried with it a third chance at the world crown.

It seems there's no keeping a man like Johnston or his fighters down. Three times the swan song has been sung for Jimmy, yet each time he has emerged after being apparently through, bigger and a greater national figure in fisticuffs than previously. By clever manipulation, he has clinched for his boys two more contests with Joe Louis, a third engagement for Pastor next July and a return bout for Simon for next month. Thus he will have set a world record when these contests are completed, by having had his charges face the same world heavyweight king five times over a stretch of two years, and having clinched in the short space of two days, two of these!

After what has happened, Johnston must take his place alongside the late Joe Jacobs, as the shrewdest manager in recent years. Joe, it will be recalled, first maneuvered Max Schmeling into the world title by shrieking foul in the fight with Sharkey. Later, he brought Max out of retirement to regain international prestige by knocking out Joe Louis, the only boxer to beat the Bomber in his professional career. It was Joe Jacobs' managerial direction that enabled Herr Max to achieve that distinction.

Then came the remarkable miracle that Jacobs performed with Tony Galento, the blubber boy from New Jersey. With Schmeling gone, little Joe took the tavern-keeper in hand when all others had tossed him aside, built him up nationally through unique ballyhoo and soon made of him the best drawing card aside from Louis, in the fight game. Though badly whipped in his bout with Louis, Tony floored the king and thereby retained the popularity that swept him into a load of money.

* * *

THERE is an old saying that wherever you find a successful fighter you are certain to find a most successful manager, and this is as true today as it was years ago when Tom O'Rourke, Billy Gibson, Billy Madden, and others of that school, held sway over fistic affairs. Jimmy Johnston has had many stars, among them some of the greatest British fighters, but in recent years his star was dimmed through lack of good material. Now, however, with two veterans in tow, fighters who apparently were through two years ago, Jimmy's star has brightened again, and he sits pretty, with the monopoly on world heavyweight championship fights.

It was a case of do-or-die with Pastor in his fight with Thompson. Facing a tough, up-and-coming youngster who had been making great strides, Bob realized that he was up against the real thing in facing the California State heavyweight champion. But the lure of another shot at Louis and the extra gold such an engagement would bring, made the New Yorker feel that such a gamble was well worth taking, and he did.

Fortunately for Bob, however, he came through the hectic first round, which almost doomed him. Experience alone saved the day for Pastor. He was faced by an opponent who carries dynamite in either hand, but lacks the most essential part of a first rate fighter, experience, and that was sufficient to whip Albert "Turkey" Thompson. He lost the ten round decision at Gilmore Field after having Bob down six times in the opening round, a thrilling session. While he possessed what it required to put Bob down on the canvas so often, Turkey didn't know just what to do to finish his man.

He had Pastor set for the kill only a few seconds after the bell had sent the boys on their way, a short left hook doing the trick. Dazed to an extent that Bob remarked after the fight was over that he hadn't the faintest idea that he was on the canvas, Pastor got off the floor five more times to last through the round and begin an uphill battle from the second on, that eventually brought him victory. Winning seven out of ten rounds after being on the verge of a kayo and down six times, is a feat of which Bob can feel proud.

According to Referee Roth, Bob won the second round handily. Then in the third, he made Thompson take his initial excursion to the carpet when he uncorked a flurry of punches to the head. The eighth found Thompson down two more times, once from a flurry of punches to the head, for a nine count, and again for eight when Bob unloosed a heavy body attack.

Since Thompson was so highly regarded by the fans, scribes and commission in California, there can be no doubt that Pastor has proved his right to be retained among the leaders in the rank of challengers for Joe Louis' title.

One thing is certain—Bob will give the Californians a run for their dough. If he can do half as well against the Bomber in his third engagement as he did in the Detroit battle, or as good as he did against Thompson, the Coast fans will have no complaint.

IN the light of Joe Louis' unvarying successes in rematches, one wonders whether Johnston's two heavyweights, Pastor and Simon, have made the best possible deal for themselves in accepting such engagements with the Brown Bomber. Both Bob and Abe were in excellent positions to capitalize upon their surprising feats, yet each eagerly accepted Mike Jacobs' offer for bouts with Louis, instead.

Bob already has been whipped twice by Joe, once via the decision route and again by a knockout in the eleventh round, and it seems a certainty that when they clash again next July 19, the New Yorker again will be on the losing end. Despite the excellent showing of Simon, I can't see him winning the crown from Joe, either, though he did give Louis the best fight the Bomber has had since he won the title.

But as I have already remarked, money talks and there isn't a bout which either Abe or Bob could take on that would be so lucrative as the one with Louis. Then again there is always that one chance—the 1000 to 1 shot—that either might come through and do the unexpected—may find Louis off form and dethrone him. It has been done before.

* * *

LET'S take a peep at what Louis has done in return engagements. In his pre-championship days he and Natie Brown went ten rounds, though Joe received the decision. Brown gained a "rep" he might have used advantageously in gaining other lucrative mills, but he decided to take Joe on again. On that occasion, Natie failed to last through the fourth round.

Remember what happened when Max Schmeling and Louis met before Joe won the title? The German scored the only decision rendered against Louis as a pro—he knocked the Bomber out in the twelfth round. It was no fluke. Louis received the worst drubbing in that contest he has ever been subjected to.

Had Herr Max been content to rest on his laurels, they would not now be asking was Dempsey a better fighter than Louis? Schmeling wanted to prove he could do it again, and when he and Joe clashed the second time, the Bomber made short work of him. He stopped Max in less than a round—to hand Schmeling the worst beating he ever took. That licking ended Max's fighting career.

Shortly before Joe won the crown from Braddock, he gained a ten-round verdict in the back-pedalling bout with Bob Pastor, but when Bob insisted on a return bout he was a badly whipped man. He was stopped in the eleventh round.

Still another fighter, after losing one decision, thought he could whip Joe in a second bout—Arturo Godoy of Chile. Arturo, by doing the monkey act and the leap-frog dance, lasted fifteen rounds, much to the chagrin of the Brown Bomber, so a return tilt was announced, and in that, Godoy received a shellacking and was halted in the eighth round.

Now comes Abe Simon and Bob Pastor again. What is in store for them remains to be seen. It cannot be predicted other than to say I think each will be stopped as in their last bouts. It is my conviction that when Joe Louis is dethroned, he will lose his title, unless he retires undefeated, to either Billy Conn or the winner of the Nova-Baer fight.

* * *

OF all those in the challengers' field, I like Conn the best. Why? Because Pittsburgh Billy is clever, is courageous, is a sharpshooter with his left or right and can hook with the best of them. Weight shouldn't count any more against Billy than it counted against Louis when he spotted Simon 50 pounds.

Hitting alone stands in Billy's way, yet the case of Jim Corbett is similar to that of Conn. He couldn't hit. Despite that, however, he beat the tough, rough, hard hitting John L. Sullivan. Of course, whereas Sullivan was past his prime, a physical wreck from dissipation, Louis is in the prime of life, well trained, physically perfect.

But from my observation in the Simon fight and that of other contestants, I pick a combination boxer-fighter of the Conn type to check Louis. If Abe Simon could stab his left so often to Louis' face and eyes that he had Joe considerably worried, what can Billy Conn do? In that respect, I think it apropos to print an interview Conn gave me out West a few weeks ago, one that exemplifies Billy's extreme confidence in himself, and shows how closely he has studied the man from whom he hopes to win the world heavyweight honors.

"I think I can whip Louis because:

"1. He blinks his eyes every time an opponent feints with a left.

"2. He can be hit and marks up readily.

"3. He has a weak chin, as has been seen by the number of times fearless opponents have hit him and brought him down.

"4. He is not fast and is not a quick thinker."

Billy may be prejudiced, as undoubtedly he must be, since he has a date with Joe in June, but his observation portrays nothing not already known to those who have seen Joe in action as often as have the New York scribes.

To get back to Louis' so-called weaknesses, Billy says: "I'm going to box him and do as did Corbett to Sullivan. I have studied Corbett's story of that fight and strange it might seem, yet his case fits mine to a 'T.' I'll feint my left until I'll have Joe dizzy. I read the various reports on the Simon fight, primarily for the purpose of seeing how many of the scribes had noticed how often Joe blinked every time a left was about to be tossed. A left feint makes him step back. He then finds it necessary to get set again. By the time he does I'll have delivered four or more lefts to his face or will have feinted him out of position.

"I know I can't hit as hard as Joe, but I can hit. Make no mistake about that. Joe will learn that soon enough, and if I land on his chin often, he'll go down.

"At any rate, after seeing what Simon did with his left and without the aid of a right, I'll stab Joe's eyes out with lefts and rights. I'll do more than give him a shiner as did Simon. I'll puff his eyes and close them. That shouldn't be a hard task for a clever boxer, because Joe can't get out of the way."

So there you have Conn's idea of how he can take the crown from Louis and if our readers are boxing wise, they won't laugh this off. They'll give proper thought to Billy's words. Confidence plus fighting courage go a long way in boxing, though I still feel Louis will take Billy as Joe has taken all others.

* * *

LIBERALISM in boxing is gaining considerable headway. The sport, once frowned upon in many states where blue laws made it extremely difficult for a promoter to conduct bouts, is gaining favor by leaps and bounds. In a trip I just concluded through the Middle West and Southwest, I got an eye opener on the popularity of boxing in places where the game has been practically dead for three years with not a professional bout having been staged during that long stretch. With the army and navy enlistments and conscription, boxing has taken a firm hold in such localities because of the nearness of cantonments, and though the professional sport is still lagging, that cannot be said of the amateur boxing from which the pros rise.

In Wichita, for example, almost 1,200 boys from eight states were eager to compete in the Southwestern amateur championships which I refereed. But that number had to be pruned down to about 200 in order to enable the promoters to go through the programme in four days. In this same territory up to recently, the promotion of mixed bouts was discouraged, but now as many as are necessary are permitted.

Liberalism is the order of the day.

A number of boxing commissions, eager to get some of the lucrative bouts which Mike Jacobs is turning loose all over the country, have relaxed in their rules. First they did away with the ban on outside promoters. Next they altered their rules to permit the invitation of guest referees, and in states where the 10-round rule limit was on the books, the limit has been altered to fifteen to enable championship fights to be brought in by Jacobs.

Here is what appeared in the news in one day:

1. Wisconsin's legislature has had a bill introduced to legalize fifteen-round bouts instead of ten, so that the state could cope with other states in obtaining from Mike Jacobs some of the lucrative championship fights now being sent elsewhere.

2. The State of Florida will introduce a boxing bill to legalize boxing and do away with local option, as now exists. Under the bill, which I incidentally helped to draw, if passed, championship fights of 15 rounds will be permitted; decisions will be rendered by a referee and two judges, and a portion of the state tax on tickets will go to the Children's Orphanage Fund carried on by the American Legion.

3. In Kansas and Missouri there no longer is any ban on mixed bouts among professionals.

It won't be long now before every state will have its boxing commission with a state boxing law, for, as Gene Tunney so aptly put it when he was made National Athletic Director of Naval Stations, "Boxing, more than any other sport, develops the youth of the land into fighting men, the kind this country now needs."

* * *

STEVE BELLOISE made a sad exit from New York rings prior to joining the Marine Corps to aid Gene Tunney as a boxing instructor in the Naval Air Corps Base in Florida, when he was put to rout by a rival New Yorker, Tami Mauriello, via the knockout route, in 2:58 of the first round. With dynamite in either hand, it was a foregone conclusion that the bout would end in a kayo. Though Steve was the favored son because of his boxing ability, it was predicted that one punch could terminate the setto in favor of the first to land it, and that is exactly what happened. Mauriello, though he lacks the boxing qualities of Steve, is a plunging warrior, with the type of aggressiveness that is bewildering to an opponent, and if he gets his man going, there is no stopping him.

Belloise learned that after he received the first wallop flush to the mouth only a few seconds after the bell sent the lads on their way. That right, which exploded like a bombshell against the face of Steve, dazed him and made him wobbly. A left to the eye that did as much damage, was the next punch. Then came a series of rights that bounced off the face with such rapidity the fans couldn't keep count.

Six right hand shots started Steve on the trip to the canvas. Though he couldn't stand straight, he continued to keep on his feet until another right crashed against his cheek and two more hit the chin to send Steve down for the first time for a count of nine.

Up came Belloise, as helpless as a child. The fighting Italian, who has thrilled many large gatherings in the Garden, was like putty in the hands of his adversary. Mauriello, cheered by his cohorts who went wild with excitement, tried to finish his man, but was too anxious. He missed several hooks, which, had they landed, would have ended the bout faster than he did.

Stepping away from his man to get the range, Tami took aim, let go his powerful right again and it landed on the button to score a second knockdown and Steve took a count of eight before he reached an upright position. Scarcely had Referee Billy Cavanagh stepped aside to let the lads go at each other again, when Belloise ran right smack into another right and down he flopped for the third count. This time he was on his knees at six, and got to his feet at nine, just missing being counted out.

Face puffed, a cut under the eye, staggering about like a drunken sailor, it was obvious that if Mauriello could continue the attack he would finish his man before the round ended, and he did just that. Sensing the kill, there was no let-up on the part of Tami. Another right cannonaded against the chin and for the fourth time Steve hit the deck for a nine-count.

Then came the final knockdown. Realizing his opponent's plight, Mauriello sailed in fearlessly and recklessly. He knew that Steve couldn't toss a solid punch in his wobbly condition and took chances he would have hesitated to take under normal conditions. The round had only a few more seconds to go when Tami unleashed a powerful left to the head and followed with a right that caused Steve to collapse. He went down and draped the lower strand, with part of his body resting on the apron of the ring. Referee Cavanagh no longer counted. He stooped down, grasped the body of the fallen gladiator and began to raise him off the floor. The fight was over with only two more seconds for the end of the round.

Some criticized Billy for halting the contest at this stage but he did exactly what any official who is humane would have done. Another blow might have caused grave injury to Belloise. He was out, regardless of the action of the referee and there could be no doubt as to which of the fighters was the master.

By his one-sided victory and his powerful hitting, Mauriello proved his right for consideration among the middleweight contenders. Here is one boy who can sock—something the division can use. Tami may yet develop into a heavyweight, and if he does, he'll be a menace to the best. He has a heart and a wallop.

* * *

FOR the second time in a month, two fighters were knocked out simultaneously, something that hasn't happened in more than a decade prior to this year. As is to be expected, the fight fans have been flooding THE RING office with a request for information on how such bout should be scored.

In Detroit on Lincoln's Birthday, Sammy Secreet, a Pittsburgh welter, and Pat Carroll of Detroit knocked each other out and on that occasion Referee Clarence Rosen scored it a "double technical knockout," while the commission called it "no contest," and on April 2, at Kansas City, a similar freak ending occurred in the third round of a fight between Pat Kissinger and Al Doriac. They bumped heads and each was knocked cold. Referee Harry Corbett called it a "double knockout."

My opinion is that the decisions were correct, though I would have called it a draw contest rather than a knockout, but neither would be correct. I don't think the "technical" fits into the picture, as there is nothing "technical" about a clean-cut kayo. As I remarked in the last issue, the boxing commissions around the country should get together on this point and make a definite ruling.

* * *

THE summer schedule for Joe Louis was completed on the night of April 4, when Lou Nova eliminated Max Baer from further consideration as a heavyweight contender and Billy Conn stopped Gunnar Barlund, the first fight in New York's Garden and the latter in Chicago. The victories of Nova and Conn assure each of a chance at the crown. There never was any question about Billy getting a crack at the Bomber's title next June, but there existed an uncertainty regarding Nova and Baer, and Lou has put an end to that by the manner in which he disposed of Livermore Max.

Conn's victory over Barlund was never in doubt. In fact, the scribes of New York, the boxing pulse of the world, figured that mill just another tune-up for the handsome Pittsburgher. Billy toyed with the giant Finn and handed him a shellacking until Referee Barney Ross stepped in and awarded the decision to Conn when Barlund refused to continue. The fight was stopped at the start of the eighth round with the Finn's left eye bleeding badly. Thus Conn, who stands forth as the outstanding challenger, hurdled the last obstacle in his path before settling down to serious training for the fight with Louis next June.

In the fight with Barlund, Conn again exhibited boxing finesse, something he has to the highest degree, but the verdict of most of the 14,418 fans, who paid $31,201, was that Billy will require far more than his cleverness to relieve the Bomber of his crown. Whether Conn or Nova stands a better chance against Joe is a matter of opinion. The only way to settle that argument would be to pit the two against each other, but that cannot be done, since Jacobs has no desire to ruin one of his heavyweight championship shows by eliminating one of the two best challengers in the division, and no one can blame him for that.

By his performance against Barlund, Conn has proved that he can stand up against any of the heavyweights now in the picture, and that he will not be an easy mark for Louis in their June encounter. I expect to see him give the Bomber plenty of trouble with his sharp shooting jabs and his splendid hooks.

As for Nova, he likewise will make a good opponent for Louis. He is not as fast as Billy, and cannot send out the stinging jabs in which Conn specializes with the rapidity of Billy, but he, like Conn, will give Joe a good battle. They are now the outstanding challengers, and as such, will get plenty of public support.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I'VE read your magazine ever since my Canadian brother-in-law starting passing it on to me. He's with the Canadian army now. Your American boxers certainly seem to give their public thrills. The bombing has stopped my boxing and everybody else's in London. I've been boxing for four years out of my fifteen years. I'd like to see that stylish boy, Billy Conn, matched with Tommy Farr. I think Billy would come out on top.

Jack Dempsey, in my estimation, was and still is the toughest, roughest, hardest-punching boxer in the whole world. He'd beat Louis. Besides, he's Irish. That vouches for him. Jock McAvoy would beat any middleweight.

DAN DILLON,
London, England.

* * *

BEING only seventeen years old, you might think I am a new RING reader. But believe it or not, I have been reading THE RING Magazine for six years without missing a single copy. I am writing this letter in the hope of seeing it in the "Letters from Our Readers" column.

I would like to offer a few suggestions which, if followed, would improve boxing a great deal.

1. The joining of the National Boxing Association and the New York Boxing Commission into one union.
2. The re-establishment of a junior welterweight champion and junior lightweight champion, which should be recognized all over the United States and possibly later on in the whole world. These two divisions would be just as popular now as they were fifteen years ago.
3. A rule that will stipulate that all championship bouts be of fifteen-round duration, no matter where they are held.

RING READER,
New York, N. Y.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

* * *

BILLY CONN is my "hunch" to win by the decision route over Joe Louis in June. I do not profess to be a prophet or philosopher, but for the past 40 years I have had the opportunity to come in contact with different type fighters, and in managing and coaching them gave me a new slant as well, as to studying the physical and mental reactions they possess when in or out of the ring, that I trust is one logical angle to go by.

Conn has one good point more to add in his favor than Gene Tunney owned, and that is, Billy can mix it if he sees fit to do so, and can take it as well. Conn also has the best weapon a good boxer requires, a wonderful educated persistent left jab and hook. He is also a quick thinker, along with the ambition to cop the heavyweight title.

Billy Conn will possess better win than Joe Louis, as the former does not crave right now for the dainty rich foods that the latter has been enjoying in the past few years. Such foods in time accumulate in the form of fat, especially around the heart and lungs, thereby will have the tendency to make Louis short-winded as the fight progresses, for said fat will continually keep pressing against said vital organs, making it difficult to breathe properly, and along with not enough real hard pressed ring encounters in the past few years to keep Joe in first class fighting trim.

From the psychological point of view and past performances of both men, Conn is a faster thinker. We know the mind co-ordinates with the muscles. In several of Louis' past fights he clearly showed when opponents possessed speed, or had aggressiveness, or the crouched type fighter, Joe became inert, proving his thinking faculty is very limited.

I never saw Joe Gans, Jack Johnson, Abe Attell, Jim Corbett, Benny Leonard, Willie Ritchie, Jack Dempsey, along with other great past or present day fighters, deliver an over right hand or any other punch that was not in the book. All executed every punch properly because they always had their thinking caps with them to fully realize what was wrong and what was right for them to do at the critical moment. Great men are not mechanical, but smart, instinctive fighters, something Louis is not.

Billy Conn has the courage, brains and inflexible determination to come through with a win, this time over Joe Louis, the brawny, good hitter, with the occasional time-out-to-think posture. Mark my words.

IKE MENDOZA,
Santa Rosa, Calif.

* * *

I AM writing to inform you that when Paul Damski gave his story on Johnny Colan to THE RING for publication in "New Faces," he did not tell the public the true facts *in re* my fight with his man. During my short stay in the ring, before joining the Coast Artillery, I fought Colan twice. I stopped him in the first round and he stopped me in the second fight, in the fifth round, due to a severe cut over my eye. I never took a count in my career and see no reason why Damski and Colan should take credit not due either. The Colan story reads that I was stopped in the first. That is untrue.

GEORGE COSTULIS,
Camp Pendleton,
Virginia Beach, Va.

(It is a pity that managers resort to such unfair tactics. We took the story from Damski in good faith. We are glad you called our attention to the error.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

I HOPE you will find space enough to print this letter in your wonderful magazine, of which I am an ardent reader. The purpose of this letter is to tell you about the uncrowned bantam champ of the world.

I refer to no other person than David Kui Kong Young of Honolulu. I have some knowledge of the bantam division, because I recently came from California, the state of the little fighters. I've seen most of the best bantams fight here in California, so my statement holds some water when I say he's the uncrowned champ.

I recently saw him beat Little Pancho in an elimination tourney to determine an opponent to meet Salica in a title affair, which Promoter Jim Murray plans to hold. The other two contestants were Dado and Olivera, the former beating the latter in their fight. Young has a terrific left. Rarely does one find a dynamite punch in the little fighters, but Young has it.

Being too anxious, he missed repeatedly to deliver the fatal blow. And Pancho had never been knocked out in his entire career.

Why hasn't he met some of the better bantams? Doesn't he deserve the chance?

JIMMY JONES,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

* * *

WHEN I purchased a copy of the February RING issue of 1941, I read a letter from a German in your "Letters From Our Readers." When I read his letter, and the way he expressed his feelings of hate to you and your RING staff, it burned me up. When he said that he will tell his friends not to buy any more RING books till you ask him for his pardon, fire was in my eyes. But I'm telling you that if he does stop his friends from buying THE RING, you'll still have one more customer for a long time. I like your book and I don't care what and who you call names, I'll still buy your books. No better book will ever take the place of THE RING for a long time. So go right ahead, Nat, I'm with you all the way.

PAUL PISTILLI,
Albany, New York.

A FEW days ago I engaged in an argument with some fellows regarding the possible outcome of a Louis-Conn fight. I was championing Billy's cause, and at one point, the discussion became so heated that I very rashly made a rather substantial even-money wager that the boy from Pittsburgh would hand Joe a lacing in their June encounter.

Of course, I realize the folly of any bet made now, with the fight so uncertain and far away, but at any rate, I wish to uphold my contention that Conn will be the better man by next June. I have read hundreds of articles in the past few months, all by supposedly competent boxing experts, in which they loudly and confidently ridicule Conn's chances. I think it is time a few words were said in Billy's behalf.

I, for one, have a very lucid picture of young Conn waltzing out next June and scientifically beating Joe's ears off. I can see Mr. Louis just standing there and looking at him, with plenty of power to retaliate, with magnificent muscles tuned to perfection for the battle, but with a brain that is limping along three jumps behind Billy's plan of attack.

Conn's mental processes operate much faster than any big man in the game today. And you, O smug, know-it-all Louis rooters, you must admit that little Joe is no mental giant. I seem to recall that a thick-skulled, somewhat hazy-brained Tueton named Herr Max Schmeling outsmarted Joe in their 1936 meeting and handed the Bomber a good trouncing.

Another slow-thinking individual, one Arturo Godoy, had the champion going around in circles last February, through superior ring strategy. The attack Arturo employed was primitive, simple and unpolished, but it proved just a little too complex for Louis' one-track mind to follow. Of course, Joe has given us some outstanding fistic performances in the past; I'll concede that. But I shall also point out that all of the Bomber's quick knockouts have been against *very* mediocre opposition, against men who don't belong in the same state, much less the same ring, with Louis.

"Billy has no punch," you say. "He's too light." Did Corbett have a particularly devastating wallop when he cut John L. Sullivan to ribbons in New Orleans a few decades back? I believe you'll find also that Corbett weighed little more than Conn does today, while Sullivan scaled over the two-hundred pound mark and was reputedly a terrible hitter.

Joe Louis is a slugger. He fights flat-footed. He sets himself every time he throws a hard punch. Therefore, if a solid blow catches him in that flat-footed stance while he is setting himself to punch, he is bound to get hurt. On the other hand, Billy is always up on his toes. When a punch strikes him, he sways with it, robbing it of most of its power, making it almost impossible to hurt him badly. He does not find it necessary to set himself to hit. He can stand up on his toes and knock your teeth out whether he is moving forward or backward. He has a faster, snappier left hand than Joe, and he knows how to use it constantly and still keep out of the way of serious harm.

I can see Billy out-thinking, out-speeding and out-maneuvering the "Desperate Detroiter." Then possibly, after nine or ten fast rounds, I can see Conn moving in on a badly befuddled champion. And then, though it may seem a bit fantastic, I can see him out-punching Joe; not knocking him out with a single clout on the whiskers, you understand, but pounding him, worrying him, cutting him down.

True, Billy is conceited, cocky, sure of himself—a real Irishman. These qualities, coupled with a complete lack of awe of the great Bomber, may ultimately spell Joe's downfall.

Yes, I can easily picture boxer Billy beating slugger Joe next June.

Milton Blake,
Sacramento, Calif.

* * *

I JUST finished reading through the new February issue of The Ring. It was very good, as usual, and I enjoyed it as I do all of them.

There was one point that I want to commend you for, and that is the stand you took in regard to the letter written by August Schmittner. I thought your comment at the bottom of the letter was very good and just what that type of man needs. I feel the way you do about those fellows. It is too bad they can't be apprehended, as he no doubt was thinking he might be (false address).

I always admire you for your stand on things in general and this is very typical of you as I know you, through your wonderful magazine and the letters I have gotten from you. I want to meet you if I am ever in New York City, and I hope to be some day. I want to witness a heavyweight fight for the championship, if God will bless me with that pleasure.

I listened to the Nova-Comiskey fight Friday night and was very disappointed with the showing Pat made. He is tough, but that is just about all he has. There must be something wrong with his training. He has fought enough by this time, so he should be able to give a very favorable account of himself against men such as Nova, if not, perhaps his mental facilities aren't what they might be, but I think that could be changed by proper handling. Look at Joe Louis, he is no mental giant, but he does very well.

Why don't you or Hype Igoe try for the post that Jack Dempsey has been in the headlines for the last couple of days about? There are no other men in the world who understand as much about the game and at the same time would treat it in such a non-partisan way as I am sure you would. Either one of you, you in particular, could do to boxing what Landis does to baseball if you had the power he has.

Ray A. Carr,
Grand Forks, N. D.

* * *

I RECEIVED The Ring as a birthday gift last August and have enjoyed it very much. In fact, I think it is the best magazine I have ever read. You were here not so long ago. What did you think of Atlanta as a fight town? I think it is as good as plenty of towns that have arenas but there is no promoter in Atlanta and there hasn't been for a good while.

It looks like the N.B.A. has muddled up another division by calling Anton Christoforidis light-heavyweight champ. I am sure Anton is not in a class with Conn. I am going to make a prediction, Nat. I think that Billy Conn will outpoint Louis in their June bout. It is just a hunch. Atlanta's Ben Brown had a chance of becoming a great middleweight a year ago, but he would not train.

Sam Brannan,
Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

DON'T know exactly why I'm writing this, except that I am a boxing fan, the kind that reads The Ring year in and year out, and goes to the small clubs religiously. Anyway, what I want to say is that I've just read a boxing book that is so realistic you can almost smell the gym. Of all the boxing books I've read, and I think I've gone through most of them, only Jim Tully's "Bruiser" compares to this one. It's called "Walk Hard—Talk Loud," and some of the fight scenes really come to life. I am writing to suggest that Ring reprint parts of the book, dealing with the gyms and the ring scenes, or maybe condense the book and print it that way. It is something that any fan would appreciate. Bobbs-Merrill are the publishers.

Mac Wyckoff,
New York City.

* * *

I HAVE been reading your magazine, The Ring, for exactly four years now and have always enjoyed it. I think it is by far the best of its kind ever written.

However, there is one thing I have noticed. Why is so little space given to flyweights and bantams? Being the smallest divisions they are sometimes said to be the least prominent. But there are good fighters in each. In the flyweights, we have Little Pancho, Small Montana, Little Dado and Jackie Jurich. Why not write about them?

I realize that activity has been scarce among flyweights because of the war in Europe (Europe having most of the men in this division), but there are still good bantams over here.

An Illinois Reader.

I HAVE not missed an issue of your fine RING Magazine since I began subscribing to it in January, 1932, and as long as I have twenty-five cents to spend, it will always be on my magazine rack.

Now, Nat, in all that time, nine years, never once have I read one un-American sentence—that is, until Schmittner wrote you recently. I salute you for printing his putrid letter. Your publication certainly doesn't need the likes of him to get along.

This country has been a haven for all foreign boxers and athletes. All Europeans get an even break. And your magazine has always supported a deserving star from across the big ponds—no matter what the race.

Every European who comes to this land with the love of America in his heart is more than welcome. He is needed. All Europeans had a big share in the building of the great nation we now live in. But when they landed here they were no longer Europeans. They were Americans. They wanted to live under our government. They came here to get away from regimes like the one you so whole-heartedly approve of, Schmittner.

Continue your fine magazine in the same way you always have, Nat, and rest assured that all your friends will continue to enjoy your square-shooting publication.

With all good wishes for future success, I remain,

AN AMERICAN FIGHT FAN.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS on your fine answer to August Schmittner in the February RING. I have read THE RING since the first issue came out years ago and will continue to do so regardless of small by-plays that do or do not agree with my beliefs.

However, I agree with Schmittner when he says that you, as editor of a sporting magazine, have no right to attack the Germans or any other race. Yours is a boxing magazine, and a mighty fine one, too, but please keep it just that and give credit to men of ability in the sport you advocate, regardless of creed or nationality.

You know as well as anybody else that some of the finest sportsmen in the world have come out of Germany, as have some of the greatest scientists of all time. In fact, during the years before the first World War, Germany was known as the "Mother of Science." Therefore, your reference to "brutal German hordes" would seem just a little out of line in a boxing magazine.

My sympathy in this war is certainly with England—but one must admit, if you are looking at it from an angle of conquest, right and wrong, etc., that you couldn't toss any too many bouquets at England either. If my memory serves me right, just about every foot of land England owns today they took at the point of a bayonet. How about it?

You are certainly right when you say the quicker the world gets rid of Hitler the better—but do you think the Hitler way is the way of the better class of Germans?

No, I am not a Hitler sympathizer. Am almost full-blooded Irish. My ancestors had to take the English name to avoid being hung when dear old peace loving England invaded Ireland exactly as Hitler invaded Poland.

F. C. HYDE,
Glendive, Montana.

[Thanks for the compliment. I agree with you in re the German people, but cannot feel towards those in control of the government any different than what my writings have shown. I come from French-German stock. My father came from Germany eighty years ago. My grandparents were French. I spent much time in Germany travelling, because I loved the culture of the Germans. But we must realize that conditions have changed. We are, above all, Americans, and as such, we cannot show sympathy for the present regime in Germany.—EDITOR'S NOTE]

* * *

ALTHOUGH I am a new reader of THE RING, I wish to inform you that I am dissatisfied with the ratio of boxing news and comments to wrestling news and comments. I feel assured that a large percentage of RING readers will sympathize with my views. I duly appreciate the wrestling comments and ideas expressed. However, I would like to read enlightening articles on the science of wrestling and on the lives and ideas of great wrestlers. Furthermore, I would deeply appreciate ideas and comments on classical wrestling as well as modern scientific wrestling.

It would be a fine procedure if the editor of THE RING would induce Mr. Jack Sherry and Mr. John Pesek to express their ideas in print so that wrestling enthusiasts can learn the facts from these top-notch wrestlers. I hope that the two mentioned wrestlers read my expressions and react sincerely to the proposition. Wrestlers must understand that it is only through their efforts that high class wrestling can again be realized in America.

W. L. WROBLEWSKI,
Schenectady, N. Y.

* * *

I AM writing you a letter concerning "August Schmittner's" letter and your reply to it in the February 1941 issue of "This Great RING Magazine."

The first and second questions he asked you to answer are not in my mind queries any longer in this country, or to him. I think he knows the answers. I have been a constant reader of THE RING Magazine for the last ten years. I am a reader of several magazines, but I must place THE RING Magazine as No. 1 in my column.

"Why?" I suppose I should write to August Schmittner for the answer. Well, I don't care for letters from Fifth Columnists, so I will try and give the answer myself. I admire THE RING for its worthy ratings of fighters in respective divisions, regardless of nationality, creed or color. Its true pictures of fighters, its love for those that have been great ones in the past and those that are now worthy of taking their place.

I have never known THE RING Editor to be a breeder of discontent, disloyalty, or hatred among foreigners. He is as he says, a 100 per cent American, ready to fight for this country's rights. He brought Max Schmeling to America to gain fame and fortune. He gave other foreign boys an opportunity to make The Grade in America, yet August Schmittner accuses him of hatred against the Germans!

I am glad, like you, Nat, that I am an American, and your reply to Schmittner sinks deeply into my heart as I know it has in the hearts of others. I'm sure that for every reader you will lose through August Schmittner, you will gain five through the help of those who stand by you. Kindly print this letter for me. I will deeply appreciate it.

EDDIE DULLEA,
Visalia, California,

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of THE RING for over ten years and I have seen a few changes. I have one or two little complaints to make which I think are welcome. Why was the series, "Gang Wars," never finished? It was a grand series and out of the ordinary. Why don't you have a couple of pages about the prize ring each month and have an occasional feature article about one of the giants of the London prize ring.

A few years ago you ran a series on how Boston started, also about New Orleans and New York. What about one on London or Bristol, the birthplaces of boxing?

There is one story I have waited for for years, but it has not arrived yet, and that is the history of the National Sporting Club.

I think there will be plenty of readers like me who would find it a pleasant change from the Louis, Fitz, Sullivan and Dempsey stories.

The best stories that have appeared in THE RING are:

1. Series of sketches on famous fighters by George Pardy (McLarnin, Walker, Britton).
2. Gang Wars.
3. Jack Curley's life story.

The "Black Dynamite" volumes are great. I have got Volumes 1, 3 and 4. I have not got Volume 2 because it is already incomplete and spoils the series. I think Volume 3 the best, and why were not the records included in the other volumes? When are the other volumes coming out?

W. A. BANKS,
Sheffield, England.

The Ring Boxing Records

By "STANLEY"

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JAMES J. BRADDOCK

Born North Bergen, N. J., December 6, 1905
Height, 6 feet, 2 inches. Weight, 192 pounds
Nationality, Irish-American
Managed by Joe Gould

1926

1926—Knockouts—Walter Westman, 3 rds.; Leo Dobson, 1; Carl Besheerl, 2; Jim Pearson, 2; Gene Travers, 1; Mike Rock, 1; Ray Kennedy, 1; Phil Weisberger, 1; Carmine Gaggiano, 1; Jack O'Day, 1; William Daily, 1. Won—Lew Barba, 6; Al Seattle, 6; Joe Hudson, 6. No decision—Al Seattle, 6.

1927

1927—Knockouts—Johnny Alberts, 3 rds.; George La Rocco, 1; Tom McKiernan, 2; Frankie Lennon, 3; Stanley Simmons, 1; No decision—Doc Conrad, 6; Paul Cavalier, 10; Herman Heller, 10. Decision—George La Rocco, 6; Joe Monte, 10. Won—Jimmy Francis, 10; Jack Stone, 10; George La Rocco, 6; Jack Nelson, 6; Lew Barba, 6; Nick Fadil, 6; Vic McLoughlin, 10; Jimmy Francis, 10.

1928

Date	*Opponent*	*Place*	*Result*
Jan. 27	Paul Suderski	Newark	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 17	Jack Darnell	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
May 12	Jimmy Francis	New York City	W. 10 rds.
June 7	Joe Monte	New York City	D. 10 rds.
June 27	Billy Vidabeck	West N. Y., N. J.	N.D. 10 rds.
July 25	Nando Tassi	New York City	D. 10 rds.
Aug. 8	Joe Sekyra	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 17	Pete Latzo	Newark	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 30	Tuffy Griffiths	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.

1929

Jan. 18	Leo Lomski	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Feb. 4	George Gemas	Newark	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 11	Jimmy Slattery	New York City	K.O. 9 rds.
Apr. 22	Eddie Benson	Buffalo	K.O. 1 rd.
July 18	Tommy Loughran (For Light-heavy title.)	New York City	L. 15 rds.
Aug. 27	Yale Okun	Los Angeles	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 15	Maxie Rosenbloom	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 7	Jake Warren	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.

1930

Jan. 17	Leo Lomski	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 7	Billy Jones	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
July 2	Joe Monte	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 12	Babe Hunt	Boston	L. 10 rds.
Sept. 19	Phil Mercurio	Boston	K.O. 2 rds.

1931

Jan. 23	Ernie Schaaf	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 5	Jack Roper	Miami	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 30	Jack Kelly	New Haven	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 3	Andy Mitchell	Detroit	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 10	Maxie Rosenbloom	Minneapolis	N.C. 2 rds.
Dec. 4	Al Gainor	New Haven	L. 10 rds.

1932

Mar. 18	Baxter Calmes	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
May 13	Charley Retzlaff	Boston	L. 10 rds.
June 21	Vincent Parrille	New York City	W. 5 rds.
July 25	Tony Shucco	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Sept. 21	John Lewis	San Francisco	L. 10 rds.
Sept. 30	Dynamite Jackson	San Diego	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 21	Tom Patrick	Hollywood	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 9	Lou Scozza	San Francisco	K.O. 6 rds.

1933

Jan. 13	Mart Levandowski	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Jan. 20	Hans Birkie	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 1	Al Ettore	Philadelphia	L.D. 4 rds.
Mar. 21	Al Stillman	St. Louis	K.O. 10 rds.
Apr. 5	Mart Levandowski	St. Louis	L. 10 rds.
May 19	Al Stillman	St. Louis	L. 10 rds.
June 21	Les Kennedy	Jersey City	W. 10 rds.
July 21	Chester Matan	West N. Y., N. J.	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 25	Abe Feldman	Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	N.C. 6 rds.

1934

June 14	Corn Griffin	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 16	John Henry Lewis	New York City	W. 10 rds.

1935

Mar. 22	Art Lasky	New York City	W. 15 rds.
June 13	Max Baer (Heavyweight championship)	New York City	W. 15 rds.
July 18	Jack McCarthy	Columbus	Exb. 3 rds.

1937

June 22	Joe Louis (Heavyweight championship)	Chicago	K.O. by 8 rds.

1938

Jan. 21	Tommy Farr	New York City	W. 10 rds.

DAVEY DAY

Born, August 12, 1912, Chicago, Ill.
Nationality, Hebrew-American
Weight, 135 pounds
Managers, Sam Pian and Art Winch

1931

Knockouts: Tod Kelly, 2.
Won: Jimmy Mason, 4; Frank Borrechi, 4; Burt Visconi, 4.

1932

Knockouts: Louie Epstein, 2; Billy Locks, 2; Freddy Dolph, 3.
Won: Joie Bozak, 4; Joie Bozak, 4; Lou Vine, 6; Buddy Kearns, 4; Tony Paul, 4.
Lost: Sammy Levine, 4.

1933

Knockouts: Andy Villion, 1; Eddie Smith, 1; Billy Locks, 2; Art Donovan, 2; Lou Navarro, 1; Billy Gladstone, 2.
Won: Issy Lubansky, 4; Georgie Engle, 6.
Draw: Carl Schalffer, 6; Paul Dazzo, 6.

1934

Jan. 24	Danny Rosen	New York	K.O. 4 rds.
Feb. 7	Tommy Corbett	Kansas City	L. 6 rds.
Mar. 5	Patsy Burke	San Francisco	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 14	Gus Vegas	Oakland	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 27	Kenny Reed	Los Angeles	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 23	George Engle	Chicago	K.O. 7 rds.
May 28	Frankie Marchese	New York	W. 6 rds.
June 19	Joey Klecko	Chicago	K.O. 5 rds.
July 11	Stans Loayza	Chicago	K.O. 8 rds.
July 30	Frank Sagilio	Chicago	D. 10 rds.
Sept. 17	Frankie Cinque	New York	K.O. 4 rds.
Nov. 2	Frank Sagilio	Chicago	W. 10 rds.

1935

Feb. 21	Bobby Pacho	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
May 13	Ernie Ratner	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
July 17	Joe Ghnouly	Kansas City	D. 10 rds.
July 29	Al Roth	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 14	Gene Salvatore	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 22	Roger Bernard	Chicago	W. 10 rds.

1936

Apr. 27	Mike Primich	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
May 1	Johnny Durso	Louisville	W. 8 rds.
July 27	Gene Salvatore	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 5	Carl Fasnaugh	Chicago	K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 26	Joey Greb	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 20	Joe Vignali	New York City	T.K.O. 7 rds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1937		
Feb. 10	Lou Ambers	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 26	Charley Baxter	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
June 2	Jimmy Garrison	Chicago	T.K.O. 8 rds.
July 26	Johnny Durso	Chicago	K.O. 6 rds.
Sept. 7	Charley Gomer	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 22	Enrico Venturi	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 6	Johnny Morro	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
	1938		
Mar. 2	Charley Gomer	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 28	Tommy Speigal	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
May 2	Pete Cara	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
May 31	Norment Quarles	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 7	Harvey Woods	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 27	Wally Hally	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 26	Pete Lello	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 29	Harvey Woods	Chicago	K.O. 9 rds.
Dec. 12	Howard Scott	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
	1939		
Mar. 31	Henry Armstrong (Welterweight title)	New York City	T.K.O. by 12
May 23	Pedro Montanez	New York City	T.K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 6	Sammy Angott	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 8	Sammy Angott	Chicago	W. 12 rds.
	1940		
Mar. 29	Norment Quarles	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
May 3	Sammy Angott	Louisville	L. 15 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 10	Nick Castiglione	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 3	Billy Marquart	Chicago	W. 10 rds.

BILL SPEARY

Born, 1918, Nanticoke, Pennsylvania
Nationality, Welsh-American
Weight, 122 pounds
Managed by Art Thomas

	1940		
Feb. 7	Charley Hayes	Scranton	K.O. 2 rds.
May 3	Harvey Lacalle	Tamaqua	K.O. 5 rds.
May 17	Johnny Forte	Wilkes-Barre	W. 8 rds.
June 17	Firpo Lopez	Scranton	W. 8 rds.
July 16	Eddie O'Leary	Wilkes-Barre	W. 8 rds.
July 29	Billy Davis	Allentown	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 10	Al Brown	Wilkes-Barre	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 10	Joe Amico	Wilmington	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 1	Joey Archibald	Wilkes-Barre	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 15	Harry Jeffra	Wilkes-Barre	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 2	Jimmy Gilligan	Scranton	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 9	Aurel Toma	Philadelphia	K.O. 5 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 6	Harry Jeffra	Baltimore	L. 12 rds.
Jan. 17	Mike Raffa	Rochester	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 4	Mike Raffa	Wilkes-Barre	W. 10 rds.

BOB MONTGOMERY

Born, February 10, 1919, Sumter, South Carolina
Weight, 135 pounds
Managed by Frankie Thomas

	1939		
Jan. 19	Harvey Jacobs	Atlantic City	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 2	Charley Burns	Atlantic City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 23	Jay Macedon	Atlantic City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 9	Billy Miller	Atlantic City	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 30	Benny Berman	Atlantic City	W. 8 rds.
May 1	George Zengaras	Philadelphia	D. 10 rds.
May 23	Norment Quarles	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
June 15	Charley Burns	Atlantic City	K.O. 2 rds.
June 21	Tommy Rawson	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
July 3	Frankie Wallace	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 14	Jimmy Murray	Philadelphia	K.O. 3 rds.
Aug. 24	Ray Ingram	Atlantic City	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 5	Charley Gilley	Atlantic City	K.O. 6 rds.
Oct. 23	Mike Evans	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 10	Tommy Speigal	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 27	Mike Evans	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
	1940		
Jan. 29	Al Nettlow	Philadelphia	D 10 rds.
Mar. 11	Al Nettlow	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
June 3	Al Nettlow	Philadelphia	W. 12 rds.
July 5	Jimmy Vaughn	Atlantic City	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 16	Lew Jenkins	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 7	Norment Quarles	Atlantic City	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 25	Sammy Angott	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 28	Julie Kogon	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 7	Al Nettlow	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 3	George Zengaras	Philadelphia	K.O. 3 rds.

EDDIE BLUNT

Born, August 29, 1914, Roper, North Carolina
Weight, 225 pounds
Managed by Abe Kettler

	1935		
.....	Lue Keiswetter	New York City	W. 4 rds.
.....	George Godfrey	New York City	W. 6 rds.
.....	Ralph Barbara	New York City	W. 6 rds.
.....	Charlie Peterson	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Jimmy Mendes	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Al Walker	New York City	D. 6 rds.
	1936		
Jan. 11	Ralph Barbara	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 7	Joe Monez	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 6	Tony Galento	Newark	L. 10 rds.
June 21	Gene Mickens	Newark	W. 6 rds.
July 2	George Godfrey	Long Island	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 19	Terry Mitchell	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 22	Alexander Kid	Philadelphia	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 9	Eduardo Primo	New York City	K.O. 9 rds.
Dec. 21	Joe O'Gatty	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
	1937		
Jan. 9	Salvatore Ruggirello	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Jan. 29	Jack Trammell	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 3	Leroy Haynes	New York City	W.F. 7 rds.
Mar. 31	Jack Moran	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 17	Jim Howell	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
May 19	Nathan Mann	New York City	L. 10 rds.
June 28	Red Burman	Baltimore	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 5	Yustin Sirutis	New York City	N.C. 3 rds.
Sept. 11	Jorge Brescia	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 27	Joe Lipps	Albany	K.O. 2 rds.
Oct. 8	Hans Haverlick	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 27	Al Gainer	New Haven	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 12	Alberto Lovell	New York City	L. 10 rds.
	1938		
May 13	Tiger Jack Fox	New York City	K.O. by 2 rds.
July 13	Henry Cooper	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 2	Henry Cooper	Canarsie	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 6	Nathan Mann	West Haven	D. 10 rds.
Sept. 23	Freddie Fiducia	Newark	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 3	Eddie Simms	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 16	Bob Tow	Orange, N. J.	W. 10 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 16	Eddie Simms	Cleveland	L. 10 rds.
Feb. 17	Willie Reddish	New York City	W. 10 rds.
May 1	Jim Howell	Philadelphia	K.O. 2 rds.
June 28	Elza Thompson	New York City	D. 4 rds.
	1940		
Apr. 8	Abe Simon	Newark	W. 10 rds.
May 3	Jim Howell	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 20	Abe Simon	Newark	L. 10 rds.
July 15	Jack Trammell	Youngstown	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 5	Tony Musto	Newark	K.O. 7 rds.
Nov. 25	Lem Franklin	Chicago	K.O. by 5 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 15	Buddy Baer	Oakland	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 26	Babe Hunt	Oakland	K.O. 6 rds.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

HEAVYWEIGHTS ruled the roost during the past month. There was more activity during the past four weeks in this division than has been seen in many moons and as a result the rating of the heavyweights brings about a shuffle such as has not been seen in more than a year. The keen competition necessitated dropping several good men who have been rated regularly, but because of temporary inactivity, have been forced into the background to make room for others who have fought one or more times since we last went to press and who have come through with a good triumph.

Thus Red Burman, who three months ago was our No. 3 challenger, is forced for the time being out of the picture. His inability to get the big shots into the ring with him is the cause. Red has been trying hard to get going again since he lost that thrilling fight to Joe Louis, but with all the big fellows ducking him, he has found it necessary to go on an exhibition tour with Jimmy Braddock to keep himself in shape. Burman's failure to get into the first ten this month is only temporary. Should he get some action, there is no doubt he'll again be placed in the select circle.

Others, who were listed last month, likewise have been dropped. Max Baer, Tony Shucco, Buddy Walker and Turkey Thompson were forced out to make room for Buddy Baer, Abe Simon, Bob Pastor, Roscoe Toles and Tony Musto. Thompson, like Burman, is sure to get back if he can get some action shortly.

Joe Louis initiated two new members into his fight-a-month casualty club, when he stopped Abe Simon in the thirteenth round and halted Tony Musto in the ninth, at Detroit and St. Louis, respectively.

Lou Nova again stopped Max Baer to earn a possible midsummer date with the champion, this time in faster time than he did in their first outing, accomplishing the task in eight rounds after flooring madcap Maxie several times. The younger Baer, however, Buddy, remained in the heavyweight limelight as a future chopping block for the Brown Bomber by making "not so tough" Tony Galento quit in seven rounds in Washington's newly opened Uline Stadium.

Billy Conn remained in the heavyweight picture with a not too impressive knockout victory over Gunnar Barlund when the Finn could not answer the bell for the eighth round, due to a cut eye. Although the light-heavyweight champion continues whipping the bigger boys, his status as the No. 1 challenger for Louis' heavyweight crown gets more rocky with each start.

Another important fight of the month was the one in which youthful Tami Mauriello scored a spectacular one round knockout over Steve Belloise, to jump into fifth spot in the ratings. The loss dropped Belloise ninth.

Mose Brown and Jimmy Reeves were yanked this month to make room for veteran Al Gainor and newcomer Booker Beckwith in the light-heavyweight class.

Dropping down to the welterweight division, we find Cocoa Kid back in good standing, and we have eliminated Kid Azteca to make room for him.

Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini fought his way into the lightweight ranks supplanting Baby Breese, by his spectacular victory over Billy Marquardt. Several changes in the featherweight picture saw Jackie Callura, George Pace and Vern Bybee taking the places of Jimmy Perrin, Mike Belloise, and Kid Hatcher.

Kui Kong Young moved to third place in the bantamweight picture, and Carlos Chavez was welcomed into the division, supplanting Frankie Donata, who is getting too heavy for the bantamweights.

In the flyweight class, Johnny Shaughnessy takes the place of Joe Curran because of his victory over the latter, while Luis Castillo moves into tenth place on the strength of his win over Small Montana. Tiny Bostock has outgrown the division.

Joe Louis again led the heavyweight division with knockouts over Tony Musto and Abe Simon in nine and thirteen rounds, respectively. Lou Nova stopped Max Baer in eight rounds while Buddy Baer finished Tony Galento in seven heats. Bob Pastor beat Turkey Thompson. Roscoe Toles whipped Buddy Walker and Tony Shucco kayoed Bob Burns in three rounds.

Lee Savold kayoed Henry Wacker in two rounds and Mike Alfano in three. The latter was also stopped in three by Pat Comiskey who likewise stiffened Jack Merritt in the third. Paul Hartnek whipped Wilbur DeCora and was in turn defeated by Harry Bobo and stopped by Lem Franklin in three. Bobo also kayoed Armand Roy in one.

Al Delaney whipped Wally Cross twice. Gus Dorazio decisioned Charley Robinson. Tommy Gomez stopped Ernie Petretti in the second. Lee Murray kayoed King Kong in six rounds and lost to Curtis Sheppard, who also stopped Unknown Winston in two. Johnny Kapovich whipped Henry Cooper and Willie Pavlovich. Cooper in turn defeated Martin Clark. Eddie Simms lost to Sonny Boy Walker and Big Boy Bray.

Harold Blackshear stopped Newsboy Millich in seven. Jim Robinson whipped Selman Martin, who in turn lost to Bill Peterson. Leroy Evans kayoed Blimp Williams in three. George Fitch beat Bill Nichy. Orlando Trotter decisioned Lou Thomas, who in turn kayoed Joey Parks in three. Jack London whipped Tom Reddington. Buddy Moore whipped Frankie Wills. Al Franklin decisioned Leroy Haynes.

Billy Conn stopped Gunnar Barlund in eight rounds to head the light-heavyweight class. Anton Christoforidis kayoed Italo

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for month ending April 11

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Fritzie Zivic
1—Lou Nova	1—Jimmy Webb	1—Ken Overlin	1—Izzy Jannazzo
2—Arturo Godoy	2—Gus Lesnevich	2—Tony Zale	2—Charley Burley
3—Lem Franklin	3—Anton Christoforidis	3—Billy Soose	3—Mike Kaplan
4—Eddie Blunt	4—Jimmy Bivins	4—Georgie Abrams	4—Holman Williams
5—Buddy Baer	5—Melio Bettina	5—Tami Mauriello	5—Tony Marteliano
6—Jim Thompson	6—Teddy Yarosz	6—Al Hostak	6—Bob Montgomery
7—Abe Simon	7—Pat Valentino	7—Shorty Hogue	7—Maxie Berger
8—Bob Pastor	8—Erv Sarlin	8—Tony Fernandez	8—Jimmy Leto
9—Roscoe Toles	9—Al Gainer	9—Steve Belloise	9—Cocoa Kid
10—Tony Musto	10—Booker Beckwith	10—Ernie Vigh	10—Georgie Martin

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	1—Chalky Wright	1—Lou Salica	1—Little Dado
2—Jackie Wilson	2—Jackie Wilson	2—Tommy Forte	2—Jackie Paterson
3—Davey Day	3—Bill Speary	3—Kui Kong Young	3—Manuel Ortiz
4—Dave Castilloux	4—Pete Scalzo	4—Tony Olivera	4—Little Pancho
5—Leo Rodak	5—Maxie Shapiro	5—Lou Transparenti	5—Jackie Jurich
6—Ray Robinson	6—Sal Bartolo	6—Jim Brady	6—Jimmy Stubbs
7—Toby Vigil	7—Jackie Callura	7—Kid Tanner	7—Johnny Shaughnessy
8—George Latka	8—Georgie Pace	8—Freddy Pope	8—Jimmy Stewart
9—Lenny Mancini	9—Vern Bybee	8—Horace Mann	9—Paddy Ryan
10—Aldo Spoldi	10—Lulu Constantino	10—Carlos Chavez	10—Luis Castillo

Colonello in five rounds. Jimmy Bivins defeated Buddy Knox. Melio Bettina stopped Jack Marshall in nine.

Teddy Yarosz defeated Bob Berry. Pat Valentino stiffened Bob Nestell in the second. Erv Sarlin beat Al Delaney. Al Gainer won over Henry Moroz. Booker Beckwith kayoed Altus Allen in the second round. Frank Zamoris defeated Ray Miller, but in turn lost to Harvey Massey who was himself beaten by Bobby Jones. Billy Colbert trounced Billy Cooper.

Ken Overlin defeated Harvey Massey and stopped Larry Kellum in four rounds to head the middleweight brigade. Tami Mauriello kayoed Steve Belloise and Wildcat O'Connor in one and six rounds, respectively. Al Hostak stopped Ben Brown in three.

Shorty Hogue drew with Eddie Booker. Ernie Vigh stopped Larry Kellum in three, while Larry in turn drew with Young Terry. Big Boy Hogue beat Jimmy Casino and Jack Hill.

Eddie Pierce beat Young Allen and drew with Al Gilbert. George Burnette whipped Mose Brown. Wicky Harkins whipped Paulie Walker. Coley Welch stopped Henry Chmielewski in the ninth. Atillio Sabatino beat Jack McNamee. Lou Schwartz stopped Frankie Britt in two and was in turn stopped by Vince Fratello in the fourth. Vince lost to Augie Arellano. Lloyd Marshall kayoed Jimmy Casino in eight.

Frankie Nelson stopped Salem Thomas in five heats. Deacon Logan drew with Jimmy Sheppard. Ossie Harris beat Nate Bolden and Ezzard Charles defeated Joe Sutka. Johnny Colan kayoed Joe Boscarino in nine rounds.

Fritzie Zivic stood out in the welterweight class by stopping Dick Demeray in five rounds, Felix Garcia in two rounds and whipping Saverio Turiello. Turiello in turn lost to Mayon Padlo, while Demeray stopped Eddie Morgan in the third. Charley Burley stopped Babe Synott in five.

Mike Kaplan knocked out Charley Burns in one. Holman Williams whipped Gene Buffalo twice while Gene kayoed Eddie Carroll in two. Tony Marteliano whipped Vic Troise. Carmen Notch beat Eddie Dunne who was also knocked out in five rounds by Maxie Berger. Maxie also stopped Johnny Rinaldi in the fourth.

Jimmy Leto kayoed Billy Connerty in five rounds. Cocoa Kid beat Tony Cisco. Milo Theodorescu lost to Joe Conforto and Georgie Martin. Martin also whipped Tony Ferrara who in turn stopped Aaron Al Smith in five rounds. Martin also drew with Vic Dellicurti. Richard Polite beat Quentin Breese and kayoed Chico Romo in eight rounds, while in another match, Romo kayoed Polite in two rounds. Jack Kid Berg beat Harry Mizler and Harry Charman. Mizler in turn defeated Harry Craster.

Larry Cisneros whipped Ray Price. Mickey Makar kayoed Frank Fariello in the third. Allen Westbury beat Ron McLaughlin and Tod Morgan. Eddie Dolan beat Billy Furrone. Jackie Donovan defeated Jerry Fiorello and won in two rounds on a disqualification over Harry Ginsberg. Donovan also stopped Benny Cartegena in six. Young Kid McCoy trounced Al Nettlow.

Arthur Dorrell beat Phil McQuillan and Pete Muscarnera. Pete also lost to Irwin Kay Kaplin. Jimmy Garrison beat Cecil Hudson. Hockey Bennell stopped Jimmy Dundee in eight rounds. Red Cochrane stopped Oscar Poindexter in three heats. Ernest Robinson whipped Vinnie Rossano. Joe Legon beat Larry Anzalone.

Jackie Wilson led the lightweights with a seven-round kayo over Georgie Crouch. Dave Castilloux stopped Harris Blake in six. Blake also lost to Lloyd Pine who drew with Armanda Sicilia and lost to Juan Zorrita. Leo Rodak defeated Slugger White, who in turn whipped Bernie Miller and lost to Tommy Spiegal. Spiegal whipped Nick Castiglione who in turn stopped Tony Sarullo in two rounds.

Boom Boom Mancini beat Billy Marquart, who in turn stopped Ray Sharkey in five rounds. Aldo Spoldi stopped Charley Sulic in two. Tippy Larkin stopped Joey Silva in four and Norman Red Rahn in three rounds. Pete Lello whipped Joe Ghnouly. Bobby Ruffin won a questionable decision over Mike Belloise.

Eric Boon defeated Dave Finn. Junto Jiminez stopped Jimmy Cook in the sixth but lost to Nick Camarata. Johnny Bellus whipped Freddie Camuso. Ray Lunney defeated Georgie Hansford. Monty Pignatore beat Terry Young, who in turn stopped Frankie Conn in eight rounds. Jimmy Tygh beat Joey Zodda, who in turn drew with George Zengaras.

Richard Lemos whipped Lew Feldman. Tommy Cross beat Abe Denner and was in turn whipped by Mike Evans. Cross also lost to Harry Hurst. Dave Crowley lost to Freddie Simpson. Chief Crazy Horse drew with Charley Varre and lost to Harvey Dubbs.

Danny Bartfield whipped Joey Fontana. Freddie Archer whipped Frankie Duane. Honey Mellody stopped Jimmy Hughes in four. Carmelo Feny stopped Texas Lee Harper in the fifth. Beau Jack whipped Joey Silva. Danny LaVerne defeated Gene Espinosa and Johnny Hutchinson trounced Dencio Cabanella.

Chalky Wright again led the featherweight division when he disposed of Charley Schnappauf in five rounds. Jackie Wilson beat Matt Perfetti. Pete Scalzo drew with Vern Bybee. Sal Bartolo stopped Johnny Cockfield in four. Jackie Callura kayoed Jimmy Perrin in the fourth.

George Pace stopped Tony Dupre in two rounds. Lulu Constantino knocked out Sammy Garcia in six rounds, and beat Curley St. Angelo.

Nel Tarleton defeated Bobby Watson. Bobby Ivy whipped Johnny Compo. Dick Rainsbury decisioned Mickey Miller but lost to Miller in another fight. Nono Cuebas trounced Bobby Green. Kayo Morgan defeated Jackie Taylor.

Tommy Forte stepped to the head of the bantamweight division by defeating Victor Corchado. Kui Kong Young whipped Little Dado. Freddy Pope whipped Jue Yee Kong. Frankie Donato defeated Nono Cuebas. Tiny Bostock beat Jim Wilde. Peter Kane defeated Teddy O'Neil. Benny Goldberg whipped Jimmy Gilligan. Aurel Toma defeated Nat Corum and Bobby Seigal.

In the flyweights, Jackie Paterson whipped Jim Brady. Manuel Ortiz drew with Carlos Cuebas, and stopped Lupe Cordoza in nine rounds. Little Pancho defeated Adolph Samuels. Luis Castillo whipped Small Montana. Johnny Shaughnessy defeated Joe Curran.

Here are the best prospects of the month:

Flyweight—None Available.

Bantamweight — Diogenes Leon, New York City.

Featherweight—Willie Pep, Hartford, Conn.

Lightweight—Paul Altman, Houston, Texas.

Welterweight—Ernie Derho, South Bend, Indiana.

Middleweight—Jimmy Moore, Chester, Pa.

Light-heavyweight—Al Bastian, Australia.

Heavyweight—Bill Renfro, Comanche, Texas.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By NAT FRANK

WE doff our cap to Commission Chairman Leon Rains for the way he went to bat for Promoter Phil Glassman in forcing welterweight champion, Fritzie Zivic, to live up to the contract with the local impresario to box for him here. No sooner did Luke Carney, Zivic's manager, affix his signature to a set of articles, than he realized that his title-holder was listed with entirely too tough a proposition. The manager and fighter decided to take a powder but Glassman wouldn't stand for it. He called upon Chairman Rains, who in turn contacted the New York Commission, and the solons of both the Empire and Keystone States ruled that Fritzie must honor the contract.

Pennsylvania's foremost timekeeper is Joe Cervino, who has held the watch ever since he was a mere slip of a child. He has timed bouts for the greatest fighters of them all. He kept the time when Dempsey was dethroned by Tunney; when Leonard knocked out Kilbane; when Dundee was belted out by Jackson; when Wilde disposed of Battling Murray; when Blitman lambasted Canzoneri; when Bass put the finisher on Blitman; when Loughran trounced Carpentier and Sharkey, and countless others. Cervino is a close follower of the fistic art for the past thirty odd years and he has been using THE RING Magazine as a guide as to the merits of newcomers who show around these parts.

Bobby Green, crackerjack featherweight, has hung up the fistic mittens. He decided that boxing and he were through when Carlos (No No) Cuebas gave him quite a shellacking in Chester last month. Green has opened a cigar store.

Philadelphia has an undefeated sensation in the person of Frankie Donato, southpaw featherweight. Donato is being likened to the mightiest left hander of them all, Lew Tendler. Of course, he has plenty to travel until he approaches Tendler's ability but from what Donato has been accomplishing of late, he has convinced fistic followers that he is of championship calibre. He is managed by Al Perno, former newspaperman, who took the boy out of the amateur ranks. Babe Ruth, former crackerjack contender for the featherweight and lightweight titles, is training Donato.

TIME MARCHES ON:—Herman Taylor, major promoter here, employs Harry Cross to place his show cards . . . . Cross and Taylor worked together in placing placards for the late Jack McGuigan, promoter of the old National A. C. . . . . Chairman Leon Rains, of the commission, keeps in touch with his "family"—men worked for him when he promoted . . . . They are Pete Moran, his matchmaker; Willie Kauffman and Alec Lerner, treasurers; George Timlin, service; and your truly, public relations . . . . Tommy Loughran, undefeated light-heavyweight champion, is now working under Chief Magistrate John O'Malley. Twenty years ago Loughran and O'Malley were stablemates . . . . Eddie Holland, another Judge, was one of our pioneer promoters, managers and second . . . . Reddy Bell and Elias Myers, who also hold seats as magistrates, formerly slung fists for a livelihood . . . . Joe Rainey, one time commissioner, is now a judge . . . . Ex-Commissioner Jules Aronson has a lifetime job at Court Tipstaff . . . . Billy Reynolds, another Tipstaff, is the man who managed Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis' trainer . . . . Jimmy Dougherty, who managed George Godfrey and refereed the Dempsey-Gibbons contest at Shelby, Mont., is a county commissioner of Delaware County . . . . Bill Lear, who sparred with John L. Sullivan, is a councilman in the city of Chester.

Mayon Padlo is living up to our prediction that he is the best welterweight in the city. Padlo is a terrific puncher with either hand and is capable of flattening a rival with one solid smack. He is also a master boxer and is ready to hook up with the best in the business. His most recent victories were a two-round knockout over Reds Peck Graber and a decision over Saverio Turiello.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

RING Reader

Q.—Was Galento ever knocked out? I don't refer to the referee stopping the bout.

A.—No. He was stopped by Al Gainer, Marty Gallagher, Max Baer and Joe Louis, all technical. (Referee halted bout because of cuts and on condition of Galento.)

Arthur Z. Jones, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—What is meant by "box office" at a fight? What is meant by a box office attraction? Does a fighter share in the radio and picture receipts? Are the radio and picture receipts added to the financial returns given to the press on the night of a fight? What was the Louis-Baer gate?

A.—Box office in the boxing game, means the same as in the theatre or other show business, the place where the tickets are sold. When one speaks of a box office attraction, he refers to the value of a fighter in financial returns. Thus a fighter may be so good, the promoter feels he is a big attraction and therefore will yield a handsome profit in any show in which he appears. On the other hand, a boxer may be a colorless fighter and therefore a poor attraction and the returns at the box office in a fight in which he appears, would be small.

Radio and picture rights are not listed in returns after a fight. That is a private arrangement between promoter and fighters. The gate was $932,944. You'll find complete returns of all Louis' fights in Vol. 2, "Black Dynamite," Joe Louis and Homicide Hank.

Larry O. Leas, Petersburg, Indiana

Q.—What barriers are preventing a return bout between Max Baer and Louis?

A.—Financial arrangements. Baer refuses to accept the terms offered.

Q.—Is Max Baer afraid of Joe Louis?

A.—I don't know. He says he isn't but doesn't care to fight him unless he is handsomely paid for his services.

T. Bierman, New York City

Q.—Could you tell me how many fights Al Reid has had and how many he has won? I would also like to know the address of Mike Kaplan. I am 14 years old, 5 feet 4½ inches and weigh 115 pounds. What will I be at 18?

A.—You will have to find that information in the record book. Kaplan trains at Kelly & Hayes Gymnasium, Boston, Mass. Five feet seven inches and weigh 135 pounds.

Victor Ruyhalid, Pagaso Springs, Colo.

Q.—Would you please favor the fans of Colorado by using the pictures of Larry Cisneros and Baby Arizmendi in THE RING? Could Toby Vigil whip Lew Jenkins? Tony Zale vs. Ken Overlin? Billy Soose vs. Ken Overlin? Has Baby Arizmendi made a lot of money fighting?

A.—When their managers send the photos in we use them. Jenkins figures over Vigil, Overlin over Zale and Soose. Arizmendi has done very well in the boxing game.

L. B. Portland, Ore.

Q.—You named Harry Greb as the ring's greatest fighter in last month's question box. Will you please list your reasons for same? Hype Igoe seems to think that Henry Armstrong was the world's greatest fighter. Greb was good but didn't he have the reputation for doing everything wrong? Do you think Armstrong would have stopped Battling Nelson or Jack Dempsey if they weighed the same?

A.—Merely a matter of opinion. Greb, a middleweight, whipped most heavyweights and was the only one who whipped Gene Tunney. Igoe may be right in his contention. Each person is entitled to his opinion. Armstrong was great but such comparisons simply can't be made.

Loyal RING Reader

Q.—I am 14 years of age, 5', 7" and weigh 144 pounds. What will my measurements be at 21? Who boxed in the semi-final to the Barney Ross-Henry Armstrong fight? Who would win in your opinion between Billy Conn vs. Max Baer, Billy Soose vs. Ken Overlin, Charley Burley vs. Izzy Jannazzo?

A.—At 21 you should be about six feet and should weigh in the vicinity of 190 pounds. Davey Day whipped Norment Quarles on the Ross-Armstrong card. Baer. Soose. Burley.

Richard Charles Chisholm, Lisbon, Portugal

Q.—We had an argument on our ship, stationed here, regarding the weights of the principals in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. I say that Fitz scaled only a middleweight and therefore he won three times in that one bout. Am I correct?

A.—No, he won only one crown. Even if he had scaled a middleweight, he couldn't win three titles as the light-heavyweight did not belong to one of the two principals at the time. Fitzsimmons, according to the official announcements, scaled 167½ pounds, but Dan Hickey, who seconded him, gave out a press story saying Fitz weighed only 157½. The former weight is generally recognized as the correct one and is so given in all reports of the fight.

R. C. Weatherbee, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—How much did Dempsey and Willard weigh for their fight?

A.—Dempsey, 187; Willard, 247. You'll find all weights and measurements for Dempsey's fights in my book, Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," price $1.25.

Frank Chaplin, San Diego, Cal.

Q.—Did Billy Conn ever fight as a middleweight?

A.—Yes, and a very good one. That's where he started his climb to fame.

Norman Myers, Westminster, Md.

Q.—What was the date of the Tommy Loughran vs. Jimmy Slattery fight? Who won? Were there any knockdowns scored? Did Maxie Rosenbloom ever fight a world's heavyweight champion? Who do you think will be the successor to Joe Louis?

A.—Loughran and Slattery fought December 12, 1927, in Madison Square Garden. Loughran won the decision at the end of 15 rounds. There were no knockdowns scored in the fight.

Maxie Rosenbloom fought James J. Braddock twice before the latter won the title from Max Baer. Rosenbloom beat Braddock in the first fight, but the second bout was called no-contest.

No one can say who will be the successor to Joe Louis. Billy Conn has a good chance to beat the Bomber if he can stop Joe from landing a solid punch. Billy is very fast and very clever, and may, through his dazzling speed, have Louis confused to the extent that his range would be way off form.

Max Baer, if he can hit Louis first, also has a good chance to regain the title. There is no doubt that Max Baer has the punch to knock out the champion.

Leo Driskel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Did Lou Nova and Joe Louis ever fight?

A.—No, they never met.

Frank Connolly, New York City

Q.—How can I obtain the rules of professional boxing? Can I be my own manager?

A.—Get a copy of How to Manage a Fighter. In back of the book you will find the rules of boxing. Yes, you can.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of fighters and wrestlers?

A.—Through THE RING Book Shop. Size 8 by 10 inches at $1.25 each. Any fighter, past or present, champion or top-notcher.

Nat Mindell, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—In the March issue you have Kui Kong Young listed as a heavyweight. Shouldn't it read bantamweight?

A.—Yes, it was a typographical error. It should have read, leading Oriental bantamweight.

Arthur Dalian, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Has Billy Conn a chance against Louis? Who are the best contenders for heavyweight honors? What is Carnera doing?

A.—Yes. A far better one than those who have been fighting Louis. Nova, Baer and Conn. Carnera is in the Italian army.

Pete Pianezzi

Q.—I would like to know what is keeping good fighters like Lem Franklin, Jimmy Bivins, Charley Burley, Archie Moore, Turkey Thompson and Cleveland Jackie Wilson from fighting in New York? How old is Lem Franklin and who is his manager? Who do you think would win these fights: Lem Franklin vs. Buddy Baer, Franklin vs. Max Baer, Franklin vs. Billy Conn, Franklin vs. Godoy, Franklin vs. Comiskey, Bivins vs. Overlin, Zale, Belloise? Turkey Thompson vs. Billy Conn? Jackie Wilson vs. Lew Jenkins? Archie Moore vs. Overlin, Zale and Soose?

A.—Is it a coincidence that the above mentioned names are all Negroes who are so well respected. I believe Lem's uncle or cousin handles his affairs. He is about 23 years of age. Franklin, Max Baer, Conn, Godoy, Franklin. Overlin, Zale, Bivins. Conn. Wilson, Overlin, Zale, Soose.

Paul Whitaker, Harbor Springs, Mich.

Q.—Could you please give me that address of Ernie Vigh? What nationality is he and how long has he been boxing professionally? Don't you think that Ernie should have won his last fight with Billy Soose, or don't knockdowns and aggressiveness count any more? Is Lou Ambers in active service now? What is the age of Max Baer? Do you think he has a chance of winning from Louis when they meet? What is your opinion of Conn against Louis?

A.—Stillman's Gym, 919 Eighth Ave., New York City. Hungarian. Matter of opinion. Soose won through superior boxing skill. Ambers is fighting again. Baer is 32 years of age. Very little chance. Conn stands a good chance.

Los Angeles Reader

Q.—Can I have the address of Hugh Nichols, Tommy Ryan, Benny Leonard, Freddie Welsh, Battling Nelson and Anton Christoforidis? Does Jim Londos lift weights? When did he begin? Can you print a life story of Londos in the ring?

A.—Sorry, but we have no addresses. Yes, at 14 years. We already had one on him. Cannot spare space for another.

Ralph Ressinger, Portsmouth, Ohio

Q.—I am a referee and I seek some advice. I have been criticized for ordering seconds out of the ring ten seconds before the round starts and stopping the seconds from raising or pushing their man out of the corner to start the new round. It is my contention that the second should leave the ring at the sound of the whistle or warning signal and be clear of the ring and be permitted to remove the stool only at or after the bell.

A number of seconds are lifting and tossing their men from the corner after the bell sounds and I say this is contrary to the rules. Please enlighten me, as your book, "How to Referee," doesn't quite cover this point. Incidentally, every referee and judge should have a copy of that book and study it. The points in it are excellent and I feel sure that if the fifteen referees in California who out of eighteen who took the written test, had studied your book, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight," they would have passed the test as did their three colleagues.

A.—Thanks for the boost. My book, if I must say so, is an excellent one and should be in the hands of every referee and judge or those who want to be a referee or judge.

I agree with you on one point only—that the seconds must leave the ring when the signal is given. But while all aides must get out of the ring and off the apron or the platform as soon as the warning signal is given, the chief second has the right to remain outside the ring, on the platform or apron, for two purposes—to remove the stool and to get his fighter out for the coming round. It is important for a fighter to receive all that is coming to him in advice from his corner, in attention, and under the rules, the chief second has one full minute to impart such advice and care for his man; and such care includes raising his boy from the chair and sending him out. A second cannot remain after the bell sounds, but he can remain until the round bell sounds and leave as the boys get out of their corners. I wouldn't be so strict about the enforcement of the rule as you see it. The fighter is entitled to that break.

G. Reichenberg, Hazen, North Dakota

Q.—I have a bet with a friend who insists both Dempsey-Tunney fights were for 15 rounds. I say that they were both for ten. Who is correct?

A.—You are correct. The Philadelphia and Chicago fights were for 10 rounds each.

Ted Caravas, Lowell, Mass.

Q.—How often did Dempsey fight in defense of his title? Who has defended the crown most. How often did Jeffries defend it?

A.—Dempsey defended it against Miske, Brennan, Carpentier, Gibbons, Firpo and Tunney. Jeffries defended it against Tom Sharkey, Jim Corbett, Gus Ruhlin, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Jack Monroe. Louis has defended his title to date, fourteen times.

Arthur Dalian, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—How much rest did the fighters in the bare knuckle and skin tight gloves period receive?

A.—Thirty seconds rest period between each round.

Q.—What is the difference between a fighter and a boxer?

A.—A boxer employs science to avoid punishment and also for his attack, while a fighter ignores scientific boxing.

Q.—Who, in your opinion, was the best welterweight of all time?

A.—I think that Joe Walcott topped the field.

Q.—Is Fred Apostoli retired?

A.—Yes.

Soldier, Canal Zone

Q.—Did Jack Sharkey and Tom Heeney ever fight?

A.—Yes, in 1927, 12 rounds to a draw.

Theodore Kramer, Scottsdale, Pa.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 feet, 7 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. What will my measurements be at 19? Who can I get in touch with in the Greensburg, Uniontown district for fights?

A.—You should be about 5 feet, 10 inches and weigh 160 pounds at 19. My advice to you about looking for fights is to wait another year and do a little exercise, not too strenuous, in the meanwhile.

Sandow Praises Wright

Famous Wrestling Trainer Who Now Handles Rube, Says Texan is World's Best Heavyweight — Issues Challenge to Top-notchers

By ARTHUR SHAW

SPORTS personalities with magnetic appeal are comparatively rare. Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden are athletic figures who have shone in brilliance and have had the ability to draw crowds and followers. To this list should be added others, including the famous former wrestler partnership of Ed "Strangler" Lewis and Billy Sandow.

No manager of wrestlers in this century has been more embroiled in controversy on matters than the fiery Sandow, who, after 35 years of intense activity, still retains the fire of youthfulness, the fire and exuberance which has been a characteristic of this forceful, dynamic personality. For more than twenty years, Sandow has been an integral part of championship combinations. He developed Lewis, and through his masterful manipulating, the headlock king drove to the championship, not once, but four times. Then when Lewis passed his peak, Sandow again stepped forward with another sensational mat figure, Everett Marshall, and very shortly Marshall, too, was in possession of the world title, so far as the National Wrestling Association and the National Boxing Association were concerned.

One year ago Sandow announced his retirement from wrestling. Then he learned that a powerful Texas mat star, Rube Wright, had returned to America, after touring the world, facing all comers in such far-away points as Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India. Sandow was aware that Wright possessed exceptional ability. And he was intrigued when news reached him that Wright, embarked upon a campaign to force world championship recognition, desired Sandow as his pilot.

A few months ago the pair got together and a contract was signed. Sandow believes he can open the way for Wright to scale the championship heights. And he has every confidence in the ability of Rube to accomplish the feat.

"Wright will prove to be a greater heavyweight than Ed 'Strangler' Lewis," Sandow declared to THE RING Editor in Wichita a few weeks ago. "He is big, tipping the beam at 245 pounds, and he has exceptional speed and is extremely courageous. Furthermore, he has plenty of seasoning and an insatiable ambition."

* * *

SANDOW said that Wright is fully imbued with every requisite which athletes in all branches of sports must pass, before they can become star champions or sensational favorites in their respective callings. He explained that for every top-notch wrestler uncovered, there are approximately twenty outstanding golfers, as many fighters and twice as many star ball players developed.

"It is a fact," Sandow said, "that I have spent a good-sized fortune during the last ten years in efforts to find a champion successor for Lewis, who would have the headlock king's great box-office appeal. And I have traveled thousands of miles and have crossed the seas to look over new finds who have been reported to me. But," and Sandow tossed his head slightly, as an ironical smile fell across his face, "the heavyweight I have sought, Rube Wright, came to me from across the sea—practically fell into my lap, and he is the one I have been looking for."

Sandow paused. A reflective grin enveloped his countenance. "Listen, since 1910, when I first started managing wrestlers, I venture to say that I have had close to 200 wrestlers in hand, hoping against hope, that out of all that vast talent I would find another Gotch.

"Now, over a period of thirty-one years, how many top-notchers have I found? Just three—three really high class top-notch wrestlers—Ed Lewis, Everett Marshall and Rube Wright. When you consider that and also the vast number of men I have taken in hand, you can readily see that the scouts in other sports have all the better of the odds.

Rube Wright, whose ability has gained for him a high spot in wrestling circles.

* * *

"LET me go back to the very beginning. In 1910, I took Yusiff Hussane, the Turk, in charge. I firmly believed that, in the 'Turk,' I had a coming champion, a headliner that would last for years. Hussane was a powerfully-built giant. He was astonishingly active, and he knew how to wrestle. But he lacked the thing that a champion must of necessity possess before he can ever hope to become a champion—gameness.

"Hundreds of grapplers fool you at first, some of them for months, maybe for a whole year. They show class, splendid timing, flawless arm, leg and body work, perfect judgment of distance and good generalship. But when the old acid test is flung at them, what do they do but lose heart, shed their nerve—curl and quit cold!

"After the 'Turk' failed to measure up to my requirements, I heard of Ed Lewis. He was a ham-and-egg wrestler then, and weighed but 170 pounds. Well, it took nine years before he won the title. And during those long nine years Lewis tried and tried, but he had many handicaps. He was a slow thinker and was defeated often enough to crack even the strongest of fighting hearts.

"But I would never admit his defeat. I told him he had the making of a champion when he insisted that he wasn't of champion caliber. I made him train harder and harder, and eventually I proved to him that he would make a

(Continued on page 46)

Wrestling in Southwest

By PETER LIGHTNER

Buzz Burnell, one of the outstanding wrestlers in Kansas shows.

Roy Dunn, former intercollegiate champion, a big drawing card in the Southwest.

WRESTLING is going on with a full bang in the Southwest, especially in Wichita, Kansas. Crowds fill the large Municipal Forum there week after week and it is more common to see fans turned away than empty seats in the house. This is true in most sections in this neck of the woods. Although the attendance fell off some during the worst part of the depression, never were the regular matches discontinued due to poor attendance.

The matches in Wichita, the best wrestling center in the sector, are put on by the Wichita Athletic Club, which took over the wrestling promotions at a time when it looked like it was ready to fold up twelve years ago. The club, of which Promoter Norris Stauffer is the head, has been staging basketball and other athletic tournaments and has been handling most of the amateur competition around Kansas way.

Stauffer points out that there never was a time that wrestling should be doing better in the country and that if clubs would avail themselves of the up and coming new grapplers that are being turned out by the schools of the country, wrestling would be having a big boom. When a wrestler has had three years of training in high school and then follows up with four years of college and makes a success, he is the kind of grappler they go after in Wichita rather than one that has made all American football.

Looking over the leading grapplers wrestling in Wichita at the present, we find the leaders young fellows that learned to wrestle the hard way and worked to the top step by step. When asked to name the four top-notchers wrestling in Wichita this season Stauffer named Roy Dunn, Buzz Burnell, Everett Marshall and Rube Wright. All of these boys made reputations as amateurs before taking up the pro and have been in the pro game from three to ten years.

Everett Marshall is the best known of the four and has been in the game the longest. He is a clean-cut athlete and wrestled in high school at LaJaunta, Colorado, and in college at Iowa Aggies. He has twice been recognized by the N. W. A. as champion. Is a clean living athlete that is always in condition and tips the scales at 216.

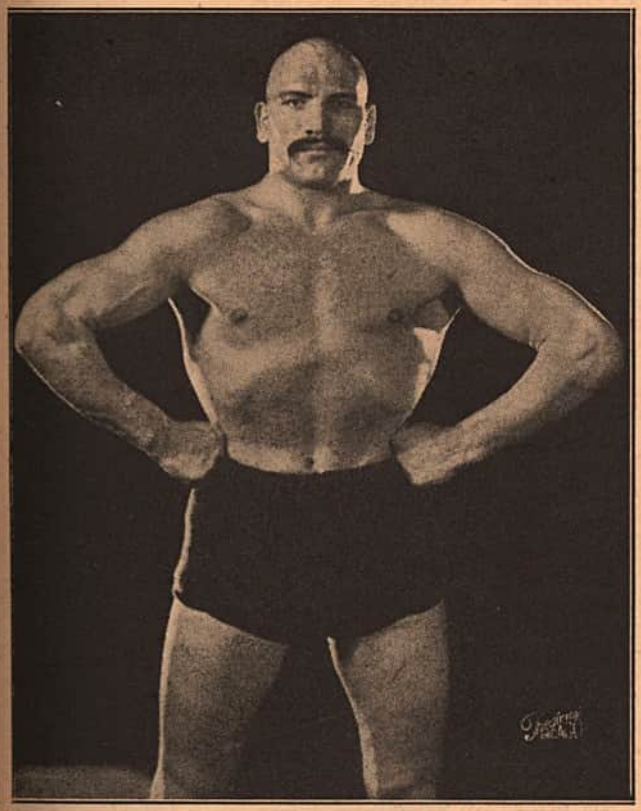
Roy Dunn, a produce of the famous coach, Gallagher, of Oklahoma A. & M., was the American Olympic champion in 1936. Dunn is one of the cleverest grapplers in the game. A staunch Quaker he takes his wrestling very seriously. He specializes in scissor holds, tips the scales at 228 and is always ready to take on any one at any time.

(Continued on page 46)

Everett Marshall, who retains his popularity in the Mid-west and Southwest.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



Iron Talun, one of the most perfect physical specimens in the wrestling field. The giant Pole is making great strides under the tutelage of Stanislaus Zbyszko, former world heavyweight king.

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, who is all wrapped up in his giant Polish wrestler, Iron Talun, the most perfectly-built giant in sports, takes great pride in telling what wrestling has done to build Talun into one of the strongest men in the world.

"I have always maintained that there is no finer exercise for building the body than wrestling," said the great Zbyszko in an interview with THE RING wrestling Editor, "and I am more convinced of that now than ever, after seeing what it has accomplished in the case of Wladyslaw Talun whom I brought from Poland three years ago. When he came here he was a strong man, and a fair wrestler. I took him in hand, and in three years I marvel at his development.

"I have found that it takes about six years to make a wrestler, that is, to develop an athlete into a scientific matman, with a solid knowledge of the holds and the means for defending himself, hence I figure that within three more years I will have in Talun the most scientific wrestler, the strongest and best equipped man in the business. Slowly he is getting there."

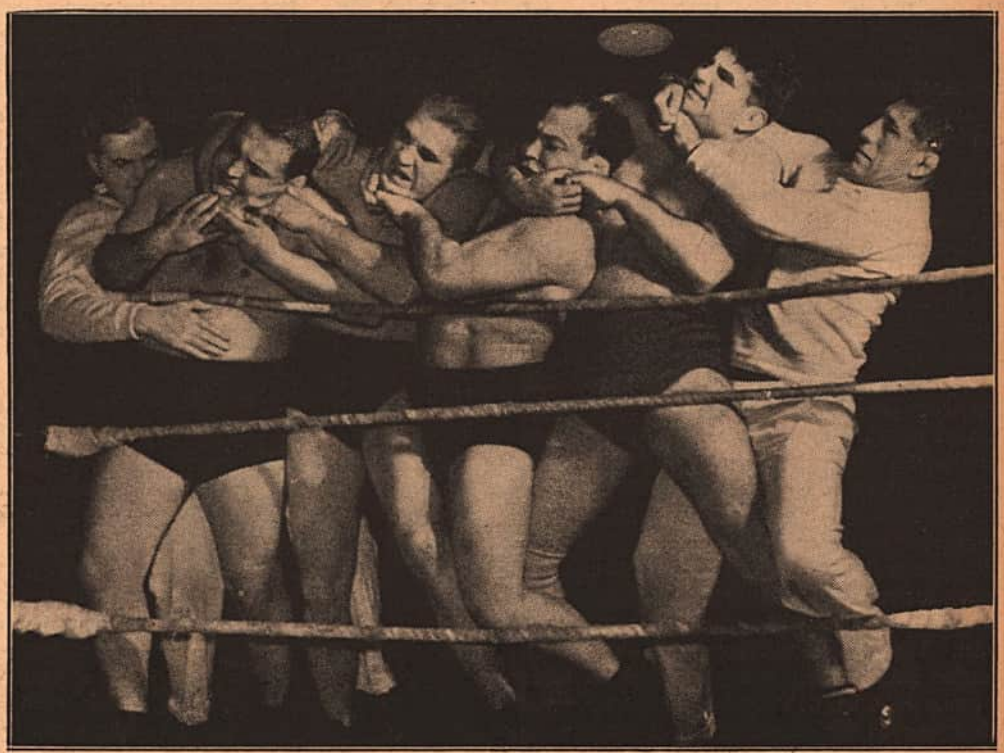
Those who have watched Talun in action recently, agreed with Zbyszko, at one time one of the greatest matmen in the world. In Talun he has a wrestler who trains incessantly. He can go through his stunts for hours without tiring. His body is like iron. He scales 303 pounds and is all muscle. Zbyszko says that Talun, despite his gigantic build, is the most perfectly formed athlete he has ever seen.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS by J. Jimmie Amann, from Ohio, follow: The new fad in wrestling "tag team matches" is taking Toledo and territory by storm. Two wrestlers get into the ring for action and each has an aide, who stands in opposite corners, outside the ring, holding to a rope. When one wrestler gets tired he tags his partner who enters the ring, exchanging places. This new idea gives the lighter wrestlers a chance to cope with the bigger boys. It's making a great hit. Ole Holde, the A. F. W. heavyweight champion, and John Pesek, the Nebraska tigerman, are to meet in a return match . . . . Farmer Jones, the bearded light-heavyweight from Arkansas, ran into a Tartar in Jules La Rance, losing his first match in 17 starts in the Middle West . . . . Joe Lynam, the Oregon light-heavy, is in the U. S. Army . . . . Perry Winkle, A. F. W. light-heavyweight champion, may soon invade N.Y.C. rings, as will Ole Holde, the Federation's recognized heavyweight champion.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS from Hawaii by Theodore Yamachika, follows: Danny Savich, former All-American football star from the University of Utah, recently defeated Sammy Cohen in what was billed as a rough-house championship match. Honolulu fans have seen quite a number of toughies, including Danny Dusek, Dick Raines, Jack Gacek, Joe Savoldi and Joe Parelli, but many claim, and not without reason, that Danny is rougher than the roughest. Sammy Cohen is nobody's easy touch, but the way Danny handled him, the one hour time limit match was over in twenty minutes, Danny having *(Continued on page 46)*

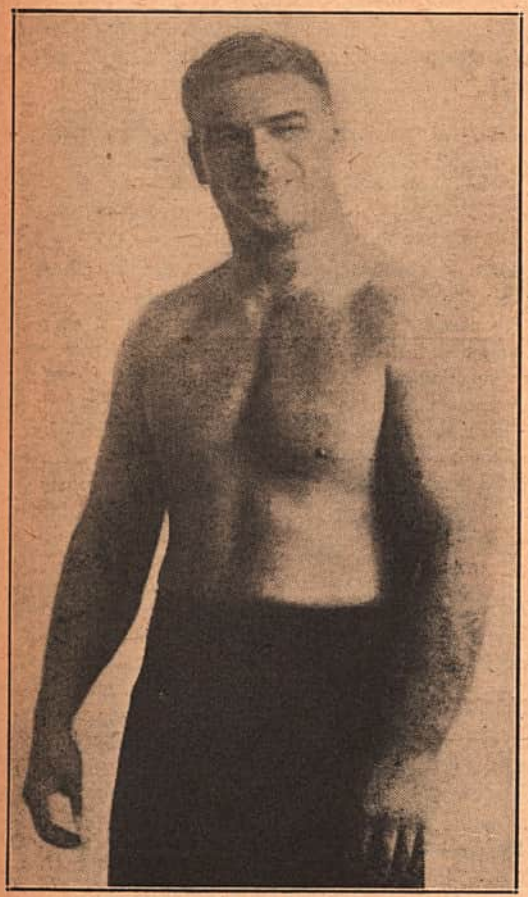


The "four way groan," the latest in wrestling, in which two teams of two each are matched. This type of wrestling is permitted in Texas. In the above, left to right, are Referee Ed Reynolds, Babe Zaharias, Karl Davis, Chris Zaharias, Jack Kennedy and Referee Joe Parelli.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

Marion Plastina, International Star, and New Foreign Talent Injected Into Mat Sport to Revive Grappling Sport in New York

By AL MAYER



Marion Plastina, famous Mid-western wrestler, who is making a comeback in the East.

BUSINESS as usual, is the wrestling slogan of new wrestlers recently arrived and ready to ply their trade under Jack Pfeffer's banner in New York, but they are not the only ones. A veteran, internationally famous Marion Plastina, has seriously decided on a comeback, and he, with the newcomers, constituted the additions to a classy field already performing in the East.

Plastina today must still be rated with the real tough boys of wrestling. Many talk about meeting him, but few dare step on the mat with him when it comes to real business. Athletes in the wrestling game do not age easily. In fact, it may be said without fear of contradiction that in no other sport is the athlete able to stand the gaff so well as he can in wrestling.

No matter which sport you pick on, you hear the eternal cry of "youth and more youth." But in wrestling, while youth always plays an important part, still it cannot be denied that some of the toughest matmen and many of the world's best, didn't reach the pinnacle until they were passed the age of stardom in other lines of sport. So when we hear that Marion Plastina is making a comeback, every wrestling fan knows that he is not only serious about it, but that he is in condition to take on most of the present crop of wrestlers in tow.

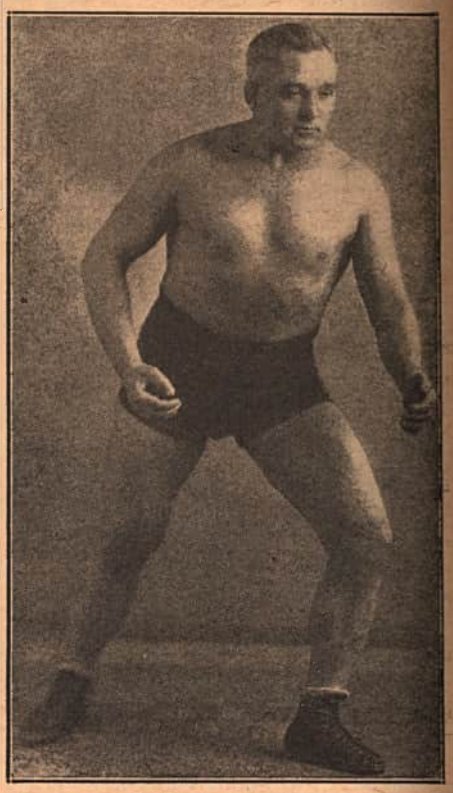
For years Plastina was known as the Trust Buster, a name which he earned because he was always ready to meet the men developed by the Trust. There was nothing soft about that. Plastina had to keep in top form at all times to prove that he was the best man and could defeat any of the newcomers. All his life, he has kept himself in tip-top condition and today he regards himself as still the top man. So here's luck to Plastina and his chances against the new men whom Jack Pfeffer is ready to introduce to the fans.

* * *

THE newcomers come from different parts of the world. Among them are men from Bulgaria, Poland, Italy, Ireland and even Turkey. To mention them in their order of prominence, the first place goes to Theodore Govorchin, champion of Europe.

Conditions being such as they are in Europe, there is every reason to believe that champions of Europe will now seek to win laurels in America and incidentally settle the question of championship in this country instead of previous European centers of wrestling, Warsaw, Paris and London. Govorchin will find plenty of good competition in America. It may be that the new importations together with our own top men, will clear up the heavyweight situation.

Anyhow, the credit for the new importations again goes to Jack Pfeffer, who for so many years has brought Europe's best matmen to this country. Govorchin weighs 215 pounds and is beautifully proportioned. He has strong legs, thighs, strong hands and arms and an enormous chest. He is built for strength rather than speed, but he is a tough customer and is certain to give a very good account of himself.



Nick Volkoff, the Bulgarian Lion, a 225-pounder who wrestles in New York.

* * *

FROM Bulgaria comes a giant known as the Bulgarian Lion, who tips the scales at 225 pounds. His name is Nick Volkoff, a name famous wherever wrestling flourishes in the Balkans and Near East. Volkoff ought to make a big hit with the crowd here because his style is more on the American lines.

He specializes in speed. He is not muscle bound from weight lifting as so many European wrestlers who specialize in that particular form of muscle building. He is fair haired, good looking with drooping shoulders which denote strength.

From Poland we have Joe Rogacki. Joe represents the typical type of European wrestler. He stands six feet, has close cropped hair,

Mehmet Yousuf of Istanbul, Turkey, a clever, highly polished wrestler.

Pat McGuire, Irish heavyweight, a strong man who fears no one.

steps of other European grapplers and adopted the catch-as-catch-can type of wrestling.

Joe is the "villain" type of wrestler, a man who has been trained to stand the gaff and who doesn't believe too much in science. To him wrestling is a very rough game and should be kept rough in the ring at all times. Rogacki will find plenty of wrestlers in this country ready to wrestle him at his own game.

* * *

JUST now there is a dearth of good Italian wrestlers and the advent of Giuseppe Stocca ought to fill the spot. Stocca is a giant. He weighs 250 pounds, and if he makes good over here is sure to enjoy a big following from his nationals. He has a tremendous head, is lantern jawed, has a wide chin and piercing black eyes.

He was a champion weight lifter of Italy and the exercise has developed his muscles so that they stand out on his arms, legs and chest. For several years he won the International Tournament in Rome and was the last wrestler to win it just before it was discontinued recently.

Joe Rogacki, Polish Giant.

Ireland contributes its best man in the person of Pat McGuire, a 215-pounder. Pat has wrestled much in Ireland and England. Typically Irish, he has a keen sense of humor, which sometimes gets the better of him in the ring when by some trick he makes his opponent look foolish. Pat has plenty of tournament experience, so that he will know how to handle the tough boys who pride themselves on their stamina developed in these tournaments where sometimes more than twenty nations participated.

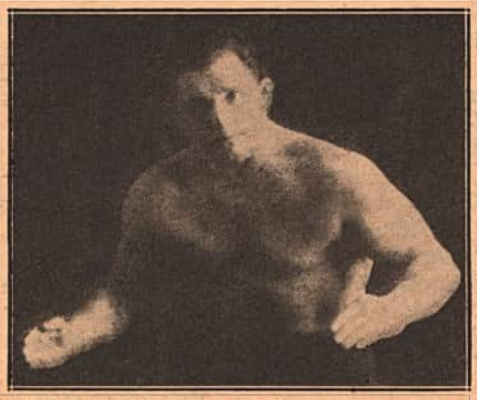
* * *

LAST but not least is Mehmet Yousuf of Istanbul, Turkey. Like all Turkish wrestlers, Yousuf is a first class grappler. He stands 6 feet 2, weighs 225 pounds and is beautifully proportioned.

The school of wrestling to which he belongs has long been regarded as one of the toughest in the world. Turkish wrestlers do most of their work in the Levant, where the world's toughest wrestlers have been developed. There is nothing soft about wrestling in Turkey. A man has to be good to stand the pace and when he comes through to be acclaimed a near champion, he is qualified to step with any man.

Mehmet Yousuf is just the type. He passed through the hard school of knocks and, unless we miss our guess, is certain to make a big hit over here.

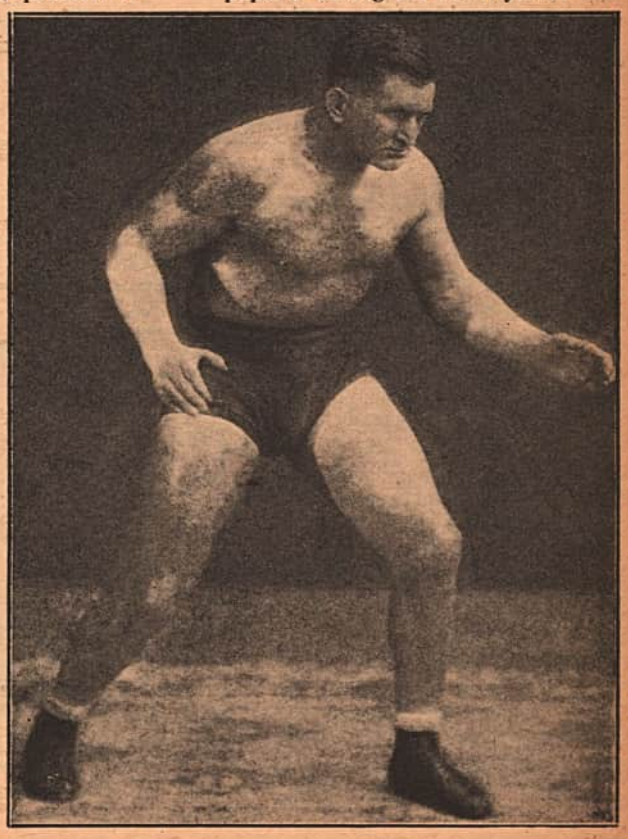
So again Jack Pfeffer brings to the wrestling world a new crop of wrestlers, tried athletes, men who have the experience and who through their efforts in the next few months are likely to bring back to New York recognition as the world's greatest wrestling center. He is also dickering with several of the veteran stars now actively performing on the Pacific Coast.



Theodore Govorchin, European mat star campaigning in U. S.

Giuseppe Stocca, Italian Behemoth who possesses considerable wrestling skill. He is a headliner in Eastern mat circles. He is popular among his countrymen.

Earl McCready whose services are being sought by Eastern promoters.



Wrestling in California

By BERNICE SANDBOE

WRESTLING during the past month in California could well be called The Reign of Terror, for the masked monster, the Golden Terror, has been standing fans and opponents alike on their heads. Perhaps the most formidable of all masked men ever to appear on the West Coast, the Terror tips the scales at 303 pounds and has managed by fair means and foul to come through battles with Bobby Managoff, Man Mountain Dean and Ali Baba, who incidentally represent three distinctly different types of wrestlers. The most amusing of the three encounters was the match with the wily Ali Baba, who looked like some pigmy pachyderm beside the mammoth mask. However, the cagey little Kurd managed to slip through the fingers of the big guy and provided many laughs for the fans. It was only when both matmen took a power-dive through the ropes that Ali got the worst of the deal and was the last one to crawl back into the ring—thereby losing the deciding fall of the match.

The Terror's nemesis came when he met Champion Jim Londos, who proved to be the first matman to break the winning streak of the big fellow. It was a terrific battle, which incidentally packed the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles to the rafters. The Terror managed to get Londos' shoulders pinned for one fall but the remaining two went to the courageous little Greek.

* * *

Well, it took Uncle Sam to break up the famous Zaharias brothers. Chris and Babe, who are nationally recognized as team match champions, were both caught in the draft and Chris is already located in an Army camp near San Diego. Before their departure, these two wild boys of the ring put on some really sensational team-matches in California that had the fans ready to join in the affray.

* * *

One of the most interesting newcomers to the Coast during the past month has been the Texas boy—Wayne Haley. Given his start in wrestling by Doc Karl Sarpolis, the wrestling scientist, Haley has impressed Coast fans with his quick, clever wrestling and is well on his way toward a top spot at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Haley's specialty hold is the flying body scissors, a Sarpolis hold which, when perfected, is one of the most effective in the game. His matches with Tom Zaharias, the super-de luxe villain, have been wrestling epics in the Olympic Arena.

* * *

By the way, Tommy Zaharias continues to practice his villainry, much to the irritation of fans and opponents alike. Truly one of the most diabolical of all mat meanies, Tommy has wrought destruction to everyone he has met. He nipped the hopes of Vic Holbrook when the latter aspired to continue his winning streak by downing Tommy, and practically everyone who has met him has occasion to well remember the event.

* * *

Just to further prove that George Zaharias means business when he promises to give wrestling fans in Los Angeles the tops in wrestling, we have compiled a list of some of the main-eventers who have appeared at the Olympic since September. It reads like a roster of wrestling royalty: Lee Wycoff, Bobby Bruns, Rube Wright, Bronko Nagurski, Earl McCready, Talun, Ali Baba, Sandor Szabo, Chief Little Wolf, Tarzan White, Bobby Managoff, Vincent Lopez, Lt. Manlapig, Paul Jones, Wayne Haley, Vic Holbrook, Man Mountain Dean, the Zaharias brothers, Billy Hanson, the Angel, and last, but definitely best, Jim Londos.

* * *

As we go to press, a George Zaharias specialty is about to take place—a whirlwind one-night tournament to decide the most capable opponent for Jim Londos in Southern California. The entries have been limited to sixteen of the fastest boys in California and should be one of the most exciting mat events of the month. We'll let you know next month who came out on top. Our money is on Bobby Managoff.

* * *

WRESTLING has been reinstated in California, and the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles has again been established as the top mat center of the West. To George Zaharias, who took a gamble that involved considerable investment on his part, wrestling fans in California owe a vote of thanks for reviving the game. It takes a really loyal and sincere fighter to buck the odds that faced Zaharias six months ago and because he took that chance, wrestling is experiencing an almost unbelievable rejuvenation—an indication that the fans know and realize when they are being treated fairly and squarely by a promoter who places their interest above his own.

* * *

Chief Little Wolf, that sturdy little Navajo, is again savoring the success that was his a few years ago. Since his return to the States from a successful Australian campaign, the Indian Chief has proven in his appearances at the Olympic that he has the stamina and fighting heart of the wolf for which he was named. It goes without saying that each match this warrior participates in is a spectacular one. During the past month he had two matches with The Golden Terror which had the fans in hysteria.

* * *

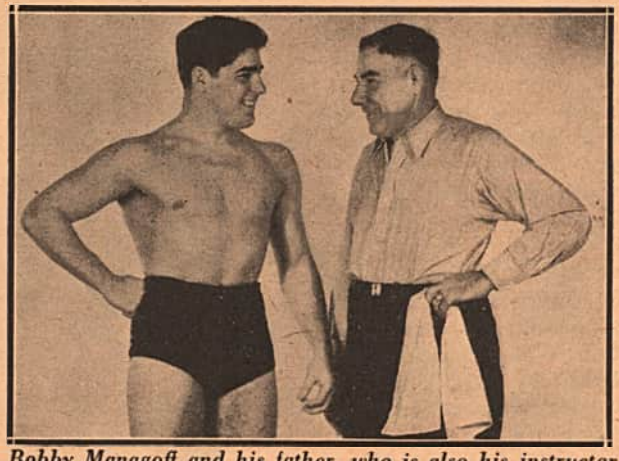
PERHAPS one of the most sensational youngsters to enter the wrestling field in the past few years has been Bobby Managoff, the son of the illustrious and well-known old-time wrestler, Bob Managoff, Sr. Bobby is a great favorite in California.

Bobby, who is now only twenty-three years of age, has behind him five years of wrestling that has put him in Class A-1 in the wrestling industry. Thoroughly coached in the sport by his father, Bobby has been an ardent wrestling enthusiast since the time he was knee high and apparently his avid interest and strict training are about to reap him great rewards.

For the past several months young Managoff has been one of the wrestling sensations of the West Coast. Promoter George Zaharias was quick to realize this youngster's ability and gave him top spots at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, where he has become the idol of the fans, in addition to giving the leading men on the Coast some tough competition.

According to his father, Bobby is not very many steps behind the championship. However, "Papa" Managoff grants that it will take considerable more ring experience for Bobby to gain the confidence

(Continued on page 46)



Bobby Managoff and his father, who is also his instructor and trainer.

Abe Simon Exhibits

(Continued from page 8)

Then came another big surprise that disconcerted the champ. Abe came out in the eighth and again took the honors from the defending title-holder. Though he was just about on his feet in the previous round, cut and fatigued, one time even going through the ropes in a grotesque manner, his handlers had done such a swell job on him during the intermission, that he came back a fighting man to take the frame. There wasn't a sign of the previous wrecking operations.

Once again in the tenth, after he had lost the ninth, in which Joe had tossed many terrific blows his way, Simon ran up a big lead on the champ. But that was his last chance, for thereafter it was all Joe's.

In the tenth, Joe again felt the sting of Simon's powerful left jab. His sore eye began to puff and it seemed just a matter of a few more rounds before it would have been closed.

Louis tended to belittle the effectiveness of Abe's left, but the fact remains that it did plenty of damage as Joe's face showed after the fight. Simon was game to the core when he came out for the eleventh round. He faced his opponent unconcertedly. Simon showed no respect for Louis' prowess, though Joe's hefty wallops in that and the succeeding round eventually paved the way for Abe's final downfall.

It became obvious as the twelfth got under way, with Joe on the firing line in his old form, that the fight couldn't last much longer. With few exceptions, it was just one continuous volley, with only an occasional blow returned by Simon. Simon's capacity for absorbing punishment was evident at its best in the twelfth and the seventh. Louis kept bouncing his left off Abe's chin, full force, time and again, and when he saw that Abe couldn't be dropped, he alternated with right hooks that caused Abe's head to bob.

It was after that kind of preparation that Joe set about the finishing task in the thirteenth, and succeeded. Joe's artillery was at its heaviest in that session, and no man, not even a game, courageous battler as Simon had proved himself to be, could withstand that punishment.

* * *

LOUIS had proved that he is a wonderful physical specimen. He tired at times, as anyone else would have with the bulk of Abe Simon pressing against his body for thirteen rounds, but he never really was weakened. He knew he had a tough task confronting him and he tackled it in a manner that brought him additional fame.

I wondered after the fight what Commissioner Hettche of the Michigan Board and his colleagues were saying to themselves when that bout was over! If our readers recall, the Michigan Board, eager to crawl from under in case the bout did not pan out satisfactorily, announced that it could not be considered a championship mill!

"This is not sanctioned as a championship bout," said Hettche to the public. "We are listing it only as a twenty-round exhibition."

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Name the heavyweight champions from Sullivan to the present day.
2—Who was the tallest heavyweight champion? Who next?
3—Name the divisions in boxing and give their weight limits.
4—What was the first championship fight under Marquis of Queensberry rules?
5—Who refereed the following—the Dempsey-Willard fight; Second Dempsey-Tunney battle; the Firpo Dempsey fight and the fight in which Schmeling won from Sharkey on a foul?

If the public were to listen to that kind of flubdub, this great contest, one of the best seen in years between a champion heavyweight and a challenger, would be placed on the record books as an "exhibition." What folly!

If a contest is worth while permitting at all under the rules of a state, it should merit the wholehearted support of the men behind it. Otherwise why charge fight patrons regular prices to see an exhibition?

If Louis and his challenger had danced through twenty rounds, had refused to make a fight of it, they would have been justified, according to the orders of the Commission that ruled they didn't have to give their best since they were appearing "only in an exhibition."

Boxing Follows Flag

(Continued from page 4)

Honey Boy (Dick) Finnegan, Joe Fisher, Danny Duarte, Eddie Huffman, Billy and Eddie Shevlin, Sammy Truikle, Young Dencio, and many others.

The Marine Corps is maintained at a strength of 20% of the Navy. At that ratio it has produced its quota of world champions on Navy standards in the persons of Gene Tunney and Corporal George LaBlanche.

Back in 1889, LaBlanche had to jump ship to keep a date with "The Nonpareil," the original Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion of the world. Running far behind, LaBlanche, in desperation, let fly a back handed pivot blow in round 32. It flattened Dempsey. Today experts will tell you that was a foul blow. It was not a foul when LaBlanche used it. Today experts will tell you LaBlanche was "a bum in luck." Yet he stayed in there with the great Nonpareil for 32 rounds! Not bad, I'd say.

* * *

IN France in 1918 a gangling 170-pound Marine "replacement" named James Joseph Tunney calmly announced "Some day I'll beat Jack Dempsey." Most of his buddies laughed. When Carpentier fought Dempsey at Boyle's Thirty Acres this same Tunney went through a sorry session with one Soldier Jones. "So that's the fellow who says he will whip Dempsey" sang the cynics. They repeated it when Tunney and Jack Renault got the old heave-ho one night in Quakertown. But the ex-Marine kept his eye on his objective. He read, he studied, he trained. He "disappeared" for a long session into the Maine woods to swing an axe, thus hardening his hands. He gained weight. He stopped Tommy Gibbons and Carpentier. He lost to Harry Greb and came back to whip Greb.

That night in the rain at the Sesqui Bowl in Philly, he confounded his critics and beat Dempsey.

To Marines, Tunney exemplified the everlasting cadence of the Corps, the spirit of the Eagle, Globe and Anchor.

Gene may be in the Navy now. That's O.K. too. All Marines are in the Navy. But in his heart there will always be a niche for the Corps from whence he reached his highest peak.

Baseball follows the flag. Boxing accompanies it. When Richmond Pearson Hobson sunk the *Merrimac* across the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba in an attempt to bottle up Cervera's Spanish fleet, the handful of valiants in the *Merrimac's* self-sacrificial effort were captured and pitched into Morro Castle as prisoners of war. To amuse them, the Spaniards dug out two old boxing gloves. Both were left handers.

It was a good spot for a southpaw. The point is that even the Spaniards knew that U. S. Service men would go for boxing gloves.

Who knows but what in some Army, Navy or Marine unit another Tunney is waiting for the day when he can say, "I'm the man to beat Joe Louis." Maybe such a fellow's buddies will laugh just as they laughed at Tunney. History SOMETIMES repeats.

* * *

BEFORE I end this article, a few words about a great character, Billy Jordan, will be apropos. Billy, the veteran announcer of the California heyday of Sunshine Jimmy Coffroth, started his association with the boxing game as a middleweight boxer on the *U.S.S. Hartford*, with Admiral Farragut at Mobile Bay. It was old Billy who had a way of giving boxers nicknames that stuck.

He would introduce them and the press would pick up the nom-de-guerre that Billy had tacked on to the fighter. It was he who first called Stanley Ketchel the Michigan Assassin; Ad Wolgast, the Cadillac Wildcat; Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane, and Joe Gans, the Old Master.

When Billy got too old to get around, the gang in San Francisco tossed a benefit show for him. On the night of the affair, there was no Billy in sight. He couldn't be located. Someone then called up the Old Soldiers' Home at Yountville, where Billy expected to pass his final days, and sure enough, there was Billy. He always had the old age fear about him, and told his friends that when he couldn't stand the strain any longer the old home would be his final haven, and it was.

The old sailor died at Yountville and when he passed, one of the Navy's pioneer boxing men, a most colorful character, passed out of the picture.

Crusading Scribes

(Continued from page 16)

and bet heavily on Corbett. His friend, Joe Kelly, a rabid Sullivan fan, occupied a seat next to Masterson.

Kelly was taking all the Corbett wagers he could get, and Bat remonstrated with him.

"Why take such fool chances?" enquired Masterson.

"Why not?" retorted Kelly. "Ain't he the only John L. Sullivan?"

"Sure he is," rejoined Bat tartly. "But for how long?"

The query was answered when Sullivan went rapidly to pieces under Corbett's relentless, skilled bombardment and was finally counted out.

* * *

BAT resided in Denver in the late nineties and ran a fight club there. It was then that he first blossomed forth as a writer, turning out a column for a paper known as *George's Weekly*. There was lots of vitriol in his comments and his assaults on political skulduggery made him plenty of enemies.

On one occasion two hired gunmen lay in wait for him on his way home. The famous globe-trotting veteran lightweight, Jack Grace, learned about the ambush and tipped Bat off. The timely warning undoubtedly saved his life, for the bumping off of any person who incurred the displeasure of the lawless crowd then in control of Denver's city affairs was no novelty.

Bat's last appearance in a fistic bodyguard role took place in 1896, when he accompanied Tom O'Rourke to the scene of the second Fitzsimmons-Maher battle at Langtry, Texas. Tom was carrying the stakes of $10,000, not a large sum as we consider these things nowadays, but then looked upon as a big enough fortune to tempt the strong-arm contingent. Also, there were plenty of genuine Western "bad men" in evidence around Langtry, and a Bat Masterson guarantee was something not to be despised under the circumstances. O'Rourke was Masterson's best friend and Mathison's worst enemy. He and Mathison were always at each other's throat.

Fitz put Maher away with a jaw-punch after 95 seconds of fighting. Bat did not leave O'Rourke's side until the battle had been fought and the stakes paid over.

* * *

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, whose early Western experiences had put him in touch with many of the celebrated marshals and sheriffs who made six-shooter history, offered Bat an appointment as United States Marshal of Arizona. This was a tempting plum, but Masterson declined.

Bidden to a dinner with the President in the White House, Bat sat at table with the nation's chief executive and explained his refusal. Said he:

"If I took that Arizona job, chances are ten to one that in no time I'd have to kill some foolish chap who wanted the reputation of putting me under the grass. And I'm getting too old to enjoy the thrills of gun fighting."

The President compromised by making Bat a Deputy United States Marshal of New York, and thereafter Masterson became a citizen of the Empire State.

Masterson's service with the New York *Morning Telegraph* extended over a period of seventeen years. He never pulled his punches, and wrote, just as he used to shoot, with deadly accuracy. He was dogmatic in his judgments, but never unfair, and went after the boxing crooks with the persistency of a bloodhound on the trail.

When the hunt for a White Hope to dethrone Jack Johnson was on, a wealthy oil man, Ufer of Oklahoma, came to New York with Carl Morris in tow. Morris was an ex-locomotive engineer, a giant as big as Willard. He had quite a bunch of quick knockouts to his credit, most of them scored in his native state.

However, this record consisted entirely of set-ups, accomplished in much the same style as the notorious Primo Carnera "cross the continent tour," when the Italian made his American debut. All Morris had was his size and gameness.

But a big press ballyhoo preceded a match between him and Jim Flynn, the Colorado fireman, and Ufer managed to get some astounding stuff about Carl into print, and made some unsophisticated folks believe that the Oklahoma biffer was one of the World's Seven Wonders. But Bat had inside information from the West as to the real calibre of Morris, and cut loose in his old column, vigorously denouncing him as a fraud, and predicting that Flynn would murder him.

Ufer retorted in an interview printed by the New York *Globe*, in which he reviled Masterson bitterly, winding up by asserting that Bat was a false Western alarm, who had built up a phony reputation by shooting drunken cowboys and Mexicans in the back.

* * *

FLYNN and Morris met in a ten-round contest at old Madison Square Garden in 1911. Carl didn't know the first thing about boxing and was given a terrific beating by his opponent, whom he outweighed by about sixty pounds. The only good thing to be said about the Oklahoma heavy was that he didn't quit, and took a hammering that left him a horribly bruised, battered and bloody spectacle at the close of the no-decision bout, which went the limit.

Masterson's prophecy was verified, but he had a score to settle with Ufer, whom he sued for libel. The jury gave a verdict in Bat's favor, awarding him $10,000 damages. However, Ufer skipped promptly back to Oklahoma and Bat never collected the dough. Nor did Ufer ever again figure as a fight manager.

Masterson welcomed the coming of the Walker Law. He had seen the game in all its phases from the early days and was willing to work for the passage of a measure which he felt to be absolutely necessary in the establishment of boxing on a plane of permanent respectability.

Bat often said that when his time came he hoped to go quickly, and be spared the lingering monotony of a sick bed. He had his wish. One morning in 1921 he left home apparently in the best of health, and went to the *Morning Telegraph*. He was seated at his desk when he passed away so quietly from a heart attack that his colleagues could hardly realize that he was dead.

(In the next and concluding article, The Ring Editor will tell of the rise of Negro fighters since the inception of legalized boxing.)

Jeffries Retains

(Continued from page 17)

Several years ago Jim gave up his farming and livestock endeavors, has disposed of his cattle and horses and confines his ranch duties to wrangling a flock of chickens. And he admits even the chickens present a problem, what with having his roosts raided with monotonous regularity. Pets have no place in his life except a huge, battle-scarred tomcat, which Jeff is willing to pit against any tom in the San Fernando valley—or the entire state for that matter.

Jim Jeffries loves California, for it was in this same San Fernando valley that the Jeffries family located when they moved from Ohio when Jim was a child. He went to school here and began his fistic activities in the same locality. His father was a Baptist minister and was utterly opposed to the sport of boxing. Thus, both he and his brother Jack had to combat parental objections when they decided to cast their lot as professional pugilists.

Winning the world's heavyweight championship in his 11th professional fight is undoubtedly a record that will stand for all time to come. Little wonder then that he holds of little importance the modern "build-up" as practiced by the boys of today. He can't see the rhyme or reason for a promising boy to go out and compile a long list of kayo victims. He thinks that it is really harmful in the long run, since, after all, they eventually have to meet stiffer competition, and having been pitching all the time, and doing none of the catching, they rarely know what to do when the going gets tough. And he cites the cases of Pat Comiskey and Buddy Baer as glaring examples. But all in all, one gathers that Jeffries is intensely proud of his fistic attainments. And why shouldn't he be? His record as a ringman is without a parallel in fistic history. He won the title from Bob Fitzsimmons in his 11th fight, successfully defended it for half a dozen years against a crew of the greatest ring warriors of all time, and eventually went into retirement when he had exhausted his field of competitors.

Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Joe Choynski, Peter Jackson and Gus Ruhlin! All names that are synonymous with perfection in the sport of boxing. Yet, genial Jim Jeffries met and vanquished every man Jack of them. Fitz, Corbett and Sharkey he defeated twice, proving the first one was no accident.

There is only one bitter spot in Jeffries' ring memories, and that is his ill-fated comeback attempt against Jack Johnson at Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910. More than anyone else, Jeff now realizes that he should never have taken the step. But the passing years have mellowed him even on this subject.

The old champion absorbed the most bitter blow of his life just a few months ago when his wife, Frieda, was struck down by an automobile at their home, and incurred fatal injuries. Robbed of his loyal helpmate since young manhood, Jeff is indeed a lonely figure today, since no children ever blessed their home.

But despite this tragic shock, the sixty-six year old ex-champion is nobly carrying on, even dreaming that the day might yet arrive when he'll find a boy capable of winning the world's heavyweight title.

Soose Heads List

(Continued from page 21)

has proven too much for the ring wise, master of all the thousand-and-one tricks of the seasoned professional fighter, New York's champion, Ken Overlin, as well as the blood and thunder boy from the Gary steel mills, hard hitting Tony Zale, the N.B.A. kingpin.

Besides these dyed-in-the-wool products of the pro school, combative Tami Mauriello, who served his fistic apprenticeship in the street warfare of New York's Bronx, and the iron-fisted graduate of the Newburgh brickyards, husky Ernie Vigh, found Billy's college tactics too much for them.

* * *

THE edge Billy has on the average product of the college school of boxing lies in his sharp hitting. The right hander that levelled tough Ernie Vigh in the first round was as dynamic a wallop as anybody ever laid eyes on. It left the hardened Garden fight crowd, previously unaware of Soose's hitting powers, spellbound. Ernie got up but barely made it and he was a perfect foil for Billy's bag of boxing tricks from then on.

Paul Moss, handsome mentor of the collegian, has been insisting all along that his protege is as good a hitter as any man in the division when he cares to be, and no one is doubting his word after his display against the Newburgh, N. Y. boy. Moss, a theatrical man, who is no babe in the boxing woods just the same, discloses the fact that Billy's punch caused the Intercollegiate Athletic Association to pass a rule prohibiting former Golden Glovers from participating in the college championships.

After Billy had knocked out all his college opponents, in his sophomore year, the Association passed a rule barring Golden Glovers from college competition. They didn't mention any names but the rule was aimed right at Billy.

* * *

IT cannot help but serve as a boost to the boxing game, when a youngster of Soose's looks, college background, fighting style and manners achieves success in the professional ring.

No fighter in many years has had a sounder claim to the title of uncrowned champion than the Pennsylvania boy. He has beaten both title claimants, Overlin and Zale, and further cemented his claims as the country's ranking middleweight by his victories over two of the most dangerous hitters in the division, Tami Mauriello and Ernie Vigh.

Despite the two decisions held over him by Georgie Abrams, it would have been a rank injustice to deprive Soose of an early chance to meet Ken Overlin for the title, and fairminded sportsmen are glad to see that he will get the opportunity this month.

Abrams is, of course, due some consideration too, on the strength of his victories over Soose and his consistently successful fighting for the past year. The ideal arrangement would be for Soose to meet Abrams in his first title defense if he is able to lift Overlin's title.

However, one cannot deny that Soose, conqueror of Overlin and Zale, the outstanding world middleweights, is getting his just due in meeting Overlin for the New York portion of the world crown.

* * *

IT is interesting to note that the collegians are turning out better and better material each year. This is due to the tremendous influence of Golden Gloves tournaments throughout the country. In the last Intercollegiate meet at Penn State, with few exceptions, the winners and semi-finalists impressed coaches and professional observers as among the best talent developed in among the rah-rah-rah boys in many moons.

The three winners of the University of Idaho, Lauane Erickson and the Kara brothers, Ted and Frank, were exceedingly impressive. In fact, there are few who have seen this trio, especially the Kara boys in action in the mid-west, who don't think they rate almost as good as the best among the professionals in their division.

THE RING Editor, who recently returned from a visit to the Southwest, where he refereed fifty or more fights among amateurs, came home with glowing reports, gleaned from mid-western coaches, of the Kara brothers. Ted won the 120-pound championship and his brother carried off the intercollegiate 127-pound crown, while Erickson won the middleweight laurels.

The work of the Kara boys is much like that of La Barba. They are a reminder of this California star when he was in his prime. Besides those three fighters, Lou Campbell of Southwestern Louisiana came in for considerable praise in the recent college tournament because of his splendid all-around ability. He was voted the outstanding individual performer. This heavyweight collegian would make a good addition to the pro ranks if he cared to try his hand in the money game. Another talented collegian is Rodney Belaire of Louisiana State Institute, a classy 155-pounder.

Other winners were: Gene Rankin, Wisconsin, 135 pounds; Elton Tobiasson, California Aggies, 145 pounds; Paul Scally, Penn State, 175 pounds.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock, Louis.

2—Willard, 6 feet 6¼; Carnera, 6 feet 5¾.

3—Flyweight, 112; Bantam, 118; Featherweight, 126; Lightweight, 135; Welterweight, 147; Middleweight, 160; Light-heavyweight, 175 and heavyweight.

4—The first championship fight was that between Sullivan and Corbett at New Orleans, September 7, 1892.

5—Ollie Pecord refereed Dempsey vs. Willard; Dave Barry, refereed second Tunney-Dempsey fight and Jim Crowley, the Schmeling-Sharkey foul fight.

Baer's Last Battle

(Continued from page 18)

ONLY a few seconds—not more than half a minute after he had been put down, Nova was tearing in, fighting furiously, to regain lost prestige and he almost succeeded, despite that knockdown, in evening matters for the round by his great rally. Snarling, fiery in his every move, Lou went after his opponent with a vim that brought him the applause of the vast gathering. As the bell sounded, Baer, for showmanship, started to pat Lou on the back, but Nova, thinking Baer was striking after the round had ended, went after Max but Referee Donovan intervened, and the fun ended.

In the next two sessions, Lou held the upper hand by means of continuous jabbing and uppercutting. Often he hooked his right with telling effect to Max's jaw while Baer did little but back away. Then came the dull seventh in which Baer was a helpless individual. He did nothing but puff. He was so winded, I doubt if he could have climbed a flight of stairs without falling all over himself.

Entirely out of gas, Max was a mark for his better-conditioned opponent. Nova realized what confronted him and made the best of it. He took full advantage of the situation by tearing in viciously and forcing Max against the ropes where he delivered a two-handed body attack that took all the fight, if any was left, out of the former title holder.

* * *

MAX clutched as often as he could get close enough to do so. Only once in that session, the final one, did Baer do much damage. He let a wild right go, and it caught Nova on the chin and brought Lou's left foot inches off the ground, so powerful was it. But Lou quickly answered that with one to the eye that completely closed the left optic and then damaged it still further, by connecting with three more lefts in a row.

A right to the head dropped Max for a count of nine. He got to his feet and tried to cover up. Lou was at him in a jiffy. He sensed the end and was ready for the kill.

Max bent over and covered his face. The crowd saw that this time he wasn't fooling. He was in earnest. He was hurt and trying to protect himself from further damage.

But Lou saw to that. He gave no quarter. His jaw set, he let go with all he had. Another right, then several lefts, then two more rights to the jaw, followed by a right hook, and down went Max again.

This time the count was two. The determined Nova stood his ground, waiting to end matters.

As Max got to his feet he was wobbly. He crossed his legs and almost tumbled to the mat again as Arthur Donovan rushed in to save him.

The fight was over. Lou Nova had reached the goal of his ambition, a title shot. The man who a year ago was an apparently hopeless physical wreck, was now back to where he was before Galento whipped him. He had made good his boast:

"I'll come back and get my chance at the champion!"

Determination, will power, perseverance—they triumphed in the end.

Sandow Praises Wright

(Continued from page 37)

champion. I would not let him give up, and finally he defeated Joe Stecher and won the title.

"While I enjoyed managing Lewis through his long championship reign, I never considered him as good a wrestler as Gotch. And I have always wanted another Gotch. So, when I heard tales of a wonderful young wrestler on a cattle ranch in Colorado, and was told that Colorado ranchers did not believe the world held a wrestler who could defeat this young heavyweight, said to possess almost superhuman strength and endurance, I was vastly intrigued. This wrestler was Ed Marshall, and he said he wanted to meet Lewis.

"They wrestled at La Junta, Colorado, for one hour without a fall. I did not see the match, but met Lewis in Kansas City, and the 'Strangler' told me the meeting wasn't a scientific grappling affair, but a rough and tumble encounter. He told me it was the fiercest engagement he had had in five years.

"A few months later, Marshall decisively defeated Lewis in a return match at Los Angeles, before a vast crowd. After this match, I bought Marshall's contract, for I was convinced the Colorado boy was another Gotch. Lewis resented this move. He was jealous of Marshall, so the 'Strangler' decided to go it alone.

"Now, you know that minus a pilot, especially one possessed of all the knowledge pertaining to freak squalls, cross winds and hard sailing, most any ship would wind up on the rocks, and so it holds true with athletes who have risen to fame and fortune with the assistance of a capable manager, and then attempt to weather the storm alone.

"Since Lewis and I parted, the 'Strangler' has met with one reverse after another. Wrestling history is dotted with great champions who have lost their laurels due chiefly to lax training methods or violation of all training rules when everything depended on such regulations.

* * *

"THE first time I saw Marshall in action, I predicted he would be champion some day. After we joined forces I not only made the matches and arranged training schedule, but I also went to the mat with him and taught him many of the finer points of the game I had learned from some years of experience. You know I am a 'bug' on training. I kept after Marshall all the time, and as he liked to train, I had no trouble with him along that line.

"Now that Marshall and I have parted company, Wright is undergoing the same training preparations as had both of his championship predecessors. And I am forcing the issue with the various state athletic commissions, demanding that they use their influence in persuading promoters to match Wright against heavyweights, who, with no real ability, claim they are champions.

"Right now, I have posted certified checks with the Missouri Athletic Commission, agreeing that if matches can be arranged between Wright and any of the stars, that Wright will agree to meet any two on the same evening, throwing both a fall each, and will pay opponents up to $250 each. Furthermore, I will donate $1,000 to any recognized charity and will give all of Wright's end to charity if Nagurski will meet Wright. I'll do the same if Sherry will meet Wright.

"Listed among the top men of the game Wright is willing to meet for a side bet of $500 are Earl McCready, former Oklahoma Aggies star and recognized now as champion on the coast; Dr. Hall, Nagurski, Roy Dunn, Everett Marshall, Jack Sherry, Orville Brown, Steele, Pesek, Wyckoff, Lou Thez, and two or three others. Well, that's an impressive list and shows that Wright isn't picking soft spots.

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Wrestling in Southwest

(Continued from page 38)

Buzz Burnell is another product of Coach Gallagher and the latest outstanding contribution of amateur wrestling to the pro game. He has won numerous championships, among them National A. A. U. and collegiate titles. He weighs 212, but has speed to more than make up for the difference.

Rube Wright is the latest sensation in the wrestling world. Son of a Texas preacher. Has had a hard time getting started in the wrestling world but as he is now managed by Billy Sandow will go places. Weighs 245, every ounce a man. He wrestled as an amateur at Arizona Aggie school and for several clubs on the Coast before turning pro. He did his first pro wrestling in Europe and developed in the man he is today by taking part in European tournaments.

These four boys, along with others of the same type, are the reason wrestling is booming in Wichita today and instead of fans and papers knocking the game, they are discussing it as a leading sport.

Another important factor given credit for wrestling going in Wichita is the referee, Lou Spandle. This outstanding western official who makes most of the big matches in the West, officiates all bouts in Wichita. He is six feet two and a half inches tall and good looking. He is responsible only to the W. A. C. for his actions and Wichita fans really back him.

There is only one city in the Mid- and Southwest that gains bigger crowds to wrestling matches than does Wichita, and that city is St. Louis. If what has been accomplished in Wichita is a criterion, then there is no reason why the sport should not be back on its feet in other sections where it thrived a few years ago. "It's all in the kind of matches given the public," says Stauffer, "and Wichita fans agree with him. That's why they come out in support of this virile, thrilling sport."

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

gained the necessary two out of three falls.

Recently crowned Hawaiian champion Ben Pilar was sent to the cleaners and to the hospital by the masked demon, the Red Shadow. Since the title was at stake in this bout, we now have a new champion. George Wagner is the only one who holds a referee's decision over the red menace.

But for an injury Ben Pilar might have turned the trick. He was performing brilliantly, having already won the first fall, when the Red Shadow suddenly turned vicious and bounced him with a pile driver. The Filipino idol was smashed to the canvas three times in succession and thereafter was unable to continue, having sustained a painful injury to his collarbone. He was quickly transferred to the hospital where his injury was diagnosed as torn ligaments.

"Rubberman" Tetsuo Higami is finding the competition extremely difficult these days. Still one of the most popular grapplers of Honolulu, a couple of decades in the game have slowed him down and in recent years he has been depending more on his cunning and experience to match youth's strength. After losing his Hawaiian title, he even announced his intention of retiring. At present he is trying to get the contract of Taro Ito, young Oregon sensation.

Fred Kimball, now performing in Honolulu, is a contortionist and was the featured attraction of the Ripley's "Believe-It-Or-Not" show at the World's Fair.

Promoter Al Karasick is still trying to get "The Angel" to perform in Honolulu.

Wrestling in California

(Continued from page 42)

that comes with perfect leverage and balance. Another thing that Bobby lacks right now is a savage, fighting instinct and that is something his father is trying to instill into the boy.

With these qualifications added to his fast, clean and clever wrestling technique, Bobby Managoff should really prove to be a winner. He is a perfect example of the new crop of wrestling stars that are beginning to sprout up everywhere—the boys who can't be bothered with the ring clowning and are determined to make their mark by adhering to the strict rules of the game. These boys are all followers in the footsteps of Jim Londos, who is a master of this type of wrestling.

Bobby is a dark-haired, handsome young boy, six feet tall, and weighs 225 pounds. He was born in Chicago, educated and raised there. As a youngster he was a strict devotee of physical culture and even formed his own Boys' Club in Chicago, which was composed of twenty-five boys, whom Bobby put through rigorous training and exercise. "Papa" Managoff relates an amusing story of one of the boys' father calling on him in a great huff and demanding to know why his son had been ejected from the club. On investigation, "Papa" found out that Bobby had told the boy to leave because he had caught him smoking.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 25)

interesting one. Although a graduate of street brawls, he is an amazingly cool-headed boxer. He displays remarkable fistic skill. He boasts a lightning-like jab and a speedy right hook. He is astonishingly fast on his feet—and that makes him a difficult target to hit. As for courage, Yussel has it—plenty of it. Goldstein's best weapon is his looping left hook. He shoots it with blinding speed and it lands with terrific force.

Yussel Goldstein was born in Asbury Park, N. J., on July 19, 1916. At the age of four he moved to Brownsville. He graduated from public school and had one year of high school.

"Ever since I can remember," said the young boxer as he stepped out from under the shower after a fight recently, "I've wanted to be a fighter. Why, even when I was just a puny kid—so anxious was I to fight, that I actually went around looking for it. And you know, if I couldn't find anybody my size, why—I'd pick a fight with a bigger kid. And, believe me, I got plenty of action.

"I didn't always win, of course, but I always gave the fellows I fought so much trouble that every time any of them saw me they ducked."

Yussel Goldstein is almost six feet tall and weighs 153 pounds. He is as brown as an Indian—the coppery hue of his skin being the result of an early case of diphtheria. Outside the ring, Yussel is one of the most pleasant young men in the hard business of punch exchanging. But in it he is a cold, merciless gladiator. Goldstein is under the direction of his brother, Mac.

Amateur Boxing

(Continued from page 24)

work, more hard, manual labor by the Westerners, a sturdy lot.

It also proved to me that when Joe Louis' successor comes forth, he will not be an Easterner, unless it be one of the present crop, in which case Billy Conn stands the best chance, but a lad from the wheat fields or the oil fields or the Western mines. The boys there have the build, stamina and the strength.

Besides awarding a RING belt to the winner, something I shall continue to do in other sections of the country to aid in building up the sport, I also awarded to the most popular boxer of the four days' tournament a complete boxing outfit—trunks, shirt, home gymnasium, cup, punching bag gloves, 14-ounce training gloves, a punching bag, headguard and skipping ropes, and I had Joe Louis send on a set of autographed 14-ounce gloves to be awarded to the fighter scoring the quickest knockout.

The outfit was won by the toughest fighting welter I have seen in a long time among amateurs, Kenny "Red" Barton of Arkansas City, who won the championship in his division by battering Joe Manatowa into submission in two and a half rounds of the most vicious fight of the tournament. Barton is one sweet fighter. Keep your eyes on the lad, you boxing enthusiasts out West. He'd make a hit in any fight. Manatowa is the football hero of Southwestern. He gave an excellent account of himself.

The Louis gloves were won by Gene Fleming, who scored a one-punch knockout over Carl Seyfut—the quickest in the tourney.

Because of the huge interest in the Wichita meet, I arranged with Les Showers and Dick Russell to hold several other amateur tournaments in the West, with a RING heavyweight championship belt and similar trophies such as I awarded in Wichita, to be given as special prizes. If enough interest can be aroused, I shall, with the aid of the capable Les Showers, arrange to run off in the West, one huge four days' semi-pro tournament in which only boys who have won at least two fights as professionals and have appeared in at least one six-round event will be eligible to compete. Thus new talent will be developed in a sector where the nation's best amateurs are to be found.

It is planned to hold such a tournament at Reno, Nevada. The cream of such tournament winners will be brought East to be given a chance to show their wares.

The development of new talent is my aim in such tourneys and I have no doubt but what many stars will thus find their way to the front. I have asked Les Showers and Dick Russell to get started on this, and boxers and managers interested should get in touch with them.

Only Mid-west, Southwest and Western talent will be eligible for the first meet. Get busy, you fighters and managers. Here's a chance in a lifetime to get national publicity through THE RING.

Louis Toll Rises

(Continued from page 11)

popular approval. He called it a night and raised Louis' hand in victory.

* * *

ONLY once was Musto floored. In the third round, Louis cut loose with two hard rights and a powerful left that sent Tony to the canvas. As official knockdown timer, I swung the mallet only once to the ring floor, when Musto got to his feet and began fighting again. He rushed in and let go lefts and rights, but in that style of milling he found Louis a willing mixer, that round being Joe's by a big margin.

Judge Al Graff gave Musto the sixth round and called the first and fifth even, while Judge Mordie Wolff handed Musto the first, fifth and sixth and called the second even. The referee handed every round to the champion.

My score card showed Musto winning the first and sixth and I gave the fifth even.

With that fight over, Louis completed his mid-western portion of the heavyweight programme. If he can carry on, he will have defended his championship five more times before the summer is over. At this writing he is slated to face Buddy Baer, Abe Simon, Billy Conn, Lou Nova and Bob Pastor. When the smoke of battle is over and Joe rests for the winter, I predict he still will be the world's heavyweight champion. I can see him facing stiffer and stronger opposition with each fight, but I cannot see any of the present crop relieving the Bomber of his crown.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

FOLLOWING the footsteps of Tony Canzoneri, Henry Armstrong and Lou Ambers, it seems certain that Max Baer will announce his retirement from the ring following his loss to Lou Nova by a technical knockout in Madison Square Garden before the greatest crowd that ever witnessed a heavyweight contest at that arena. 22,114 paid customers contributed the sum of $94,544.17. It was a fitting testimonial to the drawing powers of this colorful gladiator. A showman to the last, Max went down with colors flying. Mike Jacobs is trying to induce Max to continue his ring career, but as a fighter, he is through, even though he still remains a big attraction.

Nova proved to be a courageous, durable and altogether too rugged a specimen for Baer. He took Max's best punches which shook him from top to bottom but he quickly recovered to continue the assault. Victory was never in doubt so far as Nova's stamina, endurance and fighting spirit was concerned. Lou was struck the hardest punches in the battle but he was also endowed with that invaluable asset—called youth, and that pulled him through.

Max's valiant spurts were confined to the third and fourth sessions in which he rallied gloriously and brought the house to its feet with his sporadic outburst. He dropped Nova for a one count in the fourth round but that was his dying effort.

Nova dropped Maxie twice in the eighth before Referee Arthur Donovan called a halt. One eye was completely closed while the other was partially so, in addition to which Baer bled profusely from nose and mouth. It was a hopeless task on Max's part and the crowd was appreciative of his efforts. A showman to the last—Max went down with colors flying. Nova weighed 202¾ against 220¾ for Maxie.

A crashing right hand blow to the body caused the unexpected defeat of Bob Nestell at the hands of Pat Valentino in the scheduled eight-round semi-final. Nestell started off by staggering his opponent in the first round. He gave him a good cuffing but the young Californian bided his time and picked his spot at the right moment. It was the first appearance for both boys and Valentino established himself solidly with his gameness and punching power. Nestell weight 192 against 176½ for Valentino.

Monty Pignatore and Terry Young continued their rivalry in a torrid six-rounder with the official verdict going to Pignatore. This looked like an even up affair and it was difficult to decide the winner but Pignatore's aggressiveness and willingness to fight at all times was the deciding factor. Hank Postaway and Bob Wilson engaged in a whirlwind six-rounder with the verdict going to Postaway. Phil Cardy scored over Steve Vaccarelli while Neil Miller whipped Ricardo Luca in the four-round opener.

Tami Mauriello and Steve Belloise ended their Harlem rivalry at Madison Square Garden with a decisive result, Mauriello winning the fight by a knockout after 2 minutes and 58 seconds of the opening session. The fight was thrilling while it lasted, and despite the brevity of the encounter, there were thrills and spills galore.

Mauriello decided the issue in the first few seconds by nailing Belloise a sharp right cross on the chin. It shook Steve and he never recovered from that first blow. He was dropped five times with an assortment of blows and tried to shake off the effects by holding and grabbing. There was no resisting the determination of Tami. He fought with inspired fury. There was no way that Belloise could offset the attack.

It was a stunning surprise to the gamblers who had installed Steve two to one favorite in the betting. Mauriello weighed 161 against 153. 12,758 fans had paid $26,886.00 to see the brief spectacle. It put Mauriello right back in the running among the middleweight contenders but there is a possibility that Tami may not linger long among the 160 pounders. He is still a youngster and growing rapidly and it is possible that within the next few months he will be campaigning among the light-heavies.

The preliminaries were crammed with action. Danny Bartfield waged a corking fight to trounce Joey Fontana in the semi-final six. Lulu Constantino showed a world of class in whipping Curley St. Angelo. Slugger White outslugged Bernie Miller. Harold Oliver stopped Bernie Manhoff in the third of a scheduled six while Tommy Zano disposed of Jimmy Grimm in the third of the four-round opener.

Four boxing clubs staged shows in one evening. That was the spice provided to the Metropolitan fans of New York City when the New York Coliseum, White Plains Community Centre, Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and Royal Windsor Palace staged their cards the night after St. Patrick's Day. To show the increase in boxing interest locally, a profit was had by each club on that particular evening.

Bobby Ruffin captured the verdict over Mike Belloise in a bitter eight-round scrap at the Coliseum. This evoked a great deal of comment both pro and con, about the merit of the victory. However, it was a great scrap and the fans got their value in good measure. Paul Klang and Johnny Flores waged another gruelling eight-rounder in the semi-final which was called a draw.

Georgie Martin, of Boston, scored over Tony Ferrara in the final eight-rounder at the White Plains Club. Martin revealed a classy display of boxing technique and won with little trouble although Tony waged his usual aggressive style of fighting. Jackie Donovan, Buffalo entry, returned to winning stride when he disposed of Benny Cartegena in the sixth round of the semi-final. Benny was dropped in the third and twice in the sixth when the referee halted the scrap.

Aldo Spoldi kayoed Charley Sulic in the second round of the eight-round bout at the Windsor Palace. Spoldi lost the first on low hitting but terrific left and right hand smashes brought his opponent down in the second. Irwin Kaye Kaplan bested Pete Muscanera in the eight-round semi-final. Lou Schwartz, Brooklyn middleweight, finished Frankie Britt in the second round of their eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena. Britt was dropped once and upon arising appeared too groggy to continue and the fight was halted. Patsy Giovanelli kayoed Johnny Cockfield in the seventh of the eight-round semi.

Johnny Colan, West Side middleweight, made considerable progress in his quest for recognition, when he disposed of Joe Boscarino, of Brooklyn, in the ninth round of their scheduled 10-rounder at the Royal Windsor Palace. Colan was leading going into the ninth session but he floored his opponent with a vicious right on the chin and without further formalities completed the job with another blow to the jaw. Colan weighed 160 and Boscarino 155.

Ted Christie whipped Sonny Brent in the semi-final of eight. Brent scaled 124 and Christie 124½. Vincent Fratello turned in a neat surprise when he kayoed Lou Schwartz in the fourth round at the White Plains Community Centre. Frankie Ray whipped Jimmy Grimm while Ray Landis scored over Frank Zezima in other six rounders.

Terry Young, East Side lightweight, continued his onward march to the top when he disposed of Frankie Conn in the final session of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Terry cut loose with an assault which had his opponent hanging on the ropes totally exhausted and Referee Joe Ryder halted the contest. Young scaled 132¾ and Conn 136.

Irwin Kaye Kaplan and Jerry Fiorello battled to a draw in the semi-final of eight rounds. Tony Marteliano won an easy victory over Victor Troise, who subbed for Norman Rubio, in the feature eight-round event at the New York Coliseum. Tony battered his opponent at will and did not encounter any trouble during the conflict. Troise weighed 145¾ against 148 for Marteliano. Teddy Wint won the eight-round semi-final from Abner Powell while Charley Harvey scored a technical knockout over Jack Lansky in the sixth session of another eight-rounder.

Ernest "Cat" Robinson proved a little too tough and rugged for Vinnie Rossano in the feature eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Rossano has been coming along in fine style but this assignment proved a little difficult for him at this stage of his career. Rossano weighed 144 and Robinson 146½. Artie Dorrell, another good looking prospect from Texas, banged out a decisive victory over Phil McQuillan in the eight-round semi-final. The following week at the same club, Charley Varre and Chief Crazy Horse engaged in a bitter eight-round contest that resulted in a draw. This was marked by hard fighting on both sides with little to choose at the finish. Varre weighed 136¼ and the Chief 135¼.

They say that anything can happen during an evening's entertainment at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club and that is what occurred when Jackie Donovan of Buffalo was paired with Harry Ginsberg of Brooklyn in their scheduled eight-round affair.

Donovan outboxed his foe handily in the first round but in the next session started to pound away at his opponent without letup. About 2 minutes and 12 seconds of the round had elapsed.

Ginsberg was backed up against the ropes when he suddenly let go a drive with his knee and struck Donovan in the groin. Referee Frank Fullam stopped the fight immediately and handed the verdict to Jackie. The special officers escorted Ginsberg out of the ring. Ginsberg weighed 160½ and Donovan 153.

Artie Dorrell and Pete Muscanera fought a slashing bout in the eight-round semi-final which was won by Dorrell. This was a hectic scrap with Dorrell showing good hitting form while Muscanera showed exceptional gameness in receiving punishment and fighting back all the way. Dorrell weighed 143 and Muscanera 147.

Lulu Constantino, undefeated East Side featherweight, again turned in an impressive triumph when he scored a technical kayo over Sammy Garcia in the sixth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Lulu led from the start and dazzled his opponent with an assortment of blows which finally resulted in having the referee call a halt to save Garcia from needless punishment. Garcia weighed 128 and Constantino 125½.

Carmelo Fenoy, Spanish lightweight, looked much better in his second start against Texas Lee Harper. He stopped his opponent in the fifth of their eight-round semi-final. He proved to be a strong, sturdy, two fisted foeman. In his first go in New York he was beaten by Joe Stack but his performance on this occasion was greatly improved.

Lenny (Boom Boom) Mancini turned in his greatest performance when he outslammed Billy Marquart in a vicious eight-round scrap at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. This was by far Mancini's greatest test and he came through with flying colors. He dropped Marquart in the second round for an eight count and was himself floored momentarily in the fourth. Mancini took a good drubbing in that session but survived sufficiently to come on at the finish to win by a clear margin. Marquart weighed 138½ and Mancini 136¼.

George Martin and Victor Dellicurti fought a slashing eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum which was declared a draw. This was a nip-and-tuck battle with little to choose at the finish. Martin weighed 145¾ against 149 for Dellicurti. Augie Arellano turned in an upset when he scored over Vince Fratello in the headlining eight-round scrap at the White Plains Community Center.

Jackie Donovan returned to the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club to conquer Jerry Fiorello in a sizzling eight-rounder. Donovan's speed and boxing skill proved too much for the rough and hard hitting Fiorello who tried hard but was unable to land effectively. Fiorello weighed 147 and Donovan 151. Vinnie Rossano whipped Phil McQuillan in the eight-round semi-final. Carmelo Fenoy won from Oliver White in the final eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Aaron Seltzer and Joe Stack battled to a draw in the semi-final eight.

Tami Mauriello, youngster from the Bronx, seems to be on his way to the light-heavyweight division. Weighing 163¾, he disposed of Wildcat O'Connor, 155, in the sixth round at the New York Coliseum. He scored seven knockdowns before the fight was halted and appeared to be punching harder than ever. There is a possibility that Tami will eventually grow into a heavyweight.

Caesar Ferro whipped Vic Amato in the six-round semi-final. George Martin had no trouble in whipping Milo Theodorescu at the White Plains Community Center in the final eight-rounder. Tony Ferrara turned in an upset when he stopped Al Smith in the fifth round of a scheduled eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Paco Villa also disposed of Abie Kaufman in the fifth of the eight-round semi-final.

SHADOWS of the PAST

By "THE SPORTSMAN"

HARRY LEWIS

FEW fighters in modern ring history enjoyed the popularity of Harry Besterman, fistically known as Harry Lewis, a middleweight who gained fame on two continents. Like the proverbial weed, Harry grew so rapidly that he outgrew three divisions and finally found himself mingling with the cream of the talent as a middleweight although he had made his start as a feather. Born in New York on September 16, 1886, he got his start in the Metropolis, but made his mark pugilistically in Philadelphia, where he was a favorite.

As a preliminary boy in 1904, he made an enviable record in the Quaker City. The following year he found himself as a star boxer and was pitted against the best boys in the feather class. He beat the great Benny Yanger, drew with Kid Herman and Aurelia Herrera and was shaded by Eddie Hanlon, Tim Callahan and Kid Sullivan.

Then Lewis started to grow and had to enter the lightweight class, where he made his debut against Young Erne. Then followed a cyclonic affair with Willie Fitzgerald in which Lewis gained the honors. A six round mill with Joe Gans, then the champion, which went the limit, placed Harry on the horizon.

Just when Harry was going like a house afire as a lightweight, he began to add weight and soon was forced into the welter class. His victims in that division included Dave Deshler, Mike Donovan, Frank Mantell, Honey Mellody, Unk Russell, Terry Martin and Charlie Hitte. Mantell, who at the time was one of the claimants of the crown, was knocked out in the third round.

In 1908 Lewis became a full-fledged middleweight, in which he made his greatest success. After a successful campaign in this country he fought many battles in France.

TOM HYER

THE barrooms in the days of "Little Old New York" were the scenes of thousands of fights—any of which would stir the blood even of the most hardened of our day. Practically every pugilist, especially those of prominence, had his own saloon and ruled with an iron hand. It took a giant of fearlessness in those days to hold the fort.

Chief among the prominent fighters in the "Good Old Days" who thrived in the saloon business, was Tom Hyer, the first officially recognized American heavyweight champion, whose famous resort at No. 28 Park Place, was the rendezvous of the greatest sportsmen of his period. By a sort of traditional consent among the early fathers of pugilism in America, the fight between Jacob Hyer, father of Tom, and Tom Beasley in 1816, is regarded as the first prize fight in this country, and that between the son, Tom, and Country McCluskey at Caldwell's Landing, N. Y., September 9, 1841, is recorded as the first heavyweight championship mill in America.

Tom was born in the Greenwich Village section of New York City on New Year's Day, 1819. He was a powerfully built fellow, tall and well developed, and gained his early fistic knowledge in street battles. Pugilism then was only in its infancy, but the New York boys were quickly learning the intricacies of the sport and Tom found many tough 'uns to test his mettle.

In his battle with McCluskey, whose family name was George McChester, Hyer emerged the victor at the end of 101 rounds of terrific fighting, the bout ending when McCluskey's seconds, chief of whom was the notorious Yankee Sullivan, intervened and called a halt. Sullivan, peeved at the defeat of his pal, then issued a challenge and after several years of bickering, he and Hyer clashed on June 10, 1849, for a side bet of $10,000, and Hyer won in 17 minutes 18 seconds. The scrap was staged at Rock Point, Maryland.

After that event Hyer retired and devoted the rest of his life to business. He engaged in several rough and tumble battles in support of Bill Poole against John Morrissey and at one time was the target of bullets fired by Poole's assassin, Lew Baker.

AL PALZER

THERE may have been several good reasons why the late Al Palzer, Iowa Farmer boy, never attained the coveted title of heavyweight king, but the outstanding one and by far the most important one, was Palzer's meeting with that other fine white hope, Luther McCarty. Strange it is, indeed, that those two fine specimens of American manhood should both have passed away at an early age, just as they were both striving for the same goal.

It was McCarty, the popular Nebraska cow puncher, who started Al on the toboggan slide which ended when Andre Anderson, an obscure light-heavyweight, dropped him for the count in 1915. Up to Palzer's meeting with McCarty, it was conceded by almost everyone that the big blonde Iowan, then under the careful guidance of the veteran Tom O'Rourke, would soon become the king of the big fellows. But it was not to be.

O'Rourke is the man who brought Palzer to the front. Al was born near the town of Ossian, in Winneshiek County, Iowa, on October 4, 1889. When he was only twelve, the boy left his home after having a dispute with his father and struck out for himself.

He came to New York in 1910 without any funds and it was while attending the city gymnasiums to watch the boys in their daily workouts that O'Rourke spied him and soon had him tied up to a five-year contract. Tom was impressed with Al's physical appearance and his interest in boxing and, although he and Tom had their differences and were always fighting each other, O'Rourke put Palzer in trim for his professional career and in 1911, when he started, even Frank Moran, the Pittsburgh socker lost to him.

Al piled up a good record until he met McCarty, at Uncle Tom McCarey's arena at Los Angeles, where Al was taken into camp in the eighteenth round. Thereafter, until his demise, his fistic career was a series of woeful defeats.

Palzer's best fights were victories over Tom Kennedy, Soldier Delaney, Al Kaufman, Sailor White, Bombardier Wells, each of whom he knocked out. He was stopped by McCarty, Moran and Dan Dailey.

Palzer was a big, good-natured fellow and carried a hefty wallop.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

WHILE every nook and corner of the country, with the possible exception of Florida, has been scanned in efforts to find the *coming* heavyweight champion of the world, it remained for this world-famous playground center to focus attention among Cauliflower Canyon on a handsome, young, dynamic, devastating punch pulverizer who is gathering as much attention in the parade of pugilists as his state does likewise with the tourist trade. This sensation is none other than Tommy Gomez, possessor of 23 knockouts in 29 bouts. The Cigar City boxer, managed by a swell fellow, Joe Leto, is just what the doctor ordered, and for the next five years you will be hearing of Gomez under the wing of the shrewd ex-manager of Jack Dempsey, Kearns. Joe Leto is still the Tampan's manager, but will be aided by Jack Kearns.

Jack Kearns, ole Doc himself, put on a big charity fistic dish for the British-American Ambulance Corps at the Biscayne Fronton in Miami. The 3500 who attended, paid almost $15,000 to see several of the present-day toppers and an assembly of not-so-old-timers strut their stuff. The feature match, Melio Bettina, now a heavyweight campaigner, versus Buddy Knox, lasted into the fifth canto when Bettina stabbed a right to the face and followed with a well-directed left, flush to the button, for the finish. Melio was in command throughout. In the semi, the Jersey giant, Pat Comiskey, easily scored a kayo over Domingo Valin in the initial chapter of another heavyweight clash, while Irish Eddie Pierce soundly trounced Ben Brown in a ten-rounder. They are middleweights. Brown, game to the core, was no match for the Irisher.

But leave it to the boys of the 20's. Benny Leonard, the former lightweight champ, and his then great rival, Lew Tendler, put on the show of the evening, plastered with comedy. It was refereed by the greatest of the welterweights, Jack Britton, another ex-champ, who also joined in the fun when out of nowhere someone heaved an extra pair of gloves into the ring. The Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom-King Levinsky "exhibition" (really a fight, though) was given the O.K. after Levinsky got down to business with a serious attitude, despite his paunch. Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, served as third man in the main event and Jack Britton, Tom Heeney and Johnny Risko acted likewise in the prelims.

Jacksonville's huge delegation of sports lovers and fans are to be rewarded with a great sports palace, for which plans are now in the making. Work on this wonderful project will take place during the summer and by the following winter the rising Southern metropolis will be able to present one of the greatest, if not the greatest, spectacles ever to be introduced in the city. Inauguration of the sports arena will undoubtedly open with Sonja Heinie and her famous skating troupe. As to boxing, it is said that two major bouts of national importance will be held during the winter, while bouts of above the average mitt slingers will be headlined regularly. Jacksonville, truly a city of golden opportunities, is moving forward in the construction of the much-needed sports center.

Billy Myer, former great lightweight of the Sullivan era, who fought the first lightweight champion, Jack McAuliffe, thrice, is doing wonders in his work at the Tropical horse track in Miami, Florida. Billy's one-time opponent, George Mulvey, now in England, is most anxious to hear from the former Streator Cyclone.

Eddie Borden's ranking of Jimmy Kidd Hatcher ninth in the select circle of THE RING'S world ratings is justly deserved. The Southern featherweight is one of the rising fighters of today. He has yet to taste defeat this fistic season and Florida can credit Hatcher with the interest in boxing shown in West Palm Beach, Miami and Sarasota.

Miami Beach, beautiful Miami Beach, is famous for her tourist activity, but fistically speaking, Miami Beach is equally known for the many rash and raw decisions rendered, and we come now to one of its brand. Mike Piskin, a pretty good punching middleweight via New Jersey, found the Beach judging way offside and saw *his* decision go to Billy Cooper instead. You can bet the fans vigorously booed and took their time about it, too.

Woody Thompson, Tampa *Daily Times* boxing writer, is now assistant sports editor of that newsie under Ed Ray. Woody will continue to cover boxing in his own inimitable style, and congratulations, Woody . . . And our thanks to C. O. Hart, West Palm Beach fight writer, who has been giving this corner the boxing dope down his way . . . . Bill Gore, South's leading fight trainer, may have another boxer to manage in Jack Stephens, Oklahoma's young Golden Gloves champion for three years. Stephens is a welter. Bill's two other gloved marvels, lightweight Billy Murray and middleweight Jimmy Lowery, are the best "pro beginners" that Florida has developed in a long while.

The action that Jimmy Lowery and Dixie Walker provided West Palm Beach fans made the latter promptly forget the "name" fighters, so to speak. It was the second clash between the boys, Lowery winning the first. This time Walker had an edge, but according to the clipping, the draw was O.K. They are middleweights and youngsters with a bright future. In another 10-rounder, Billy Murray continued his long winning streak, winning over a rugged Jimmy Maddox in a lightweight dish.

Carl Guggino, Tampa lightweight contender, scored a seven-round technical kayo victory over Jimmy Cook of Portland, Maine. Carl had his famous left-hook in evidence all the way. Billy Murray, a sweet little lightie, kept on with his winning ways by decisively outpointing Cook's stablemate, Eddie O'Tash, in a 10-round semi. Then Justo Jiminez dished the same dose to Cook in the Miami Beach Arena, the end coming in the sixth. Back to West Palm Beach, where Billy Colbert scored with left hooks for a dull decision over Billy Cooper. Colbert is making West Palm Beach his home and is handled by Sam Sobel.

Ben Brown, now out of Miami Beach, was a three-round knockout victim at the hands of Al Hostak in Seattle. His stablemate, Justo Jiminez, lost a decision in New Orleans to Nick Camarata, while Conforto had no trouble in copping from Milo Theodorescu in New Orleans . . . . The South will see ace high matchmaking out Texas way, now that Abe Elkins will do the matchmaking for Bink West . . . . Noble Mullins, manager of Vernie Hogue, a neat-looking feather out of Arkansas, is getting the breaks at last.

Baxley Hardy, 156, Augusta, surprised all in knocking out Tom Sharkey, 150, of Jacksonville, in the fourth round. The scrap took place in Savannah before a very slim turnout. Hardy should be heard about in the future. He can sure sock. Freddie Bianco and Lew Williams met in the semi. They are feathers. Freddie kayoed Lew in the fourth. Both are Jacksonville boys. Another Jacksonville couple went after each other in a sixer and Eddie Mayhew scored over Bogieman Coleman. Then Ray Holland of the Savannah Army Base put Billy Myer of Jacksonville to sleep in the first round.

A young amateur boxer turned promoter-matchmaker in New Albany, Mississippi, and offered a good card. The ambitious fellow is Austin Reed, who also appeared on the program and defeated Whit McCord. In other bouts, Grover Collins (Jackson Golden Gloves finalist) won from Alfred Dees; Harden Reed came out all-even with Wayne Hunter and Albert Dees kayoed Lamar Wile in two rounds . . . . At West Palm Beach, Referee Billy Shell called the Al Gilbert-Irish Eddie Pierce bout a draw. Dixie will see real fistic action now that Primo Flores has engagements to fill down our way. Mexico City is also listed as a stop-over, according to word received from Abe Elkins, his manager.

Scrappy Billy Murray can't be beat, it seems, for here is another win for him, and over Joey Ackerman in 10 rounds at Sarasota. Billy was never headed. He won with comparative ease . . . . Jack Kearns and Ben Gatins are feuding over Warren Wilson, Clemson College heavyweight prospect, to see who will manage the Golden Gloves star. Wilson hails from Atlanta . . . . We told you about a Jacksonville kid named Ralph Herndon in our last in THE RING. He just came through with the Southern A. A. U. bantam title at Miami . . . . Melio Bettina was in Tampa when Uncle Sam called him for the draft. Bettina may ask for deferment as the sole support of his family. He has two brothers now in the Army.

Red Burman and Jimmy Braddock went five rounds to a draw in Charlotte. They are touring the South . . . . The Florida State Boxing Bill goes to the Legislature at this writing. Florida sure does need it and mighty bad. It will be submitted by State Representative James Horrell of Orlando . . . . Bill Gore will be glad to hear from unattached fighters. Write him at 211 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Florida . . . . Jimmy Weaver of Tallahassee, is an old RING reader and is helping highly to get the Horrell boxing bill over for the state . . . . Pete Montesi, a swell New York fight manager, sends me more clippings on Nat Fleischer, who is a very popular man with the newspapers and writers all over. Thanks, Pete . . . . Thanking Fred Spetrini for his copy of the Managers' and Fighters' Directory, a fine one . . . . Give Miss Burndetta Pugh, a Baltimore lassie, a good hand for being very enthused over THE RING Magazine. This wonderful edition is not shy of lady readers . . . . RING colleague, I. Q. Gross from up Jersey way, really advertises our Florida . . . . To Jimmy and Toby Hatcher: Mark Fannon and I want to thank you all for the splendid pictures you sent us . . . . My address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth, Jacksonville, Florida.

Tommy Gomez, Melio Bettina and Pat Comiskey each wrapped a winner on the Jack Kearns-Frank La Marque benefit for the British-American Ambulance Corps at Benjamin Field, Tampa. Tommy shot a cannon right straight at Ernie Petretti's button and Gomez scored the 23rd kayo of his brief career in 29 starts. Melio Bettina found himself on deck in the second canto with Jack Marshall directing. However, Melio got right up at the nine-count and commenced to deliver his southpaw slants on the Texan for a T.K.O. win in the ninth. Then Pat Comiskey, New Jersey hope for heavyweight honors, trounced Mickey Alfano, especially with a body assault to gain his T.K.O. in the third. In prelim matches, Bill Daly's rising lightie, Jackie Byrd, outpointed Frankie Thomas and Al McCormick kayoed Floyd Davidson in the first. Four thousand attended.

Ray Foutts, a great fellow and manager of Mike Raffa, Teddy Yarosz, Tommy Yarosz and Big Jim Thompson, who recently defeated Abe Simon before Joe Louis did, has this writer as booking agent for all his boys, one of the game's leading stables. Ray writes me that Raffa is now in the service at Fort Knox and is to meet Bill Speary in a 12-rounder soon. Teddy Yarosz, now weighing 175, will be a good opponent for Blanding's Tommy Gomez, and we're trying to place this match in Tommy's home town, Tampa. If Gomez wins over Teddy, he can chalk this up as a swell win as Yarosz gave Billy Conn three great battles and losing unpopularly.

IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS
By TOM EPHREM

UNCLE SAM'S service will be the leading production center of future fisticuff finds and heavily discussed along Glovers' Gulch is the springing of the future heavyweight champion from there. Opinions of boxing's three stalwarts, Nat Fleischer, RING Editor; Gene Tunney, retired heavy king and again active with Uncle Sam's naval forces; and Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, are as one, each thinks the next champ will be a product of the service. Commander Tunney strongly believes the rigid, physical requirements of the service today will bring out Louis' successor. Boxing, according to the naval officer, develops self-discipline, fortitude, self-reliance and courage.

THE RING Magazine has done much to boom the stock of the heavyweight sensation, Tommy Gomez, now at Camp Blanding. Gomez has a large number of fans and well-wishers who, through this column, are asking about him. The array of mail will verify my statements. AFTER THE RING Magazine pealed out leather tossing tidings of the Tampa fighter, THEN Jack Dempsey, Whitney Martin, Jack Miley and J. P. Carmichel, the latter three fine sports writers, were following suit. EVERYBODY follows THE RING.

My little pal, Petey Sarron, the former featherweight bossman, has been selected, and wisely so, by Captain Ben Hudson, the Blanding Recreation Officer, to promote boxing at nearby Starke in co-operation with the local American Legion post. Sarron will also be in referee togs . . . . Bill Cocke, who assisted in training Tiger Neville Beech, Southern heavyweight aspirant, is now at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and likes the looks of Mike Raffa, a leading feather contender, also there. About THE RING, "It's tops," says Bill . . . . Nick De Marco is back with Uncle Sam for the third time. Fine spirit, Nick.

Jackie Carter, who fought three world champs, has forsaken the gloves to teach Corporal Edmondson, a Savannah featherweight, more points of the game. Jackie says the Corporal is a willing pupil. Both are A-1 RING fans. They are stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, but will be in the States very soon.

Dal Tex Goodwin, who fought Jack Larrimore at the Miami Beach Arena, is in the Army now. He wants his pals to write him. His address, Troop "A," 2nd Sqd., Cavalry Replacement Center, Fort Riley, Arkansas. Dal says THE RING is exceptionally tops with the fellows out there . . . . A Jacksonville sailor, young Eddie Webb, is stationed on the U.S.S. Vixen, and says Karl Metro, an 18-year-old boxer, is a splendid prospect. Metro, on the same boat, boxed Ken Overlin thrice in all four-rounders two years ago. He also boxed in the Virgin Islands and kayoed the Island middleweight champion in two rounds. As for Eddie, I'll say that if anyone has future possibilities, it's Eddie.

Here comes a long distance acceptance to the challenge hurled by Tommy Gomez to meet any heavyweight in the service. If it can be arranged, Pvt. George Leetch, under management of the well known Wirt (One Shot) Ross, would like to clash with the Blanding soldier. Leetch also writes of a coming young Greek-American boxer, under George Parnassus. His name is Jimmy Lakes, a welter. Parnassus has Ceferino Garcia, of champion and bolo punch note, while Wirt Ross formerly held a contract on Henry Armstrong. Leetch and Lakes are in Camp Haan, California.

Look out, Army, for Gene Tunney has rounded up a group of fighting Navy recruits and the Navy Lt. Commander lists such top-notchers as Steve Belloise, Frank Poreda, Jimmy Webb, Patsy Perroni, Tommy Tucker, Cal Cagni, Georgie Abrams and Al Nettlow to serve as physical training instructors. Will they sink the Army in boxing competition? Commander Tunney paid another of his visits to Jacksonville and together with Army and Navy officials, plus Jacksonville business men, laid out plans for the "A-N" Carnival of Clout.

Petey Sarron is sadly disappointed 'cause he is not instructing Blanding boxers as he was intended to. In Sarron, the Army will have the approach of Gene Tunney, as both were among the cleanest living boxers and by that it is only natural they will teach their same fundamentals of living and training to the boys. Petey means no harm but does want to see the fellows of his outfit come through, surely, and he can do it.

Well, the Yankees are down here now at Blanding and find them to be a swell bunch of boys. The Southern folks are serving their hospitality as never before. Homes are wide open to all and friends are made by the bushels. The Northerners are anxious to get down to their boxing. Their recreation officer, Lt. E. D. Walsh of the Forty-Third Division, announced division boxing will start on a wholesale basis as soon as regimental, open air boxing rings are erected.

That there big Army-Navy "Carnival of Cuff" will be held at the Jacksonville Stadium, seating 20,000, and reports coming here state around 1300 contestants from the Thirty-First and Forty-Third Divisions, will hold regimental eliminations for the honor to appear on President Roosevelt's Paralysis Fight Fund program. Other non-division units will start at the same time, including the Seventy-Fourth Field Artillery and camp headquarters. The Dixie Dynamo, Tommy Gomez, heavyweight sensation, will probably appear on the program and, hold your horses, for Petey Sarron, who held the featherweight title, losing it later to Henry Armstrong, will also be in there and swinging once more.

I like the way this Freckles Brown, Alabama Guardsman, is coming along with Petey Sarron's handling. This youngster has the stuff and he can scrap. We look for him to be on that big card at the Stadium as also Bantamweight Verbon Stephens, who is from Birmingham and a Golden Glover. Both Stephens and Brown work under Sarron and Petey is taking the finest care of the lads, who have yet to lose a fight . . . . Well, laddies, write me at 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida, and anything I can do to help you all, is a pleasure. All info on Nat Fleischer's boxing books, stories, training, etc., will be sent.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By DANNY NARDI

IN the only bout offered to Rhode Island fight fans since the last RING issue, Joey Archibald, ex-featherweight champ, took on Larry Bolvin, Providence youngster, in a ten-round main go at the Rhode Island Auditorium in Providence, and this time the results showed Joey on top with some to spare. Remembering the four-round kayo that Larry had pinned on him a few weeks previously, Joey this time, using all the ring strategy that made him a champion of his division, fought a cool and cautious battle, that showed him keeping on top of Larry throughout the fight and also making his opponent fight back the way that he wanted him to. Joey, boxing at close range, and using a good body attack, kept away from Larry's heavy artillery, and at times had Larry missing so often that he looked like a novice compared to the ex-champ.

In the prelims, the veteran Tony Dupre, who has fought them all in the featherweight division, and also who has wins over most of them, beat Eddie O'Leary of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in eight rounds. The Manchester, N. H. boy at 120¾, spotted his opponent four and a half pounds. Tony Almieda, 155, of Bristol, R. I., K. O.'ed Billy Wilson, 153, a soldier from Camp Edwards, Mass., in the first round of a scheduled six-round bout.

In the other scheduled four-rounders, Abel Gonsalves, 173¼, defeated Larry Baker, 174, of Boston. Tommy Gamache, 127¼, of Central Falls, R. I., beat Augie Almieda, 132¼, of Bristol, R.I. And in the opener of the evening, Amadeo Masi, 159¾, scored a second round T.K.O. over Mal Smallwood, 159¾, of Boston, Mass.

Received a few lines from local fighters now in Uncle Sam's service . . . . Pete Zollo of East Providence is stationed at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. Pete was the heavyweight champ of Rhode Island and before this had carved out quite a name for himself in his amateur days . . . . Jerry Volpe, North End youngster, who was the All-Navy champ a few years back, and then came home to fight the best bantams around, answered the call of arms again and is now doing duty in Havana, Cuba. He is also assisting with the training of boxers on his ship . . . . Eddie Adourian, Providence boy and former state lightweight champ, who was making quite a reputation for himself in the money ranks before he enlisted in the army, writes from sunny Hawaii, and tells me that he is still active in the boxing game and is undefeated in army competition . . . . Also cards from Pete Palmisciano and Gus Cimini, two more local youngsters, both good amateurs, who are in nearby New England camps.

If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' names and addresses, send me twenty-five cents in cash or money order and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 9 Canton Street, Providence, R. I.

IN WATERBURY, CONN.
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

A TOUGH and game fighter responding to the name of Wicky Harkins of Philadelphia received a points decision in a sizzling contest with Ernest "Cat" Robinson in an eight-round main bout at the Buckingham Hall. Harkins demonstrated his ability to "take it" and surprised the ring fans by standing in there swinging with telling blows which on several occasions hurt Robinson. Referee Smith's verdict did not set well with the spectators for many fans believed Robinson at least earned a draw, if not the decision.

Superior boxing on the part of Mike Angeri, Inwood, L. I., welterweight, gained for him the win over Neil Miller, Wilkes-Barre, hard-socking battler, in a slashing six-round bout which was filled with action.

Maxie Katz, hard-hitting middleweight, triumphed over Johnny Leonard from Wilkes-Barre in six rounds. In another sixer, with the principals being welterweights, Eddie Suggs, New York boxer, and Fred Lewis, Wilkes-Barre fighter, fought on even terms. In the opening number of four rounds, Tony Falco, welterweight, and Emil Etters, pummeled each other, in which Falco's hand was raised in token of victory.

At the Buckingham Hall, whatever confidence Billy Furrone possessed to overtake the crafty Irish Eddie Dolan, pride of Waterbury, must have been just an illusion, for he was no match for Dolan in an eight-rounder.

The six-round semi-final between Maxie Katz, middleweight, and Rex Johnson was the best bout on the program. They went at it hot and heavy. Johnson was sent down to the canvas eight times, but displayed plenty of heart, bulldog grit and courage and finished standing up, to earn a draw.

In the six-round slugging bee, Jimmy Young captured the nod from Dula Kovach, light-heavyweight. Neil Miller, welterweight, and Frankie Young went six rounds to a draw.

In his first professional bout, Rocky Devens, southpaw welterweight, turned in a points victory over Joey Wasnick in the four-round opener.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

DOMINATING the Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Championships, Coach Roy Simmons' Syracuse University boxing team captured five titles in as many weight classes at Archbold gym. The champions: Sal (Toots) Mirabito, heavyweight; Americo Woyciesjes, light-heavyweight; Loren Schoff, welterweight; Milford Fahey, featherweight, and Jack Roland, bantamweight. In this meet Syracuse chalked up 28 points, with Cornell and Army each taking 10 points for second place. This is Syracuse's fifth team championship in the history of the association, all coming in a period of 10 years. They are topped only by Penn State, who has held the coveted position seven times. Coach Simmons is one of the best boxing instructors in the country and deserves the laurels he has won.

Former middleweight champion Eddie (Babe) Risko, now an Onondaga County deputy sheriff, took Joseph Nadile, convicted murderer of the late Joseph Carlucci, to the Ossining death house. Following this chore, the Babe, who still retains his perfect physique, spent several days in Gotham, in the company of his former manager, Gabe Genovese.

Hustling Irv Robbins is making weekly amateur matches for the Polish Legion Veterans Club, who are operating on Monday nights at 1201 W. Genesee St. Irv gives the fans good shows, but is handicapped like his professional brothers by lack of a suitable auditorium.

Four big outdoor pro shows are in the making for Syracuse this summer. Plans are being formulated to present the cards at Municipal Stadium where Bert Courage and Ralph De John did nearly $12,000 with a home-town natural, while Newsboy Millich and De John captured $8,000 worth of paying guests for their second thriller!

LEFT-HOOKS: Mickey McGuire, once a slugging featherweight, now tips the scale beam at 228 pounds . . . . Polo liked our squibs on him so much he purchased eight RING Magazines and sent one to each sports editor in town . . . . Gabe Genovese made the grade with the local fans by getting the Baby Tank, Tony Musto, a shot at Joe Louis . . . . Paul Swiderski swooped down on the amateurs and grabbed off Eddie Edge, Oswego heavyweight, and took him to New York for grooming . . . . A good amateur prospect for those who like thrill providers—Howie Brodt of Utica, a 147-pound kayo artist handled by Joe Briggs . . . . Art Laing, Sage of Sherrill, also has a good looking kid in Al Highers, lightweight boxer.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

RED GREEN upped his stock by winning a 10-round decision over Baby Arizmendi at the Hollywood Stadium. The fight was close and Arizmendi gave many the impression that he was winning the battle by his end-of-the-round spurts, which elicited loud cheering from his followers. However, Referee Benny Whitman wasn't stampeded by the large Mexican gallery and credited Green with seven of the ten rounds. The fight was a torrid affair and lacked excitement only when the battlers slowed down after two-fisted exchanges. Although both scrappers landed some heavy blows that caused the other to blink or halt in his tracks, neither was groggy or near a knockdown at any time. The sixth was a thriller, the redheaded Irishman and barrel-chested Mexican standing toe-to-toe trading fast, hard leather for the full three minutes. Green's best rounds were the first, second and tenth. Arizmendi's best efforts were in the fourth, seventh and eighth. Each weighed 139.

The fight attracted one of the largest crowds of the year, an estimated two thousand being turned away.

Leon Zorrita, 160, colored boxer of Los Angeles, won over Milo Theodorescu of Rumania, in a miserable six-round semi-windup. There was little real fighting in this bout, but the crowd did get a few laughs out of Theodorescu's clowning antics.

Francois DeTombeaux, 150, decisioned Jimmy Brooks of New Orleans, in four.

In scoring over Arizmendi, who defeated George Latka, Toby Vigil and Richard Polite in recent starts, Red Green proved the contention of his supporters that he can whip most any of the coast scrappers of his weight. Toss out the rank decisions that have been rendered in some of Green's bouts and insert just verdicts instead, and the Signal Kid's record would show victories over some of the best lightweights in the business.

The best fight of the month in these parts was the Carlos Chavez-Nat Corum contest, staged by Babe McCoy at the Los Angeles Eastside Arena. These two little gamesters tossed leather every second of the six rounds, with Chavez grabbing the nod, but he had to climb off the floor twice in the opening round to do it.

California boxing lost one of its most valuable officials in the death of Thomas H. Cox, who died of a heart attack. Cox was the founder and custodian of the Boxers' and Wrestlers' Welfare Fund, as well as Supervisor of Amateur Boxing of California and Asst. Chief Inspector of the Los Angeles office of the State Athletic Commission. No other man has ever done so much for amateur boxing. No other man has ever been more interested in the needy or down-and-out fighter. The fight game has had smarter men than Tom Cox but none more human. The Lord surely must have ringside seats for such souls as Tom.

Jimmy Garrison, 143, Kansas City, won handily over Babe Brandelli, 146, Venice, in a six-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Garrison's educated left and some timely ducking kept Brandelli from connecting with his heavy artillery and Babe was tagging far behind at the finish.

Al Globe, 170, Chicago, was credited with a K.O. over Art Peveler, when the later sank to the canvas and sat the count out in the fourth round of the semi. A full house witnessed the show.

Bob Pastor is still the scourge of the California heavyweights. Pastor added Turkey Thompson, colored State heavyweight champion, to his list of California victims in an outdoor show staged at the Hollywood Ball Park. The bout (according to Los Angeles newspapers) was the greatest heavyweight scrap staged here in years. Thompson floored the New Yorker six times in the opening round, only to have Bob come back and spill Turkey three times later in the evening to earn the decision. Pastor weighed 185, Thompson 183. The fight paid off on a little less than $17,000.

Although the Pastor-Thompson go was the fight of the month in this state, this writer omits a detailed description of the contest, for the simple reason that he could not see it from where he stood—outside the gate. THE RING correspondent (as far as the promoters were concerned) was about as important as the conductor of a recipe column in the *Ladies Home Journal*.

Big Boy Hogue, 157, Jacumba, won over Jimmy Casino, 162, Los Angeles, in a 10-round brawl at the San Diego Coliseum. Concentrating on butting and hitting on the breaks, the two sluggers battled on even terms for the first half of the bout, but Hogue forged ahead in late rounds on his infighting. Rudy Oden, 132, Los Angeles southpaw, decisioned Cleo Shans, 129, Brawley, in another ten-rounder.

Promoter Joe Lynch reopened the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles with Guy Serean and Richie Lemos as the attraction. But because of inclement weather a poor supporting card and other obstacles that the Olympic promoters are confronted with, only about 2500 turned out for the show. The scrap, which figured to be a closely contested one, turned out to be a very one-sided affair, with Lemos the winner. This Serean being punched around by Lemos looked no part of the Serean who made a rubber ball out of Petey Scalzo a few weeks previous. Guy appeared to be trying to box a style absolutely foreign to him and lacked the will to snap out of it. Whereas, Lemos looked good in winning as he pleased, it is difficult to say that this performance was superior to his recent starts, because of Serean's poor form on this night.

In a dull semi-windup of eight rounds, Big Boy Bray, giant Negro of Los Angeles, was awarded the nod over Eddie Simms, Cleveland veteran.

The Los Angeles fight mob are plenty burned up over the treatment accorded them by the promoters of the Pastor-Thompson show. And justly so. Smart fight men are showmen and none of them "want in" when a promoter needs the seating capacity for the paid customers, but there were ten thousand unoccupied seats on the inside, while about thirty managers, matchmakers and ex-champions were kept on the outside. These men were not broke and they are not the regular run of "moochers." They were all old-timers in the racket, who do not feel that they should have to become paid customers to a game that they have been part of for so many years.

Carlos Chavez, 121, disposed of Nash Diaz, 120, early in the third round at the Ocean Park Arena without working up a sweat. Chavez played around for two rounds and then went to work, putting Nash down three times and out.

Baby Breese was again the chief character in another upset at the Hollywood Stadium, but, in this instance, the handsome Kansas battler was the victim. Breese not only dropped the 10-round decision to Richard Polite, colored clouter of New Orleans, but was also fined $200 by the Athletic Commission because of his miserable exhibition. Breese, an overwhelming favorite, made little attempt to fight, except in the eighth round when he landed two hard rights to Polite's jaw, spinning the Negro across the ring. Polite was willing to mix it, but Breese had him tied up most of the time. And the Kansan's stalling tactics got him a messing up, as he suffered a severe cut over the right eye, another on the bridge of the nose and his face was badly swollen. It was the poorest contest seen in the Hollywood ring in many moons, and the crowd booed incessantly. Referee Charlie Randolph credited Breese with but two of the rounds and called one even. Polite weighed 141, Breese 138.

In the semi-final, Aurel Toma, 123, Rumania, won the decision over Nat Corum, 122, after six torrid rounds of vicious fighting. Toma made a distinct hit in flashing main-event ability.

Bob Crittenden, 137, scored an easy win over Zeke Castro in a four-rounder, having the Denver boxer down for seven in the first round.

A crowd of 5000 turned out in spite of a heavy rain.

Shorty Hogue of Jacumba and Eddie Booker of San Jose, contenders for state middleweight title, battled to a 10-round draw at the San Diego Coliseum. Many of the spectators thought that Booker rated the nod, due to his great fourth round. In that round Booker dropped Hogue and punched the Jacumba slugger around plenty for fully two minutes. The contest was fast and hard fought all the way.

Nat Corum, Los Angeles bantam, easily defeated Joe Robleto of Pasadena, in a six-rounder at the Eastside Arena, Los Angeles.

Odell Polee, colored heavyweight, K.O.'ed Hindu Fleet in the third round of the semi-windup.

Promoter Mike Hirsch of the Ocean Park Arena (situated only a short distance from the Hollywood Ball Park) closed down on the night of the Pastor-Thompson bout. Hirsch says that he was to be compensated by the outdoor promoters for doing so, but as yet hasn't received a penny for that cooperation. Hirsch also accommodated this same promoter with five ringside seats at the Ocean Park arena the week previous. However, Hirsch was one of those promoters who were given the "nothing doing" sign when he approached the Pastor-Thompson pass gate.

The curse of a glass chin has made Richard Polite, New Orleans dynamiter, a victim of another kayo. Chico Romo, Denver Mexican, who wasn't conceded much chance against Polite, stiffened the colored boxer in the second round of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium in L.A. Romo floored Polite for an eight-count in the second, the Negro arose groggily and was trying to escape the determined Mexican when a friendly bell rang. However, the bell was too friendly, for the timekeeper had rapped the gong before two minutes of the round had expired. An alert referee, Charlie Randolph, sensed the shortness of the round and, checking with the timer, discovered the error. The fighters were ordered to continue and shortly after Polite was again put on the deck, this time being unable to beat the count, although he struggled hard to regain his feet. Romo weighed 141, Polite 143.

Promoter Byron Carpenter reopened his Wilmington Bowl, which had been closed during recent weeks, featuring Pancho Ramirez, 167, Wilmington, against Al Globe, 171, Chicago, in an eight-rounder. Ramirez copped the win, flooring Globe for a nine-count in the fourth. The attraction was not fitting for so large an arena and only a small crowd turned out for the show.

Sonny Boy Walker, former Phoenix, Ariz. heavyweight, but now stationed at the Marine Naval Base, punched out a victory over Eddie Simms, Cleveland veteran, at the San Diego Coliseum. Walker got his heavy guns into play and had Simms on the verge of going down no less than six times during the 10-rounder.

Among the "forgotten men" on the outside of the Hollywood Ball Park on the night of the Pastor-Thompson go was a local promoter who has staged outdoor shows that would have made this one look like a ten, twenty and thirty-cent affair; two managers of former world champions, (greater fighters by far than the star performers of the evening) and a number of matchmakers and managers much better known than any on the inside, with the exception of Jimmy Johnston). Among these "outcasts" were such boxing men as Dick Donald, Gus Wilson, George Engle, Jimmy Dunn, Gig Rooney, Johnny Rogers, Babe McCoy, etc.

Jackie Wilson must have got ideas from watching Turkey Thompson spill Pastor six times in the opening round, for that is the number of times that Jackie put Georgie Crouch on the canvas in the first round of their clash at the Hollywood Stadium. But Wilson's knockdown spree did not end with the first round. Jackie repeated the practise on Crouch in the seventh round, to chalk up a T.K.O. victory. Wilson jolted Crouch out of his good senses in this spectacular first round, for Georgie struggled back to his feet after all six knockdowns as quickly as his rubber legs would permit, instead of taking advantage of long counts. Wilson appeared to lose the desire to score a kayo in the second, and for the next four rounds Crouch kept in close and held the Black Wasp on even terms with some smart infighting. However, Wilson came out in the seventh round determined to end it as soon as possible and shortly thereafter Crouch was floored by a murderous right to the jaw. Georgie was badly hurt, but regained his feet at count of three. Wilson felled his hapless foe with another paralyzing right to the whiskers and although the colored Ice Cube somehow picked his body off the canvas within two seconds, he was in no condition to continue and Referee Benny Whitman stopped the contest. Wilson weighed 138, Crouch 140. A packed house witnessed this colored natural.

Babe Brandelli, playboy welterweight of Venice, was awarded a six-round decision over Pete Giacomo, Salt Lake City southpaw, at the Ocean Park Arena. Brandelli was almost stopped in the opening round by the wild-swinging Utah battler and had to come from behind to get the nod.

Bobby Castro, 142, Los Angeles, and Jesse Jas. Jackson of Riverside went six rounds to a draw in the semi-windup.

Chief Evening Thunder of Oklahoma scored an easy eight-round decision over Angus Smith of Santa Barbara, at the Wilmington Bowl. The Indian lightweight was too tough and rugged for his clever colored opponent.

Jimmy Garrison made his best fight in recent months when he came in ahead of Cecil Hudson in a sizzling 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Garrison brought the large crowd to its feet in the second round when he dumped Hudson three times during the thrilling three minutes. A hard right to the jaw dropped the colored boy for the count of six. Cecil regained his feet and tried to cover, but was belted to the canvas again, this time climbing off the floor at the count of one. Another hard right put the Negro down for a three-count, but the bell ending the round found Hudson on his feet, although his mind was elsewhere. Cecil was still bleary-eyed in the third, but a good left jab kept Garrison from renewing the assault. For the next six rounds Hudson fought the Kansas City battler on even terms and cut Jimmy up considerably with left jabs and hooks. However, the Irishman made one of his "Garrison finisehs" in the final round and slowed Hudson down with two hard rights to the jaw. Garrison weighed 141, Hudson 140.

Richie Shinn, 135, fast improving Korean of San Francisco, trounced Rudy Oden, 131, in the six-round semi. Shinn's concentrated attack to the body gave Oden a miserable evening.

Bob Crittenden, 137, scored an easy victory over Malcolm Smith of Oklahoma, in a four-rounder.

In a rematch between Richard Polite and Chico Romo at the Olympic Auditorium one week later following Romo's two-round kayo over Polite, the New Orleans socker got his revenge. After eight rounds of furious fighting the bout was stopped and awarded to Polite on a T.K.O. Working an uppercut with machine-like rapidity and chopping over a right with the accuracy of a meat-cutter, the colored boxer kept Romo's head coming up and his knees dropping down. Polite put the game Mexican down for nine-counts in the second and seventh rounds, and had floored Chico twice in the eighth, when Referee Frankie Van stopped the one-sided contest.

Lew Feldman, New York veteran lightweight, can no longer beat the good ones, but he can

still make the good ones look bad in beating him. That was the case in Feldman's encounter with Richie Lemos in a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium. Lemos won with lots to spare, but the Hebrew cutie made Richie look crude in the performance. The bout went the full ten miles with Feldman doing all his running backwards. Lemos caught up with the veteran in the second round to floor him for a nine-count, and he had Lew a bit wobbly in the eighth and ninth frames. Lemos weighed 135, Feldman 136.

LEST I FORGET—Tony Chavez is now the proprietor of a cafe in Los Angeles . . . . Tommy Herman, former welterweight of Chicago and more recently a referee out here, has signed up with Uncle Sam . . . . Al Lang has given up promoting at the Main St. Gym . . . . Ceferino Garcia is training for an early return to the ring . . . . Byron Carpenter has reopened his Wilmington Bowl, but it will be dark again in a few weeks if the calibre of the shows are not greatly improved . . . . Frank Smith has entered his colorful amateur middleweight, Bernie Cardenas, into the paid-for-punching ranks . . . . Freddie Steele is in shape for his comeback, which is scheduled for Hollywood . . . . Soldier Stanley lost by T.K.O. in the ninth to Sammy Brown at Fresno . . . . Linn Platner has really got his San Diego Coliseum back in the groove. The arena is playing to capacity these days . . . . Red Shannon defeated Al Hagar in eight at San Bernardino . . . . Capt. Peeples, Florida promoter, and Walter Friedman stopped off in Los Angeles, en route to Seattle with Ben Brown . . . . Baby Arizmendi is said to be matched with Fritzie Zivic for an outdoor show next month . . . . Eddie Marcus dropped an unpopular 10-round decision to Vern Bybee at San Francisco . . . . Soldier Stanley is leaving for New York . . . . Wesley Sellers, clever lightweight of Los Angeles, now in the Army, came down from Camp Ord to be in the corner with his pal, Red Green . . . . Pancho Ramirez won over Red Shannon in eight at San Bernardino . . . . Tom Gallery announces that Joe Louis will meet Bob Pastor in Los Angeles in July . . . . Yucatan Kid, colorful Mexican lightweight of the south, is in Los Angeles seeking action. Al Lang is training him . . . . Georgie Hansford was beaten by Ray Lunney at San Francisco in ten . . . . The State Senate has approved 15-round championship bouts for California, but the amendment must be voted in by the people before it becomes a law . . . . Andy Scrivani and Ernie Carter went three rounds to a technical draw at Wilmington . . . . Linn Platner is well fortified with attractions at San Diego. Shorty Hogue, Sonny Boy Walker, Eddie Booker and Archie Moore are all good drawing cards at the Border City . . . . Frankie Garcia has a colorful Mexican heavyweight in Francisco De la Cruz. Despite his "greaseball" proportions, he is fast and clever . . . . The Huntington Park arena has closed down . . . . Jimmy Garrison's contract has been taken over by Charlie Perry, who is sending the K. C. battler to New York . . . . Richie Lemos, Guy Serean, Vern Bybee and Georgie Hansford are rated as the state's leading featherweights, but I doubt that any of them can really make 126 pounds and retain enough strength to win over even Shirley Temple . . . . Frank Crowley has entered his huge Italian, George Giambustani, into the professional ranks.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

JIMMY BIVINS spotted Buddy Knox eighteen pounds and then pounded out a ten-round decision, over the Daytonian. It was a great fight throughout, with the veteran Knox using his weight to a good advantage. Bivins scored the hardest punches as well as the cleanest. The fight was filled with so much action the fans are yelling for a rematch.

Wilfred Carter, who has trained Bivins since he was an amateur at 105 pounds, left the hospital, where he was recovering from an operation, to be in Jimmy's corner. The house drew $9,000.

Maxie Berger made his second showing here by stopping Irish Eddie Dunne in the fifth round of their scheduled ten. Dunne, who battles under the colors of Chris Dundee, may have gone the limit had he taken nine when he was knocked down in the fifth. He is a game little warrior and as far as the Cleveland fans are concerned he can show here any time.

Beauford Glover won his fifth straight as a pro when he scored a five round duke over the veteran Frankie Wallace. Joey Pirrone, Mike Valetta's lightweight hope, defeated Frankie Flynn in five rounds. Pirrone is on a winning streak and should do well.

Al Reiss, heavyweight from Detroit, won on a T.K.O. over Pete Phillipopolous in the fourth round. Reiss had Pete on the floor three times in the first round. Pete came back and floored Mr. Reiss in the second, then in the fourth it was all over, with Pete on the deck. It was one of the most thrilling matches ever seen in Cleveland between heavyweights.

Benny Calla, who has just recovered from a broken jaw received in a workout, made a fresh start when he won over the rugged Tony Lanese in a hair raising contest.

At Akron, where they have been putting on semi-monthly shows, Cleveland's Bobby Berry lost the decision to Teddy Yarosz in ten rounds. Boom Berry tore out of his corner and put the clever Teddy on the canvas. Near the end of the bout Berry hurt Teddy again but Mr. Yarosz opened his bag of tricks and coasted to victory.

Kayo Eddie Morgan of Cleveland is back on the comeback trail under the management of his former manager, Chuck Sotak. Morgan is in fine shape again and has scored four straight knockouts.

Uncle Sam has claimed a few of Cleveland's good boxers. Those who are down in Fort Shelby are Frankie Missella, Jimmy Grimshaw, Billy McGreggor, Steve Malinky, Casper Bontempo, Herkimer Shane, brother of Claude Shane, manager of Jimmy Bivins. Tony La Branche, former boxer and outstanding referee, Jimmy Trannett and Harry Brooks, famous betting tout around the ringside of any boxing show.

A few of the leading promoters from out of town were here to see the Bivins-Knox tussle. Among them were Jake Mintz of Pittsburgh, Tommy Walsh of Detroit, Whitey Morrett of Columbus . . . . The Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association is getting ready for the event of the year, the Medical Fund show. Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, IA.—The Des Moines Golden Gloves squad won five of the eight bouts at the state A. A. U. boxing tournament staged here before a crowd of 2,000 yelling fans. The Des Moines winners were: Lupe Rivas, featherweight; Billy Cornwall, flyweight; Al Winfrey, middleweight; Vance Basler, light-heavyweight, and Don Turner, heavyweight.

Other titles went to Bob Anderson of Washington, Ia., lightweight; Burrell Smith of Oskaloosa, welterweight, and Harry Demery of Rockwell City, bantamweight.

South Sioux City, Nebr.—Results of an amateur boxing card staged here were as follows: Don Shanks, 82, decisioned Henry Trysla, 81; Conrad Larson, 90, decisioned Howard Gilbert, 89; Wayne Randall, 112, decisioned Robert Mason, 110; Bill Outhouse, 142, decisioned Junior Tippery, 132; Merle Walker, 94, drew with Bob Rogers, 93; Harold Schook, 104, decisioned Scotty Ogburn, 100; Conrad Dermit, 110, decisioned William Schovanec, 110; Armond Todd, 110, decisioned Al Brown, 108; David Black, 120, won by technical knockout over Gilbert Head, 130, first round; Jim Billheimer, 99, drew with Jarold Gilson, 99; Angelo Marino, 111, decisioned Dick Nelson, 112; Floyd Raub, 125, decisioned Gene Rochester, 120; Richard Monroe, 108, drew with J. Hodgins, 90; Bob Wolf, 155, drew with Alroy Hawkinson, 162; Ken Chase, 160, won by technical knockout over Vincent Engle, 148.

South Sioux City, Nebr.—Results of an amateur boxing card staged here were as follows: Harold Shook, 104, drew with Lynn Heaton, 102; Don Shanks, 82, decisioned J. Hodgins, 90; Douglas Dorn, 98, drew with Bobby Rogers, 93; Gale Outhouse, 81, decisioned Gene Reisch, 90; Roy Duckson, 83, drew with Johnny Townsend, 92; Raymond Morton, 109, decisioned Alvin Brown, 108; Bill Stamps, 144, decisioned Floyd Heaton, 142; Babe Morrow, 105, decisioned Ervin Stamps, 106; Bob Wolf, 155, decisioned Charles Martin, 161; Richard Monroe, 108, decisioned Richard Young, 100; Armond Todd, 110, decisioned Tom Knepper, 109; A. Rowler, 121, decisioned Doyle Rager, 145; Jarold Gilson, 99, decisioned Gayus Outhouse; Junior Tippery, 132, fought Lester Miller, 142 (exhibition).

Miller, So. Dak.—Winners in the South Dakota state amateur boxing tournament staged here were as follows:

Flyweight—Semi-final: Furman, Miller, decisioned Warren, Pierre, three; LaFortune, Highmore, decisioned Hoy, Wessington. Final: Furman forfeited to LaFortune.

Bantamweight—Kennell, Miller, decisioned Coss, Miller.

Featherweight—Semi-final: Dancey, Pierre, decisioned Keller, Pierre. Final: Bell, Highmore, decisioned Dancey.

Lightweight—Final: Hamerly, Highmore, decisioned Wells, Vayland, three.

Welterweight—Semi-final: Paul Stahl, Huron, decisioned Keyser, Pierre, three. Final: Stahl decisioned Wilson, Miller, three.

Middleweight—Final: Morrison, Pierre, won by technical knockout over Sporrer, Highmore, three.

Light-heavyweight—Final: Polstra, St. Lawrence, knocked out Degroyer, Highmore, first round.

Heavyweight—Final: Cliff Speese, Pierre, won by technical knockout over Joe Stahl, Huron, first.

NOVICE DIVISION

Pinweight—Final: Lee, Highmore, decisioned Zimmerman, Miller.

Paperweight—Final: Myers, Miller, decisioned Larouche, Pierre, three.

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Flyweight—Final: Droz, Miller, decisioned Woodruff, Wessington, three.

Featherweight—Final: Voelker, Ree Heights, decisioned Losey, Ree Heights, three.

Lightweight—Final: Bill Freeman, Ree Heights, decisioned Fred Freeman, Ree Heights, three.

Welterweight—Final: Hollister forfeited to Heintz.

Middleweight—Final: Perkins, St. Lawrence, awarded decision on foul over Scott, Ree Heights.

Sioux City, Ia.—Results of the annual Trinity College boxing tourney were as follows:

118 pounds—Bob Jolin decisioned Mike O'Brien, Mark Hughes-Bill Clemens (exhibition), Ed Murphy decisioned Ken Jones.

125 pounds—Jim Fullenkamp decisioned Dick Nooney.

135 pounds—Don Prager decisioned Tom Clark, Jim McFadden won by a technical knockout over Bill Flanders (first round), Bernie McFadden decisioned George Verbeski, Don Dunn decisioned Joe Cosgrove, Bud Sherrard decisioned Fred Lennon.

147 pounds—Bob Betz decisioned Joe Beacom, Phil Burns decisioned Terry Leazer.

160 pounds—Bob Hackett decisioned Jack Kampmeyer, Ed Luce decisioned Wayne Flanders, Earl Fahey and Bill Espe drew.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Did you know that Andy Miller, Sioux City heavyweight, holds a win over Tony Musto? . . . . Two Middle Western amateurs who made the trip to Boston for the National A. A. U. meet were from the Sioux City *Journal* boxing team—Bert Williams, lightweight, and Stan Seneca, a heavyweight . . . . At Fargo, No. Dak., Dick Demaray stopped Eddie Morgan in three rounds, and Demaray, in his bout with Fritz Zivic at Minneapolis, was stopped in five heats . . . . Wilbur De Cora, Sioux City heavyweight, dropped a six-round decision to Paul Hartnek at Minneapolis . . . . George Sheppard, popular Brooklyn boxing manager, thinks a great deal of Leo Mahon, Ponca, Nebr., middleweight, who entered the Army ahead of his draft call . . . . The Mail Bag—F. D. L., St. Paul, Minn.: Yes, Frank "Doc" Bagley was manager of such boys as Willie Jackson, Gene Tunney, Augie Ratner and many other tough ones . . . . G. L., Des Moines: No, and I don't think you have a right to hold anyone to such a contract . . . . G. B., Waterloo, Ia.: Back in 1921, he promoted under the name of Ryan A. C. at Des Moines, Ia. . . . . F. L. S.: Read over THE RING book. Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Ill., has a good featherweight in Dickie Wells . . . . I don't blame you one bit . . . . Sam Porcelli: Why not try Pinkie George? . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

CHICAGO'S boxing enthusiasts were disappointed in the lack of all-around skill that the light-heavyweight champion, Billy Conn, displayed in his inaugural appearance here against the "trial horse," Gunnar Barlund of Finland at the Chicago Stadium.

Conn registered a seven-round T.K.O., due to a cut right optic on the Gunnar. The fight was all Conn's. He outclassed his opponent. Paul Damski, Barlund's manager, refused to let his man continue because of a cut eye.

Booker Beckwith, a name which will eventually be known as a great fighter, stiffened Altus Allen, a likely heavyweight prospect, in the second round of his bout slated for ten cantos. He is a classy boy. Keep your eyes on him.

Just prior to this victory, Booker defeated Erv Sarlin, ninth ranking light-heavy, according to Eddie Borden's competent compilations.

Nick Castiglione, promising lightweight protege of Jess Darcy, lost a heart-breaker to the pugnacious Tommy Spiegal, Union Town, Pa., long-armed battler. The decision was roundly booed as Nicky forced the fighting throughout.

Another surprise on the bill was the fifty seconds knockout that Johnny Colon, Paul Damski's middleweight charge, weighing 161 to Settimio Terricina's 173 pounds, scored with a short right-cross on the button. Terricina was unable to beat the ten toll.

And in the opener, Johnny Cregan, middleweight stablemate of Billy Conn, hammered out a nice win over Mike Sopko of Indiana Harbor, in four rounds.

On the championship program involving Joe Louis and Abe Simon, Nick Castiglione, hard-hitting Chicago 135-pounder, fired away against Tony Sarullo, from Philadelphia, Penn., ending the fray for keeps in the second fray of an eighter.

Bill Petersen, white hope entry from Indiana Harbor, chalked up his most noteworthy triumph when he gained the laurels over the unorthodox but incessant body whacking Selman Martin, in an eight round scorcher, at the Hammond Civic Center, which was witnessed by 1,700 paid admissions.

Bill Parsons, Danville, Illinois, lightweight, spilled the agile George Dixon II for the count in round three of their six-round tiff, winning easily.

Anthony Jones, middleweight from Champaign, Illinois, pounded out a hard-earned victory over the sturdy George Mitchell of Detroit, Mich., in their six-round confab and in another sixer, Joe Du Pont of South Chicago flashed enough leather to gain the nod in his contest.

The four-rounders revealed Mike Sopko, Indiana Harbor middie, and Bobby Berger of Pittsburgh, winners over Johnny Williams and Al Capalby, respectively. The former won along the T.K.O. route in round three.

Heading down to Indianapolis, Ind., Armando Sicilia from Downstate, Illinois, defeated Ray Sharkey of Cleveland, Ohio, in their ten-round whirl.

Johnny Barabara who suffered a reoccurrence to his previous broken rib was sidelined in a sparring joust with Anthony Jones—the blow that did it was a comparatively light blow but the rib wasn't given sufficient time to heal. Now Barbara is resuming his training chores minus any thought of sparring sessions for the time being.

To Ken Misumi Honolulu's RING Correspondent —Would appreciate a reply to my most recent letter to you.—Thank you.

Boxing is definitely on the upgrade here in Chicago and a couple of good promoters who aren't afraid to gamble can find in fistiana a profitable and interesting venture.

Gene Ward, who earned a previous decision to Harvey Dubbs of Windsor, Ontario, had the tables turned on him by his former victim, Dubbs, in their ten round joust.

Ramey McKnight, Richie Mitchell's straight-punching welter from the "Brewery City," Milwaukee, Wis., won over Johnny Ryan of Detroit, a "Motor City" glove wielder, in the five-round semi-windup.

The four-round settos revealed Vito (Bo) Rizzo, Westside Italian 132-pounder, winner over Jesse Yarver, Mickey Potter outpointing Buddy Wright, Cincinnati welterweight, and George Feltes, who is on a furlough from the Army, fighting a draw with George Eschman, also from Cincinnati, Ohio, in a five-round special event.

Henry Wacker, a fistic rage hereabouts two years ago, is nothing but a stumbling block for up-and-coming heavyweight prospects. Lee Savold, 190-pound Des Moines Iowan, kayoed Henry in two rounds at St. Paul, Minn., of a tenner, which was offered by Karl Ogren. Net receipts were $1,400. Karl's wife was a spectator at the recent Conn-Barlund farce and intimated that the largest hindrance to successful boxing promotions are the "Annie Oakleys."

Orlando Trotter, lanky Southside heavyweight, mustered out two important victories for himself in beating Lou Thomas of Indianapolis, Indiana, in ten frames and subduing Lee Oma of Detroit, in round two of a tenner.

Frank McBride, another sepia Southsider, scored a technical knockout over the veteran comebacker, Henry Schaft of Minneapolis, Minn., in the sixth round of their eight-rounder.

The Pierce brothers, Jimmy and Billy, were able to emerge victorious in their latest engagements. Jimmy had to fight every inch of the way in order to conquer Tito Taylor. And Bobby won a close decision in four rounds over Speedy Schaefer, rugged Southsider.

George De Gidio, Minneapolis lightweight, will bear watching in the near future. George stopped Jesse Yarver of the Southside, in convincing fashion, in the third canto.

An average of 450 fistic railbirds paid their thirty cents daily for eight consecutive days in order to view the much-publicized technique employed by Billy Conn, up at Trafton's Gym. They were, however, opportuned to watch Billy work six rounds daily on meager sparmates, and one in particular, Eddie Camp, Conn took picks at and battered relentlessly.

Billy Seward, after two years of beak-busting, has finally advanced to five-round settos and this time was able to earn the nod over Al Dorlac. They are lightweights.

Nate Bolden, Marigold Bronze middleweight, was beaten by Ossie (Bulldog) Harris of Pittsburgh, Pa., at the end of ten rounds.

In the semi-windup, Frank McBride continued in his winning form by extending and whipping Bob Berry, Cleveland 165-pounder, which went eight rounds.

And in the four-rounders, Johnny Trotter, brother of Orlando, fought to a standstill with Al Reiss of Detroit, and George Feltes, Milwaukee middleweight, registered over Bobby Berger and Frank Jamison defeated the fast-stepping Jimmy Pierce.

SWAPPING PUNCHES FROM THE GRANDSTAND: Leo Rodak made it two in a row over Herschel Joiner in Cincinnati, Ohio, with the gate receipts again hitting over the $3,000 mark. Leo can be counted on to deliver against any of the leading lightweights throughout the country.

A good looking amateur, Mickey Grod, is being tutored by the ever-efficient Larry Amadee.

Lou Jackson, hustling mentor of Johnny Janis, nee McCarthy, has obtained several important matches for his charge of late. Pat Comiskey, Bob Sikes, Southern heavyweight champ, and Jack Marshall were just three opponents of Janis during the past six months.

According to info furnished by Bob Capocy, one time mentor of Tony Musto, he has signed up Bill Cowan, '40 Golden Glove heavyweight finalist, and intends to campaign him out in California shortly.

Attention fighters: Any experienced fighters, with or without managerial connections, would do well to get in touch with Gene Engel for bouts in the Middlewest. Enclose photo and clippings of your past record, giving complete won and lost compilation. I can be reached at Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

And RING readers, you can always obtain a copy of THE RING Magazine here at the above mentioned place.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

BEFORE almost 18,000 people, Joe Louis scored his sixteenth triumph in defense of the heavyweight title at the St. Louis Arena. The gate, lacking but a few chips of totalling $53,000, was a new high for this area, eclipsing the former record established by that ring immortal, Primo Carnera, which just missed the $50,000 mark. The champion thus brought his pin money parade to a close. He will now undoubtedly rest up a bit and await Billy Conn's pleasure.

Tony Musto furnished the opposition and made things colorful all the way until Arthur Donovan, Joe's house referee from New York, decided that Tony was no longer pretty enough to continue. The Baby Tank from Blue Island, Illinois, was rather striped at the finish (round 9), but pictures of him at the microphone revealed that he was not badly cut up and nowhere nearly as unlovely as his predecessors, the Godoys, the Farrs, Galentos and you name the rest. The flailing fireplug did himself plenty proud.

The Bomber for his part did not go after his man in earnest until the seventh. Once during the third he whistled a copyrighted left hook off the Musto beard, and Tony bounced on and off the canvas as Nat Fleischer, the knockdown timer, counted one over him. In the seventh, however, Louis began a bit of ambidextrous dynamiting that presages the end of all his fights. It was that old pillar-to-post routine that has kept the Bomber at the head of the hit parade lo these many years.

Billy Conn, following his smashing victory over Gunnar Barlund in Chicago, arrived in time to see Joe hold his right hand in abeyance for six full stanzas, due, as we learned, to an injury that the Bomber sustained in the Simon fight.

Henry Armstrong, who had many a run-in but took nary a run-out, was scarcely noticed at the ringside. Being no longer a commodity that hires out by the night, Henry was not introduced. So what! To fight fans, Henry needs no introduction.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch, Maine's fighting Irishman, won the New England middleweight championship from Henry Chmielewski by scoring a technical knockout over the punching Pole in nine rounds, a badly cut eye preventing him from continuing the battle. More than 4000 fans saw the battle, which was bitterly contested from the first bell until the end.

Other bouts saw Ernie Burke of Portland gain a six-round decision over Joe White of Boston in six rounds. Duke Demers of Sanford knocked out Bud McGurk of Boston in two; Everett Ladd of Westbrook surprised fans by knocking out Ray McGinness in two rounds, and Young Norment of Waterville and Frankie Bannon of Portland went four fast rounds to a draw.

South Berwick—Ted Daley of Manchester won a six-round decision from Ray Bantam of Portland in six rounds. In the semi-final Eddie Berry of Portland defeated the Blonde Tiger of Lowell in six rounds, and Joe Gonic of Dover and Young Butch of Lowell battled four rounds to a draw.

Rockland—Lefty LaChance of Lisbon and Henry Lagasse of Bangor battled six rounds to a draw. In the semi-final, Lee Anderson of Portland knocked out Tim Grover of Bangor in five rounds.

South Berwick—Young Pelky of Suncook won a six-round decision from Henry Perry of Portland. In the semi-final, Frankie Bannon of Portland knocked out Young Nedeau of Suncook in four rounds. In the prelims, Lee Anderson of Portland defeated Kid Cloutier of Suncook in four, and Curley Johnson of Epping and Young Duchane of Sanford went four rounds to a draw.

Rockland—Billie Lancaster of Portland and Al Buck of Lisbon Falls battled six rounds to a draw in one of the best battles of the year. In the semi-final, Young Jack of Augusta defeated Eddie Berry of Portland in six rounds.

Augusta—Ted Lowry of Portland knocked out Jackie Fisher of Waterville for the second time, both battles ending in the fifth round. In the semi-final Al Chalifeaux of Lewiston won the decision from Jimmy Duval of Portland.

Brunswick—Frankie Nelson of Portland knocked out Salem Thomas of Waterville in five rounds before the largest crowd of the season. In the semi-final, Lefty La Chance of Lisbon knocked out Maurice Beauchene of Brunswick in four rounds.

Biddeford—Tiger Lambert of Biddeford won by a technical over Billie Lancaster of Portland in five rounds. A cut over Lancaster's eye halted the battle. In the semi-final, Duke Demers of Sanford won a six-round decision from Eddie O'Tash of Dover.

South Berwick—Francis Burley of Dover won a six-round decision from Jim Christopher of Boston. In the semi-final, Rudy Hanson of Westbrook scored a six-round decision over Young Williams of Boston. Flash Fisher of Durham and Tiger Jackson of Boston went four rounds to a draw, and so did Lee Martin of Farmington and Bert Tracy of Portland.

Rockland—Al Buck of Lisbon won a fast eight-round bout from Billie Lancaster of Portland before the largest crowd of the season. Frankie Bannon of Portland won a six-round decision from Alton Wooster of Rockland.

Waterville—Francis Burley of Dover knocked out Jackie Fisher of Waterville in the first round in the first pro boxing show to be held here this year. In the semi-final Everett Ladd of Westbrook knocked out Pancho Villa in five rounds.

Biddeford—Francis Burley of Dover won a decision from Tiger Lambert of Biddeford in a fast eight-round bout. In the semi-final, Johnny Mack of Sanford and Harvey Driscol of Portland battled six rounds to a draw.

In Our Question Box

Additional Q's and A's

Gene Kerr, Athens, Ga.

Q.—If a fighter loses a round in New York, does that mean that he loses by a point margin of 6 to 4 or does he lose all points? What was the fate of the Pinkie May vs. Izzy Schwartz and May vs. Kid Chocolate fights fought in Savannah?

A. He loses the complete round. In New York fights are not decided on points. They are decided on rounds. Hence when a fighter is penalized, the referee and other officials take away the round from him. The May vs. Schwartz fight was held on November 11, 1927 and the Chocolate fight on September 7, 1928.

Martin Thomson, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Why does the Chairman of the Michigan State Athletic Commission permit a fight between Louis, the world champion and Abe Simon, to take place in this city and be billed as an exhibition? Isn't that an outrage?

A.—Take it any way you want. No one tells you or any one else to go to see such a fight. The patrons, by attending, prove to Mike Jacobs that they don't care what he puts on, so long as he shows Louis. Personally, I agree with you. If Chairman Hettche thought so little of that fight as to compel the promoter, Mike Jacobs to bill it as an exhibition, then he certainly showed no regard for the Detroit fight fans by permitting, at the same time this bout to be billed at twenty rounds, thereby putting his stamp of approval on it as a bout of importance and at the same time telling the people that they are saps if they attend because it will be only an exhibition.

I don't think much of such action by an official. Either the bout was good enough to be listed as a championship bout which in all respects it was, or it was unfit to be billed as other than an exhibition, in which case it should have not been booked for twenty rounds to fool the people. That was done to attract attention. Any fool knows that an exhibition couldn't last for twenty rounds, especially with Joe Louis as the headliner. Had Simon knocked out Louis or received the decision, "exhibition or not," he would have emerged the world champion. Hence why bamboozle the public? Commissioner Hettche knew this was not an exhibition, hence why bill it as such? I don't blame the Michigan public for being peeved at such action by an official of the state.

John Ogden, N. J.

Q.—Was Frank Mantell a good fighter? Was he ever champion?

A.—He was an excellent fighter who clashed with the cream of the middleweight division which at the time he was in the field, consists of such great fighters as Papke, Klaus, Chip, Clabby, Jeff Smith among others. He fought a 20-round draw with Smith and had only a few knockouts against him. Papke and Harry Lewis turned the trick on him. He was never champion but claimed the title as did many others in that period.

Miss Norma Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Could you tell me Lou Nova's address? Also Bob Pastor's?

A.—Nova—Dauphin Hotel, New York City. Pastor—Paramount Building, New York City, c/o Jimmy Johnston's office.

Vernon Pierson, Chetopa, Kan.

Q.—If a person is 17 years of age, weighs 125 pounds and is 5 feet 10½ inches, is he underweight and how much?

A.—You should weigh about 155 pounds with your measurements.

J. M. T., Fort Harrison, Mont.

Q.—From whom did Mickey Walker win the welterweight title? What is Jim Flynn's correct name and on what railroad did he work as a locomotive fireman?

A.—Jack Britton. Flynn's correct name was Andrew Chiariglione. He worked on the D. & R. G. railroad out of Pueblo.

M. Karp, New York City

Q.—In what round and when did Nova stop Max Baer?

A.—On June 1, 1939, Nova stopped Baer in the eleventh round.

D. Galler, Erie, Pa.

Q.—What weight must a challenger be to fight for the light-heavyweight championship? Is Conn still the title holder. Can a fellow who fights a title holder over the weight and wins, claim the title? Has Joe Louis ever had a million dollar gate? Name the men who fought Louis, from the time he beat Braddock, in their order.

A.—He must scale no more than 175 pounds. Conn is still the champion, until such time as he retires. He has not yet done so officially. No he cannot claim the title. Must fight within weight limit. Louis-Baer fight grossed a million. Louis fought the following in order: Farr, Mann, Thomas, Schmeling, John Henry Lewis, Roper, Galento, Pastor, Godoy, Paychek, Godoy, McCoy, Burman, Dorazio, Abe Simon and Tony Musto.

Hawaii Soldier

Q.—When was Jack Patton a contender? Did he ever beat Jack Roper? Did Carman Notch quit fighting? I see nothing about him. Why did Frankie Wingo quit the ring?

A.—I don't know about Wingo. Notch is still fighting. He recently, on March 17, whipped Irish Eddie Dunne. As for Potter, he was a pretty good fighter. He started about 1936 when he won five fights. He scored kayoes that same year in 30 fights, making his record thirty-five victories for the year—an excellent record. In 1937 he won five battles, scored 15 knockouts. In 1938 he knocked out Frank Roper, not Jack, in 3 rounds and kayoed Art Mills, in one. He lost one fight that year to Buddy Knox in 10. His record shows 53 fights, 42 knockouts and 10 victories by decisions with only one defeat. If Patton is in your regiment as you say, you should all feel proud of his fighting ability. He should be made a boxing instructor. He knows his "onions."

Joe Wearing Out

(Continued from page 13)

but he won't stand to Louis and let himself be hit. Joe knows that, Blackburn knows it, too. Conn will stab, stab and stab again—always in an effort to keep Joe moving and getting Joe off balance. That kind of a battle may whip Louis.

* * *

THE chief problem confronting Conn is that peculiar failing of his—inability to get hot before he has had some nine or ten minutes of fighting under his belt. This is peculiar for a man with Billy's speed and eagerness. However, it is not something new in ring history.

Jim Jeffries was one heavyweight champion who was slow getting started. But he was a big man of the more methodical, lumbering type. He was a croucher, a plugger. He counted on wearing his man down.

In the famous battle with Jim Corbett at Coney Island, it took Jeffries 23 rounds to get warmed to his task. As round followed round, Corbett kept piling up points. Billy Brady implored Jeff to cut loose. But Jeffries bided his time. Corbett's legs failed him and Jeffries landed the knockout.

The legs go first in a fighter, long before his punch. This is true in all athletes. The ball player's legs go while he still can hit. That's why there very often are great hitters in the minors whose averages argue they should still be in the majors. But they haven't the legs for the fast company.

In the ring, the most recent famous case of leg failure was that of Henry Armstrong. His courage was unquenched. His spirit flared, his boxing skill was untarnished. But his legs had quit on him. And when the underpinning quits, the fighter has to quit, too.

Once again, the writer wishes to make it plain that he paints Louis as no fighter whose day is over. Joe still is a great two fisted fighter—a most powerful hitter. Still the champion of the world, still a young man. But the evidence cannot be disputed. He is wearing out, but I don't think sufficiently for any of the present crop to take him right now.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT SCRANTON—In the only boxing show staged here the past month, Rego Dell, Dunmore, Italian welterweight, won an eight-round decision from Angelo Cali, fellow Dunmorean. The bout was a two-fisted slugging affair. In the six round semi-final, Emil Kozel, Throop's hard-hitting middleweight, came back "strong" in the closing rounds to gain a verdict over Calloway Clay of Allentown. Kozel landed the harder blows.

Jimmy Dolphin, classy Roal Region lightweight from Dunmore, added Bob Kane of Wilkes-Barre to his list of victims. Dolphin gained the decision after a close bout.

In the other bouts, Walter O'Donnell, Scranton featherweight, pounded out a four-round win over Barney Murphy of Hyde Park. Tommy Purcell, Scranton light-heavyweight, kayoed Al Thorton of Dunmore in the second round of a scheduled four-rounder.

At Williamsport—Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre's classy colored welterweight, won an eight-round decision from Indian Joe Rivers of Bethlehem. Burton was out front throughout and the decision was unanimous. In the co-feature eight-rounder Angelo Cali of Dunmore kayoed Bobby Stone of York in the fourth round.

Len DeAndrea of Dunmore defeated Willie Roach of Wilmington, Del., in the special six-rounder. DeAndrea showed better in this battle than he previously had. The improvement most likely was due to being in great condition.

In the four round bout Murray Brown of Wilkes-Barre won the verdict over Van Atta of Allentown. The attendance exceeded any other previous indoor door show under the Eddie Leroy promotion.

At Wilkes-Barre—Chalky Wright, leading featherweight contender, met Charlie Schanpoff, local lightweight, and Schanpoff lasted five rounds. In the six-round semi-final, Joe Kelly, Nanticoke's fast rising lightweight, kayoed Shean Hines of Ireland in the third. Kelly thus far in his pro career is unbeaten. In a six-rounder, Emil Kozel was kayoed in the second by Johnny Lempo of Harrisburg.

A BIT FOR ALL . . . . Billy Davis, Minersville lightweight, won a six-round bout over Johnny Dundee of N.Y.C. at Hazleton . . . . Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre, beat Billy Davis in ten rounds at Reading . . . . Abe Kauffman of New York beat Patsy Gall of Freeland at Lancaster . . . . Jimmy Young of Dunmore beat Dula Kovac at Waterbury . . . . Coal Region fighters did fairly well in out of town rings . . . . Veteran Wildcat O'Connor lasted five rounds with the high ranking middleweight, Tami Maurello at New York.

Mike Latzo has been named "matchmaker" for a new boxing club that will promote at the Scranton Armory and the Scranton Stadium . . . . Fighters wanting work in and around Scranton should write to Mike Latzo at 1715 Monroe Ave., Scranton . . . . Boxing seems to be on the "climb" throughout the East as gates have increased the past six months among the smaller clubs . . . . THE RING is on sale at all the leading bookstands in the Coal Fields. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's bookshop . . . . See you again next month.

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CONNECTICUT NEWS
By DON HAMILL

THE Connecticut Sports Alliance held its annual dinner at the Garde Hotel in New Haven. Joe Waters, president, presided. Honored were George Mulligan, Sr., George Mulligan, Jr., Lou Brouillard, Louis Kid Kaplan, Jack Delaney, and a few others.

Bridgeport was the only club to keep busy in the state. Some of the results were as follows:—Bridgeport—Mosque Temple—Red Moffett, 151, Devon Irishman, decisioned Gene Molnar of New York in eight hard fought rounds. Joe DeMartino, Bridgeport, was awarded the nod over Norman Red Rahn, Philadelphia, in the six-round semi-final. George Fuller, Norwalk Negro, punched out an easy win over Julio Ortenzio, New York heavyweight, but Referee Jigger McCarthy called the bout a draw. The Herman Carey-Marty Shapiro six-rounder was also called a draw. Harvey Twin Weiss, New York, stopped Joe Perrone, Jersey City, in the last round of a four. Moe Twin Weiss, New York, won over Vin Pignatore, Bridgeport, in the opener of four.

Bridgeport—Pyramid Mosque—Gene Molnar, Detroit, decisioned Jimmy Bell in the eight-round feature. Molnar had too much on the ball for the New Haven Negro. Caesar Ferro, New York, triumphed over Jackie Dubois, Boston, in a six. Jackie LaMotta, New York, licked Tony Gillo, New Haven, in another six. Billy Brown, Waterbury, stopped Sal Voccia, New York, in a third six. Chet Simms, Bridgeport, drew with Mickey Sarko, New York, in the opener. Simms, a good heavyweight, is managed by Billy Prince.

New Haven—The Arena—Al Gainer, New Haven Negro light-heavyweight, made a good impression in his comeback by soundly trouncing Henry Moroz of New York in the ten-round top bout. George Fitch, New Haven Negro, outfought Billy Nichy of Buffalo in the eight round semi-windup. Willie Andrews, New Haven, outpointed Sidney Levine of New York in a six. Matty Shapiro looked good in stopping Lee Hogan, New Haven, in three heats. Art Tatta, New Haven comer, drew with Al Cortez of the George Shepherd stable.

Bridgeport—Pyramid Mosque—Angelo Rodano, South Norwalk, gave a sound trouncing to Texas Lee Harper, New York in eight rounds. Joey Genovese, Toronto, pounded out a win over Sammy Mammome, Stamford, in a six. Harvey Twin Weiss, New York, stopped Johnny Mirabella, New York, in one heat. Leo Dulmaine, Worcester, flattened Mickey Rooney, Scranton, in four stanzas. Dick Schaeffer, Bridgeport, stopped Tyrone Johnson of Jersey City in two heats.

Hartford—Foot Guard Hall—Bobby Ivy avenged his former defeat by dishing out a shellacking to Johnny Compo in the ten-round feature. Willie Pep won over Marty Shapiro in six rough rounds. Tony Gillo, New Haven, decisioned Rex Johnson, Pittsfield Negro, in another six. Dickey Jones scored over Billy Marcus of Hartford in the third six. Mike Reagan, a heavyweight comer from Hartford, won over Chips Wynn of Bridgeport in a four. Billy Sippe won a four-round slugfest over Jackie Read in the opener.

Basil Mizera, soldier-boxer now stationed at Fort Devens, is now fighting under the wing of this writer. He dropped a close decision to Jackie Collins in his last start. Jimmy Rankin, Negro 158-pounder is about to start going in this neck of the woods. He is also handled by this writer. He has scored 14 kayoes in his 18 fights.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

MILWAUKEE has landed a world championship match. Petey Scalzo, N.B.A. featherweight champ, will place his title on the line against Phil Zwick, in May. Phil has been around a long time and may be too experienced for Scalzo.

Scalzo was guaranteed $3500 and expenses. George (Babyface) Ades is said to have convinced Pete Reilly it was a good risk. Billy Mitchell is promoting. Milwaukee's last championship match was held in 1936 with Freddie Steele defending his title against Gorilla Jones.

The new Cream City boxing club staged its first show at the Bahn Frei hall. The club promises to be just what the doctor ordered to stimulate boxing in Wisconsin, using home talent on bi-weekly, popular-priced cards. Jack Crowley, Beer City gym manager, is matchmaker.

At Davenport, Ia.—Promoter Frank Duffy is looking for promising talent. He has been staging cards at the Eagles Club which have pleased the enthusiastic fight town. Eddie Dempsey, retired Davenport lightweight, plans a comeback.

At Indianapolis—Lloyd Pine, who is fighting his way back to the top featherweight ranks, was held to a draw in ten gruelling rounds by willing Armanda Sicilia. Kelse McClure has been getting a good turnout there with top-notch weekly shows.

After wowing Marigold, Chicago, fans with several classy exhibitions, Richie Mitchell's ace, Ray McKnight, was given an eight-round top with Sam Secreet, classy Pittsburgh middle, but failed to flash his usual form and dropped the verdict . . . . George Feltes drew with George Eshman at Chicago and lost an unpopular decision to him at Indianapolis . . . . This correspondent's brother drove 500 miles to see him win over Charley Eshman at Indianapolis . . . . Bill Pierce made a decided hit with a win over a local boy . . . . Matt Mihalovich turned in a good win, scoring over Al Jackson in six at Gary, Ind . . . . Mickey Potter has made his pro debut and is fighting for Johnny Demov . . . . Kaukauna can boast of the cleanest arena in the country. The bouts are staged in the high school gym which is scrubbed with Dutch scrupulosity . . . . Dan "Shorty" Spunt is the busiest handler in the midwest with his large stable of pleasing club fighters . . . . Johnny Gaudes is training again and is scheduled for the Derby card at Louisville. Frankie Gaudes, Nunzio Ferraro and Al Kondos are working in defense industries.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

EDDIE ELIE, light-heavyweight of Springfield, won over Jimmy Ace Clark in a main bout at Brattleboro, Vt. Elie also won over Armand Roy of Manchester, N. H., in a main bout at Claremont, N. H. Al Castonguay of Holyoke won a T.K.O. over Al Mello of Manchester in the third round of a six-rounder, and Waddell Washington of Springfield knocked out Phil Johnson of Manchester in the third round of another six. Billy Stevens of Springfield fought a draw with Young Nadeau.

Jackie Parker of Worcester has won his last eight bouts in Holyoke and Brattleboro, Vt., and looks like the best white boy out of Worcester in a long time. Parker can be reached through the writer, at 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Gene Brown, back from Jacksonville, Fla., where he was visiting his folks, won another bout in the Valley Arena, Holyoke, when he took Billy Towne into camp. This is Brown's eighth win in nine fights, all at the same club.

Pepe McNine is doing pretty well lately. He has won or drawn in his last six or seven fights. His job is keeping him from filling many engagements, as he cannot get off for weighing ceremonies.

Beau Jack of Springfield is still bowling over all opposition, and packs the Valley Arena every time he shows.

Joe DeMaria, recovering from a cold, is putting on real shows at the Valley Arena, giving plenty of action in his six-round main bouts.

Joe Dow, hustling little manager of Boston, keeps traveling all over New England with his fighters.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

DAVE CASTILLOUX, Montreal's classy Canadian lightweight king, will have come to the crossroads of his career by the time this comes off the press. At this writing, Dave was booked to tangle with Sammy Angott, Louisville's N.B.A. champion, at Louisville on the eve of the Kentucky Derby, May 2. Should he come through that test, he will be right up in the forefront as top contender for Lew Jenkins' crown. However, ten days before then he is scheduled to defend his Canuck title against Harry Hurst in their oft-postponed and much-discussed local "natural," and his schedule will be considerably upset if Hurst connects with enough of his paralyzing wallops to capture the laurels.

The Hurst-Castilloux battle will usher in the 1941 ring season in Montreal and should attract a goodly gathering to the Forum. Maurice Foreman's hard-hitting young protege, though not nearly as experienced as Castilloux, should prove a more dangerous hurdle than expected as he has not tasted defeat in his twenty battles. Hurst's latest victory was a clean-cut win over Tommy Cross in ten rounds at Washington. Castilloux stopped Harris Blake, Buffalo Negro, in six rounds at Toronto, sharing the spotlight on the same card with another Montrealer, Maxie Berger, who stopped Johnny Rinaldi, Jersey welter, in a four.

Incidentally, Berger seems to be punching harder as he went back to Cleveland, where he had stopped Mike Gamiere, and kayoed Irish Eddie Dunne, tough New Yorker. Probably Maxie is finding his legs slowing up on him, or tiring a bit sooner under the pace, and is putting more "oomph" in his punches to slow up the opposition. Castilloux is also punching harder and is more aggressive but Hurst is the heaviest hitter and most aggressive of the trio, though lacking their speed and experience. At this writing, Castilloux is in demand, booked to meet Vic Troise at Toronto, then Hurst in Montreal, and then Angott, if all goes well.

STRAY SHOTS—Oliver Shank will likely be campaigning in the States during May and June, if current arrangements are carried out . . . the hard-hitting young heavyweight needs a few tune-ups after his lengthy lay-off before trading wallops with the stars the promoters want him to oppose . . . Shank may box on the Castilloux-Hurst card if Promoter Jimmie McKimmie can secure a good opponent at reasonable terms . . . Eddie Quinn will have his mat shows on at the Forum shortly after this writing, but it looks as though Jack Ganson & Co., with Lucien Riopel as front man, are building up some opposition with their shows at the Verdun Auditorium . . . however, Quinn has an ace drawing card in Yvon Robert that should keep him ahead of the opposition . . . amateur boxing started up again with the All-Services tourney staged by the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve at the new McGill gym . . . nearly 3,000 were on hand and they saw a good show . . . Commander Paul Earl and Sub-Lieut. Frank Galway were the main organizers . . . The annual Golden Gloves tourney will be the springboard for a strong revival of the amateur game here with outdoor shows likely to provide pretty regular action . . . yours truly is moving again after five years on St. Viateur Street . . . we'll be playing host at larger quarters . . . in future will be reached at 8JJA Outremont Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

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MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Century A. C., with Lou Fisher and George Goldberg promoting, and Sylvan Bass doing the matchmaking, showed Louis Kid Cocoa and Tony Cisco in the main event, set down for ten rounds. In this Cocoa was reestablishing himself with the local fans for his last two defeats here, and in it he made good. Tony put up a good fight, but a cut over his eye seemed to worry him. In the eight-round semi, Frankie Wills and Joey Spangler hooked up in a rough slugfest, which at times saw them both going down, but at the end, Frankie was declared the winner. In a six, Jimmy Collins won over Kid Alexander. In another set-to down for six heats, Jim Elliott stopped Frank Lacey of Edgewood Arsenal in the fifth heat.

The Century A. C. showed Johnny Kapovich in his debut as a main bout performer, when he hooked up with Henry Cooper over the ten-round route. In this John looked as if he had the makings of a great fighter, when he won the unanimous decision. The eight-round semi saw Eddie Finnazzo stopped in the fourth by Frankie Wills, after being battered from pillar to post for the first three rounds. In a six, Jimmy Collins made it two in a row over Kid Alexander, only this time the Kid called it quits at the end of the third. The former heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, was the guest referee for the Wills and Collins affairs.

The Century A. C. presented an all-star card with four eight-round bouts. The Villa brothers were participants in three of the bouts. In the first, Manuel Villa II hooked up with Benny Cartegena, and after being on the deck, came on to win. In the second eight, Paco Villa hooked up with Joey Stack, and went on to give Joey a neat boxing lesson to get the nod. In the third, eght, Manuel Villa I traded punches with Frankie Wills. This was the roughest bout, in which Wills got the nod. The final eight saw Georgie Pace have too much on the ball for Tony Dupre, when Dupre couldn't answer the bell for the second, after being dropped with a hard right to the solar plexus just as the bell ended the first. The Century Club has moved over to the Coliseum.

The Arena A. C., with Fred Squires promoting and Jack Laken matchmaking, showed Lou Salica in an overweight match with Baltimore's promising Lou Transperanti in the feature ten-rounder with Transperanti taking six of the ten, with three even, and the champ winning the ninth, for his only round of the fight. The local lad outboxed, outgeneraled, and outspeeded Salica. In the secondary ten rounder, Al Williams, of Philadelphia, won over Leroy Haines of Los Angeles in a very hard fought battle. This was Al's first ten rounder and he looked mighty good in winning over the veteran Haynes. In a scheduled six, Al Blake of Baltimore stopped Ira Hughes of Pittsburgh in the third, after having Ira down for the count of nine in the second. In another set for six heats, Henry Majcher, a stablemate of Champion Fritzie Zivic, stopped Earl Fredericks in the second when a left hook split open Earl's right brow, with the referee stepping in to halt the fray. The show opened up with Max Prock's latest find, John Patrick, six feet eight inch heavyweight, winning over Paul Kreiwald in four.

The Arena A. C. showed Gene Buffalo and Eddie Carroll in a main go set for ten heats. Carroll was counted out in the second heat. The semi-final of six rounds saw Billy Carrigan win an unpopular decision over Henry Majcher. In a supporting six, King Kong made quick work over Phillie's Ben Brown, when Kong stopped him in the second. Earl Mathias won via a T.K.O. over Richard Myra when Myra's eye was cut in the third heat of a scheduled sixer.

The Arena A. C. presented the welterweight champion, Fritzie Zivic, in an over-the-weight ten-round battle with Felix Garcia, which as expected, went two heats. In the first a hard right landed by the champ deposited Garcia on his pants seat, and at the count of nine he was up looking mighty sick. In the second, that same right found Garcia's chin, and down he went to be counted out. The best fight of the night was the scheduled eight round semi that preceded the main go. It showed that unbeaten King Kong against Col. Stoopnagle's heavyweight, Lee Murray. In the sixth a booming right uppercut sent Kong down for the count of nine. When he got up, was backed into a neutral corner by Murray, and then took an unmerciful beating, and when he couldn't get out of this corner the referee stopped the fight. In a six, Larry Bouchard whacked out a decision over Charley Brandt. The only knockdown between these heavyweights came in the third, when a hard right to the body dropped Brandt. In another six, Larry (Killer) Marino, on a comeback, stopped Bert Keola in the first heat. In the opening six Billy Carrigan smacked out a decision over Billy Bates of Pittsburgh.

The Arena A. C. showed a double ten-round wind up, the first of which showed Harry Bobo stop Armand Roy in the first, when Roy couldn't answer the bell for the second. Roy was badly outclassed. The second half saw Jackie Wilson give Matt Perfetti a neat boxing lesson. Matt tried to make a fight of it, but could not cope with the lightning left of Wilson's. In a six, King Kong won over Bob Smith. The fans booed lustily at the decision. In another six, Henry Majcher won over Young Leroy Haines in a hard fought battle. In the opening six Billy Carrigan made quick work over Brooks Bowen, when Bowen was stopped in the second.

With Ray Alvis of Washington and Mike Jacobs as co-promoters, Washingtonians packed the New Uline Arena to see light-heavyweight champion Billy Conn polish off Dan Hassett of Philly in the fifth round. Conn just toyed with Hassett for four rounds, when at the opening of the fifth a left hook to the middle, another right to the heart, and a left hook to the whiskers sent Hassett down to be counted out in the fifth.

In the semi-final set for ten rounds, Chalky Wright sent a smashing left hook into the pit of the stomach of Texas Lee Harper to have Lee counted out. In an eight-rounder, Johnny Kapovich kept his win streak intact when he won over Conn's stablemate, Willie Pavlovich.

In another eight, Johnny Forte of Philadelphia won over Washington's Billy Banks after having Banks on the deck in the fifth. The opener saw undefeated Carol Alexander win the nod over Vince Tuminello in a hard fought four-rounder. The paid attendance was close to twelve thousand dollars, net, with a crowd estimated at over eight thousand, with thousands being turned away.

At Turner's Arena, Tommy Forte and Victor Corchado collided in the main go of eight rounds, and although Tommy's left eye was completely closed, and he was down for a count, he still came on to win the duke. In the secondary eight, Johnny Marcelline and Pedro Hernandez hooked up with Hernandez coming out on top. The best bout of the night was the six-rounder between El Brookman of Washington and Al Franklin of Phillie, in which Franklin was given an unpopular decision. The opening six saw Oscar Wright pound out a decision over Tommy Hoover.

At Turner's Arena a double ten round windup featured their show. In the first ten Harry Hurst won the duke over Tommy Cross, and in the other ten Sam Lampe's great little fighter, Slugger White, won all the way over Tommy Speigal. The six-round semi-final saw Roy Dunn win over Floyd Grayson. This show was sponsored by the Washington *Post* for the Children's Hospital Blood Bank.

At Turner's Arena, Louis Kid Cocoa and Andre Jessurun hooked up in a main go of ten rounds that had the Kid looking mighty bad for the early part of the fight, but as Jessurun began to tire in the later rounds, Cocoa came to life and won the fight. In a six, Jabo Kenner flattened Larry Bouchard in the second with a punch that knocked Larry through the ropes. In another six, Carol Alexander floored Larry Cirico three times to win. In another six, El Brookman won the decision over Ceasar Ferro that brought jeers.

FISTIANA ALLEY—Sammy Laporte and Joe Sole are now in the Army . . . . The Century Club is moving to larger quarters, The Coliseum, and fans are now in line for some big time matches . . . . Izzy Silbert has a nice stable of fighters, and is getting plenty of work for his boys. . . . Sylvan Bass is now on a vacation . . . . Johnny Kapovich looked mighty good in polishing off Henry Cooper . . . . Pete Bozo is getting plenty of work for his boys . . . . Pete Jubo is out of the hospital . . . . Earl Mathias, Max Prock's boy, is improving with every bout and is still undefeated.

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KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

PAT KISSINGER and Al Dorlac made boxing history and almost got your humble scrivener's neck broken when they knocked each other stiffer than the bosom of a boiled shirt in the third round of a Memorial Hall main event.

As far as we know this is the first time a double knockout has ever been recorded in the main event of a professional card. Some of the older statisticians have told us about the famous Wolgast-Rivers mutual kayo, but have also told us that the referee picked Wolgast up and dubbed him winner.

Nobody picked up Dorlac or Kissinger, who just lay where they fell while the timekeeper and referee tolled off ten. As soon as ten struck, the ring was stormed by several squadrons of excited customers, and poor old Carter was caught in the jam.

The fight was a scheduled ten, for the Missouri-Kansas welterweight title, and was a hair-raising affair from the first bell. Kissinger, punching harder than ever, hurt the game little St. Louis Frenchman a couple of times in the first round, and dropped him twice in the third, whilst absorbing some murderous thumps himself. Midway in the third the boys broke from a close exchange and threw right hands. Some say both punches landed, others say both men tripped and fell, but all agree that after the punches were thrown, the lads hit the deck head first and the sound of their domes knocking canvas could be heard all over the hall. From where we sat—and we sat with our nose on the ring apron, it looked like both punches landed, the men pitched forward and conked heads as they fell, and finally to complete the destruction, both boys bumped the boards bean first.

Many of you probably have seen the news photo taken just as the referee said "ten." Kissinger was waking up at the time, and Dorlac was about to push himself to his feet. We shall never forget that fight.

In the ten-round middleweight bout which co-featured the card, Deacon Logan, a little off form, won ten straight rounds from Jimmy Sheppard from Springfield, Ill. Sheppard spent half of each round hanging on for dear life, and the other half running backward. Logan spent the entire thirty minutes trying to throw punches at his usual 60 per minute clip, but had a tough time landing on Sheppard.

Kansas has a no-decision boxing law, and all ringside verdicts are unofficial. We make a practice of choosing three judges from the audience and having them render a judgment, more for appearance's sake than anything else. Two of the judges of the Logan-Sheppard bout were so enthralled with Jimmy's feat of going the distance that they handed down a draw decision, and you very likely read that Sheppard held the Deacon to a draw. The Deac is still undefeated and untied around here.

Ray Simmons, a very promising light-heavyweight from St. Louis, defeated Charley Dawson, hard-hitting Arkansas Negro, in a six-rounder. Dawson dropped Ray twice in the first round, but the Missouri youngster deserved to win, on aggressiveness, plus the fact that he finished stronger. It was the ninteen year old kid's third pro fight, against about 80 for Dawson.

Ray weighed 174 pounds for that one, and can be expected to grow into a heavyweight very shortly. Compactly built, he reminds one of Gus Lesnevich. A smart little fellow, conscientious and willing, he should go far.

Eddie Bartholomew, clever little Kansas City lightweight, making his local professional debut, outboxed the veteran Battling Chino Lopez for two of the first five rounds of their sixer, and might have gained a draw had he not grown reckless and got himself knocked out in the sixth.

Jackie Haley, local featherweight, stole the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament and all the attention up that way by the manner in which he sailed through his division. In our last we told you that Haley was good, and made the remark that Al Jordan, the Negro heavyweight, was better. Jordan looked every bit as good as Haley up in Chicago, according to reports we have received from people who know, and was the victim of a pretty bad decision in the final round of the tourney. He won his bout against New York, though, as did Haley.

Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the Kansas State Athletic Commission, was in Wichita for the Southwestern A. A. U. championship tournament, and, in a conversation with us the other night, had nothing but praise for the manner in which the affair was handled. He had an especially good word for the guest of honor of the tournament, Nat Fleischer, who took Wichita by storm with his capable refereeing, and accurate judging of fights.

Nat went to Wichita from Detroit, where he sat in on the Louis-Simon doings. We intended to go to Wichita to see the tournament and break bread with Nat, but we were too busy trying to lure customers into Memorial Hall to see the Kissinger-Dorlac card.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

BOSTON GARDEN—St. Patrick's Day in the Hub! That means fight and that is what the fans were given when the New England championships took place. The George V. Brown trophy, an annual award at this tournament, was won by a game Irish lad—Jimmy Mulligan. Mulligan kayoed Tommy Hill in the first round of a thrilling match, then outscored Ironman Sal Cesario in the final, to earn the extra prize. The most sensational kayo was scored by Tony DeGregorio, a new face in amateur rings. Though the bout lasted less than a round, the neat way Tony put away Robert Logan caused the fans to roar their approval to the little bantam's fiery attack. The Andrews-Buckless, Sullivan-Vivolo and Buckless-Taylor scraps were beauties. Something that will occur perhaps often from now on was the final bout between two Army boys—Corp. Hunt of Fort Devens and Pvt. Bomal of Fort Warren—in the 135's.

New England winners were: 112, Tony Peppi, Boston; 118, Tony De Gregorio, Boston; 126, Francis Leonard, Taunton; 135, Steve Bomal, North Chelmsford; 147, Dave Andrews, Lowell; 160, Jimmy Mulligan, Lowell; 175, Tommy Sullivan, South Boston; heavyweight, James Prendable, Charlestown.

New Bedford—Trying perhaps to follow in the footsteps of Joe Wolcott, Ted Lowry, 174, jumped up in the heavyweight class to tangle with Bill Weinberg, 187, of Chelsea. Although Tiger Ted made a good fight of it and cut Bill about the face, the unanimous decision went to Weinberg in ten. Joe Piaster, 183, Worcester, won the six-round decision over veteran Johnny Duarte of Providence. Jimmy Bush, 138, Boston, took the split decision from Billy Barbour, 137, Providence. Blackie Warren, 132, Boston, beat Jimmy Duval, 133, New Bedford, in six.

Fall River—Mike Kaplan, 145, New England welterweight champion, kayoed Charlie Burns, 147, Johnstown, Penn., in the first frame. Mike was master from the opening bell, flooring Burns with a right to the jaw, then a short time later put him away with a left hook to the same spot. In the semi-final, Tony Almeida, Bristol, Conn., middleweight, with a good record, stopped Rube Waddell of Boston in the second. Gene Boulden, 146, Providence, won by a T.K.O. over Dan Nobrega, 145, New Bedford.

Manchester, N. H.—Bill Weinberg, Chelsea heavy, kayoed Armand Roy, 190, of Manchester, in the fourth round. The semi-final of eight cantos was between two Manchester boys. Florian Desmarais, 126, won the award over Frankie Morgan, 128.

Portland—The year's first change of championship occurred here when Coley Welch, 158½, stopped Henry Chmielewski, 160, Boston, in the ninth session to take the New England title. Both fighters, big favorites in this city, put up a hard fought duel for nearly 6,000 fans, until at the end of the ninth chapter Henry's seconds wouldn't let him continue because of a bad cut over his left eye. The cut eye played a big part in Welch's win, as it was opened by Coley early and was used as a target for his gloves. The baby-faced Irishman proved himself a popular and colorful performer in winning, as well as having the satisfaction of avenging two previous defeats which the hard-hitting Polish lad had over him.

New Bedford—Honey Mellody, 135, Boston, was too good for Jimmy Hughes, 134, New York. The referee stopped the bout in the fourth. Billy Campanale, 154, Worcester, took the decision over Jack Dubois, 156, Fall River, in six. Italian Jack Dempsey, 165, New Bedford, stopped Mel Smallwood, 161, Boston, in four rounds. Al Scully, 135, Worcester, six-round decision over Jimmy Bush, 137, Boston.

Boston Garden—Three boys from the Boston team captured the highest honor in amateur boxing—the National A.A.U. championship. It might have been one more crown for Boston if Tommy Sullivan, 175-pounder, had not been forced out because of injuries. Surprising, too, that the other boys of the local team reached such a high place. Tony Peppi lost a hairline decision in the semi-final. Tony De Gregorio, a side-stepping, hard-hitting bantam, made a big hit in his first attempt in a three-day tourney.

There were 146 contestants for the opening of the show, with the Hawaiians noticeably absent, due to their island championships taking place almost on the same date. These were weeded down to 32 fighters for the final and semi-finals on the third night. Attendance was slightly below last year, being 15,967 for the three night. The net receipts were $19,227.

Dave Andrews, the Lowell Golden Boy, Francis Leonard and Tommy Moyer won their titles without dispute. Andrews in particular looked like a real champ, coming out of the grind without a scratch, with a world of strength left. Davey was tops in storing Vernon Weygant of St. Louis away in the first in the semi-final. George Horne of Cleveland had displayed a beautiful body attack in winning his semi-final and figured to give Davey all he could handle. Horne, however, didn't try his effective body work at all against the Lowell puncher but resorted to Davey's own style and got the worst of it. Tommy Moyer of Portland, Ore., gave a nifty display of boxing at its best. He shot out a snappy left, shifty footwork and clever blocking, tying up his opponents with apparent ease.

The writer thought that two boys were robbed of titles—Johnny Lawer of Cleveland and Al Jordan, colored, of Kansas City. For ability to give and take murderous punishment, we haven't seen the like of Lawer in an amateur ring. Mulligan won the first frame, but from then on, the Lowell boy couldn't stop Lawer, who sailed into his foe in spite of the terrific punches he took and pounded Mulligan continually to head and body, until he was a reeling, helpless boxer. The decision to Jimmy, a great favorite in Boston, was highly unpopular.

Al Jordan has more class than seen in a heavyweight in a long time. He is fast on his feet, a rapid-fire hitter with both hands, and knows what to do inside. Kinney, his opponent, is a dead game, aggressive, clinging mauler, that made Jordan look none too good. Jordan was never in trouble, even though he took an occasional long left or right that looked flashy to the crowd but the Kansas City boy did all the short jarring, hitting in close, while Kinney held on, which was most of the time.

The champions were: 112, Lawrence Torpey, Philadelphia, won an unpopular decision over a colored boy, Harold Dade, Chicago; 118, Raymond Brown, colored, of Chicago, won by T.K.O. over Tony De Gregorio, Boston, in the first, when the referee stopped it due to a cut eye; 126, Francis Leonard, Taunton, won over Carl Palombo, Amsterdam, N. Y.; 135, Tommy Moyer, Portland, Ore., won the decison over hard-socking Gus Stanford, Seminole, Okla.; 147, Dave Andrews, Lowell, beat George Horne, Cleveland; 160, James Mulligan, Lowell, won a very unpopular decision from muscle-man Johnny Lawer, Cleveland; 175, Sheldon Bell, Wilberforce, Ohio, won over James Reddick, St. Louis, both colored; heavyweight, Ragan Kinney, Hartman, Ark., won the unpopular nod from Al Jordan, Kansas City.

Fall River—Johnny Bellus, 138, of New Haven, proved too ringwise for Freddie Camuso, 139, Fall River. Freddie was doing well on his comeback, having taken the scalps of Pedro Corchado, Ray Napolitano and Norment Quarles, but found Bellus a different proposition. Bellus won seven out of the ten rounds. Eddie De Angelis of Boston fought a hard battle that ended in a six-round draw with Frank Topazio, Bristol, R. I., in the semi-windup.

New Bedford—Tommy Cross, Philadelphia, pounded out a ten-round decision over String Bean Abe Denner of Boston. Denner seems to be off his stride this year. Italian Jack Dempsey, 164, New Bedford, stopped Jack Grodsky, 163, Boston, in the third. Pedro Corchado, 140, New Bedford, won by decision in six rounds over Joe Gaynor, 138, Boston. Al Sforza, 128, Boston, won over Jimmy Duval, 131, New Bedford, in six.

RING NOTES—Mike Kaplan and Fritzie Zivic meet at the Garden . . . . Bob Ivy more than held his own in his return match with Johnny Compo . . . . He won eight out of the ten rounds in their second fight at Hartford . . . . Ken Overlin's invasion of New England was much more successful than his last appearance against Frankie Nelson . . . . The scene of this encounter was Barre, Vermont, with Ken having an easy time in stopping Larry Kellum in the fourth . . . . Jimmy Kid Hatcher, ranked in the first ten by Eddie Borden, intends to fight in the North this summer . . . . Promoters: Give your fans a treat by showing this Lake City Windmill . . . . He can be reached through us at 28 Front St., Ashland, Mass. . . . . The last RING pointed out many good points on Al McCoy . . . . Al had a great chance to make a real name for himself several times . . . . Rip Valenti is trying to get Lew Jenkins to meet Georgie Martin at the Garden in May.

At the New England championships, a collection for the widows and children of the firemen killed in the terrible Brockton fire was taken . . . . Over $400 was realized, showing that boxing fans are not only fair but generous . . . . Tony Shucco's latest win was a kayo scored at Brattleboro, Vt., over Cowboy Bob Burns in three heats . . . . Manchester promoters are trying to get Natie Mann to defend his title in that city against Wee Willie Weinberg, chosen by Eddie Borden as the best prospect a short time ago . . . . It's just a year ago that Weinberg turned pro . . . . Nick De Marco has been called in the Army . . . . Nothing new to him, though, as he has been in four branches of the service already . . . . Doc Almy says that years ago managers made themselves a nuisance in trying to get publicity for their charges . . . . While today you have to beg them to get news of their boys . . . . C. O. Hart of West Palm Beach tells us that they could have had more success at their club if there had been more talent available . . . . Do you know that Joe Louis is not a full-blooded Negro? . . . . Do you know that Henry Armstrong was kayoed in his first pro fight? . . . . Read these and other interesting facts in Nat Fleischer's vivid stories in "Black Dynamite."

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

TWO champions in Jim Brady of Dundee, British Empire bantam champion, and Jackie Paterson of Glasgow, who holds the Empire and Great Britain championships for the flyweights, met in a 10-round contest at the New St. James Hall, Newcastle, before a crowd of 6,000 frenzied boxing fans, many of whom had crossed the border from Scotland to witness the Scottish lads in action.

Paterson, with his southpaw stance, puzzled Brady for a couple of rounds, but the bantamweight soon got into his stride and scored with right hand punches to the jaw, and made the little Glasgow boy miss on numerous occasions, but "Wee" Jackie would not be taken back, and up to the eighth round both were about level.

In the last two rounds, Paterson forged ahead with terrific left swings to the body. When the gong sounded the end of the contest the referee walked over to Paterson and raised his hand as the winner of a sparkling contest.

The match was made at 121 pounds, therefore there was no title at stake, but one thing is certain, that in Jackie Paterson we have a flyweight who is without a doubt every inch as good as the former champions of Great Britain or the world for that matter.

Harry Levene, the former manager of Larry Gains, Kid Berg, Dave Crowley, etc., has succeeded Jim Wicks as promoter at the Cambridge Theatre, and has engaged Victor Berliner (late manager of The Ring, Blackfriars) as his matchmaker.

Victor, who is also breaking out with a show at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, knows the business from A to Z. Before going to The Ring he was the promoter with Manny Lyttlestone for quite a number of years of Premierland, in the East Side of London.

Speaking of promotions, now that Jim Wicks has shown the way, that raid or no raid, London boxing fans want their boxing, Jack Harding and the Marquis of Queensberry of the National Sporting Club, with officers of the Royal Air Force, staged a boxing show for charity that took in £5000 at the doors. Their show takes place at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, London. Sydney Hulls and Jack Solomons are engaging talent from the boys in the forces for their shows that they are contemplating staging in London. Phil Freeman of the East Ham Palais, not to be outdone, will resume his shows at the East Ham Town Hall, and he is certain to make a success of this venture, so there you are, readers, London will soon have its shows running as usual.

The boxing show at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, London, was a huge success, and will certainly be a forerunner for some big boxing throughout the larger cities of this wonderful island of ours. Before I go into the contests that put the big crowd into a frenzied mood by the sensational battling of the Air Force lads, I want to say that the Benevolent Fund of the R.A.F. was richer to the tune of twenty-five thousand U.S. dollars that was raised by the tickets and the auction of an autographed photograph of the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill.

The sporting Canadian, Jack Biddle, was the proud owner of the photo, after he had bid £1000 for same, and when he was asked to come to the microphone, he got a great hand when he gave a stirring speech. Then Mr. Will Hay and Mr. Sydney Howard, the well known stage and screen stars, sold three maps of England, that were captured from German airmen when they were captured after being shot down over England. This raised the fund another £50 apiece. Mr. Sydney Howard with his persuasive manner asked for a sportsman who would make the total up to £5000. Up jumped Mr. Simon Marks of the firm of Marks & Spencer and said that he will make up the balance of £1,160. This brought a tremendous cheer from the crowd.

The boxers engaged were all lads from the R.A.F. and the way they battled one would think that they were receiving the same old pay that they would receive if they were engaged on percentage in prewar days.

In fact, all the lads received a flat sum of £5 plus another £5 for travel expenses, etc. A bonus of £100 was given as a prize to be divided to the best two winners and two best losers, which proved to be—the first prize was divided between Harry Mizler and Tiny Bostock; second prize, Peter Kane; and the two best losers were Tom Reddington and Jimmy Wilde (the latter no relation to the great little flyweight champion of yesteryear.)

Corporal Tiny Bostock and Corporal Jimmy Wilde started their six-round contest (all were over this route) at a very fast pace, with Bostock far too superior for his Welsh comrade, and he was given a boxing lesson by one of Great Britain's best bantams, but he gamely lasted the distance. The weights of these were Bostock 121½ pounds and Wilde, 125 pounds.

Corporal Harry Mizler scored a clever points victory over Sergt. Harry Craster in their bout that showed Mizler in his true form, with a snappy left hand and also willing to join in many rousing two-handed exchanges, and he was a clear winner at the end. Mizler weighed 151 pounds and his opponent Craster 161.

Jack (Kid) Berg, now Corporal Berg, easily defeated Sergt. Harry Charman, who was outclassed by the non-stop punching of the more experienced Whitechapel Express, but the best part of this contest was the ability of the former lightweight champion who would not take too many advantages of his superiority, and allowed Charman to make a good show. Berg weighed 153 pounds and Charman 148.

Corporal Peter Kane, that grand little bit of fighting material who used to thrill the fans with his fighting not many moons ago, avowed that all he wanted was a return contest with Corporal Teddy O'Neil of Scotland, for at a recent service tournament, O'Neil had scored a quick K.O. victory over Kane.

Peter, although not the old hard punching flyweight we once knew, showed some of his old ring generalship and timing his punches to perfection, was a ready winner on points. Kane weighed 120 pounds and O'Neil scaled 125½.

Then we got a glimpse of Sergt. Jack London. His weight was 231 pounds. He appeared against Corporal Tom Reddington, scaling 196 pounds, and the heavy swings of the West Hartlepool heavyweight was again the main factor, unless the fact that he was put down eight times, was the main feature of this contest. Tom Reddington should have benefited from the experience that he had when he met London before at Harringay but it seemed that he could not get out of the way of the sergeant's heavy artillery, and was a game loser at the end of the sixth round.

The much looked for battle between A/C Eric Boon, British lightweight champion, and Corporal Dave Finn, was the principal contest on this big card, and although the contest was thought to be over too short a distance for the champ, he nevertheless woke up after two rounds and unleashed his heavy hitting against Finn, who then took to holding, which forced the referee to caution him on two occasions, and Boon proved too good till the end.

Among the high officials present were Prince Bernhard of Holland and Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary of State for Air.

George Gale, the Whittlesea cruiserweight protege of Jimmy Wilde, ex-world's flyweight champion, and now in training as air gunner in the Air Force, turned in an important win at Blackpool, when he battered Eddie Gott of Barnsley so bad that the referee stopped the contest in the third of what was to have been an eight-round contest.

The death was announced from Cardiff of Danny Davies, the well known manager of boxers, who died of heart attack in the local hospital, after a long illness.

Nel Tarleton, featherweight champion of Great Britain and the Empire, gave a polished display at Liverpool when he gained a clever points victory over the Edinburgh featherweight, Bobby Watson. Tarleton was declared the winner at the end of 10 rounds.

Victor Berliner's show at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, proved a big success and was well supported by a large crowd.

The star bout was between Dave McCleave, the well known Battersea boxer, who is now a sergeant instructor in the army, and Battling Charlie Parkin of Mansfield, and although they were scheduled to go 10 rounds, the contest ended in the third round with a K.O. win for McCleave.

The best bout of the excellent card was that between Tom Feely of Ireland and Len Hickman of Reading, who battled through eight rounds before Feely was given the decision.

Johnny Toohig of Croydon and Ronnie Rice of Hackney, both in the R.A.F., fought a great eight-round contest to a draw.

Freddie Dixon of Blackfriars defeated Kid Chocolate of Jamaica in the third of an eight-round contest, and Trooper Jim Gully K.O.'ed Tommy Rose of Ireland in the third round.

Norman Rees, the Welsh middleweight, gained a points victory over Harry Watson of Aldgate after six rounds in the star bout at Dunstable. Watson, who has been showing fine form in his contest, thus suffers his first defeat after over thirty contests.

Other results on this show were as follows: Roy Merrick of Luton defeated Sammy Lang of Stepney in the fourth of an eight-round contest; Teddy Catlin (Luton) outpointed Tommy Lawlor (Dunstable) over eight rounds.

Harry Levene, well known boxers' manager, gave up his manager's license to start out as a promoter at the Cambridge Theatre, London. He started his first show with a return contest between two corporals in the R.A.F., Harry Mizler and Jack (Kid) Berg, over 10 rounds.

Mizler, who lost his lightweight title to Berg some years ago, was a big favorite to reverse the decision, but Berg, even if he lost some of his former dash, carried too many guns for Mizler, who time and time again was forced back against the ropes by the hustling tactics of Jackie, and his clever boxing was frustrated every time that he wanted to stand up and box his man. The decision was a well earned one for Berg.

Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell pulled out some of his old form when he met Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke and former amateur champ, in a return contest of 10 rounds.

These two in their previous contest put up a very close contest, the decision in Crowley's favor causing many disputes, but on this occasion Crowley boxed superbly and there could be no dispute over his victory on this day.

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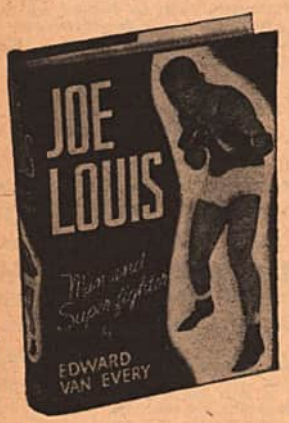

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JIM COLLINS' Acme Sporting Club presented its fourth professional boxing card of the season last month. The main event was a good punching bout, with the veteran Akronite, Lloyd Pine, winning the surprise verdict over the fast punching Harris Blake. It was Blake's second loss in 40 fights.

Art "Tiger" Foster, former Golden Gloves and A.A.U. champion from Buffalo, proved to be the outstanding performer of the program. The veteran Batavia welterweight, Norm Cordaro, showed he still has a lot of fight in him and can punch with the best of them.

The semi-final bout didn't go on as scheduled, for it had to be cancelled because one of the participants, "Irish" Jimmy Gilligan of Buffalo, had a swollen jaw, the result of an abscessed tooth.

Following are the results of the bouts, held at the new Edgerton Park Sports Arena:

Lloyd Pine, 133¼, Akron, Ohio, won decision over Harris Blake, 135½, Buffalo, 10 rounds.

Johnny Flynn, 197, Rochester, won decision over Cyclone Williams, 205, Buffalo, six rounds.

Art "Tiger" Foster, 144, Buffalo, defeated Low Severo, 138, Meadville, Pa.

Norm Cordaro, 146, Batavia, won by knockout over Steve Smart, 140, Rochester, 1:05 of second round.

Following are the results of the better amateur bouts held during the month:

Frankie Best, 160, Fredonia, won when Oscar Boys, Lackawanna, was disqualified for low punching in fourth round. Time, 1:50.

Jimmy Thomas, 118, Lackawanna, won decision over Al Costa, Rochester, five rounds.

Sam Piperni, 126, Rochester, won decision over Billy Hawk, Lackawanna, three rounds.

Benny Arnold, 147, Syracuse, won decision over Roger Jones, Buffalo, five rounds.

Sammy Russo, 126, Rochester, won decision over Jackie Bullock, Shortsville, three rounds.

Ray Peters, 147, Rochester, won decision over Buster Hudson, Rochester, three rounds.

Lee Milo, 175, Rochester, won by technical knockout over Oscar Boyd, Buffalo, in second round. Time, 1:55.

Buddy Bafford, 180, Buffalo, knocked out Bill Cashaw, Johnstown, Pa., in third round.

Sam Marks, 175, Johnstown, Pa., won decision over Roman Jaworawicz, Buffalo, five rounds.

Lou Yonkers, 118, Johnstown, Pa., won decision over Jimmy Thomas, Buffalo, five rounds.

Tony De Carlo, 147, Rochester, won decision over Regis O'Brien, Pittsburgh, Pa., five rounds.

Sam Russo, 135, Rochester, won decision over Walter Kolby, Buffalo, five rounds.

Lou Severo, Meadville, Pa., is now handling the big New England colored heavyweight, Eddie Unknown Winston. Lou also is handling a good stable of amateur boys.

MAIL BAG—Gene Pinter, McAdoo, Pa.: You are certain of getting a spot on the next pro show. Rochester fans will welcome you back . . . . The Ring is on sale on the first of each month at the Lyric Cigar Store, 700 Clinton Ave., N., where most of the sporting men get their Ring Magazine . . . . Fighters, fans, managers, promoters wishing advice, information or news on the fight situation in Rochester and vicinity can do well by writing the writer at 47 Cleveland St., Rochester, N. Y. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

FRITZIE ZIVIC made his first appearance before local fans since he won the welterweight championship from Henry Armstrong. He beat Saverio Turiello in 10 rounds before a packed house at the Gardens. Zivic scored a knockdown in the first round. It was a non-title bout and drew $9,172 at gross. It was promoted by Jacob Mintz. Zivic weighed 149 pounds and his opponent was a pound and a half heavier.

Carmen Notch, stablemate of Zivic, beat Irish Eddie Dunne of New York in eight rounds. Notch at 149½ pounds spotted his opponent a half pound. A thrilling six-rounder brought together George Silvasy of North Braddock and Tommy Yarosz, brother of the former champ, with Silvasy winning. Silvasy weighed 149½ pounds and Yarosz, 153 pounds. Curtis Sheppard, local colored clouter, scored his second straight kayo by disposing of Eddie (Unknown) Winston of Meadville, in the second round. Sammy Parotta, stablemate of Fritzie Zivic, got a gift decision in a six-rounder with Billy Bates of the Hill. Both weighed 130½ pounds.

Ken Overlin stopped in town long enough to give our Mose Brown a shellacking in 10 rounds of a double wind-up affair at the Gardens. Overlin's experience was too much for the local Negro. It was a young, hard-hitting colored lad against the clever, fast punching Overlin. It was a non-title affair with Overlin coming in at 163 pounds and the McKeesporter weighing 161½. Lee Q. Murray of Norwalk, Conn., scored his twentieth kayo in 22 fights when he stopped Howard (Stormy) Williams of Detroit in the third round of the other ten-rounder. Murray weighed 198 pounds and Williams tipped the beam at 207 pounds. Steve Kulich won over Johnny Dean of Youngstown in a good six-rounder. They are middleweights. Mike Wakus, trounced Pete Spotti in the opener. Wakus weighed 144 pounds, three pounds less than Spotti. They drew better than a $10,000 house and another success for the Rooney-McGinley Ent.

Curtis Sheppard won the 10-round decision over Lee Q. Murray of Norwalk, Conn., in the feature attraction of the Rooney-McGinley show at the Gardens. Both suffered cuts over the left eye. It was sweet revenge for Sheppard, as he dropped a close decision to Murray at Baltimore recently. Sheppard weighed 188 pounds and the loser was 6½ pounds more. Erv Sarlin, local bad boy, won the other 10-rounder when he trounced Al Delaney of Canada. Sarlin weighed 174 and Delaney, 188.

Billy Marquart returned here from Winnipeg after a lengthy absence to stop Ray Sharkey of Cleveland in the fifth round. Referee Buck McTiernan halted the affair to save the veteran from serious injury. Marquart weighed 137 pounds and Sharkey, 140. Red Cregan trounced Ted Prichard in another eight-rounder. Both are local boys. Mike Wakus technically stopped Mike Gombos in the second round of the four-round opener. A fair crowd was on hand.

JUST A JAB—Jim McGirr is drawing very good crowds with his amateur shows at the Palisades in McKeesport . . . . Duke O'Hara is doing well with his club in that city . . . . Jackie Conn, brother of Billy, is in the Army . . . . Harry Pittler is keeping his Ossie Harris very busy and winning regularly . . . . The Ring is selling better than ever at the present . . . . When you are in town, stop at Fogel's Cut Rate Drugs, corner Tenth and Followfield, and pick up this wonderful publication . . . . A self-addressed stamped envelope will answer any queries pertaining to the fight game around Pittsburgh . . . . My address is 1005 Lincoln Avenue, Charleroi, Pa.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THIS territory is chock full of high lights during the current weeks. The Buddy Walker and Buddy Knox "Ohio heavyweight championship" controversy has broken out in all of its fury. When Promoter Bob Brickman of Cleveland posted the Knox versus Jimmy Bivins match as Knox defending the state title, Col. Alfred Ballin of the Columbus Boxing Commission said "No," that Walker was state champion. Walker's manager, Whitey Morrett, then offered to fight the Columbus Negro against Knox as a "winner take all."

Right at present the controversy is at its highest, with the prospect that the two will meet in an outdoor match, probably in Columbus. This column suggests Nathaniel Fleischer of The Ring as referee and to award the winner the Fleischer Ohio Heavyweight Championship Belt.

Freddie Pope, the sensational Columbus bantamweight, following his victory over Tommy Kiene at Savannah, Ga., ranks as one of the best 116-pounders in the world. Under the able guidance of Ray Bartlett, Freddy now stands at a commanding perch in the bantamweight roost. During 1941, Freddie should gain the world laurels.

With Herschel Joiner dropping his return 12-round match to Leo Rodak of Chicago on a Becker promotion at Cincinnati, the same card saw the continued rise of Ezzard Charles, the colored schoolboy middleweight of the Queen City. Charles knocked out Floyd Howard of Atlanta in seven rounds, making his professional record remaining clean-cut victories.

At Columbus, O., Roscoe Toles, 198-pound Detroit Negro, proved a little too fast for Buddy Walker, Columbus, 190 pounds, with Toles winning the verdict.

The Kelse McClure programs in Indianapolis were both filled with plenty of major action. In the former dated card, Lloyd Pine defeated Sammy Scully of Chicago in 10 heats and on the latter program, Lou Thomas, 190, of Indianapolis, knocked out Johnny Miles of St. Louis, 212 pounds, in two sessions.

"Bones" Heffner, Alliance, O., manager, who brought Harry Weekly into Mid-West prominence some months back, has two corking good fighters in Billy Miller, a lightweight, and Johnny Pipus, a heavyweight. Heffner's boys are big cards in this territory, especially at Akron, O. Miller knocked out Jack Walker in two rounds and Herb Gilmore in three on recent Akron cards. In the Rubber City arena, Pipus stepped up the heavyweight ladder with a two-round T.K.O. over Jim Baker of Cleveland.

In Akron, which featured Teddy Yarosz winning over Bob Berry of Cleveland, Miller demonstrated real stamina in beating Baby Kid Chocolate in six, and Pipus defeated Tom Beech in six rounds.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—My fight result service, issued twice monthly, is clicking on all eights . . . . the service takes in subscriptions to managers, promoters, matchmakers, fans, sport editors, commissioners and others . . . . one dollar per year . . . . those interested should address Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address also available for boys of all weights, preferably white fighters who wish connections in any part of the country . . . . also this writer would like to hear from all connected with amateur boxing . . . . Cocoa Kid, who fought Tony Cisco, 160 pounds, and won convincingly, is eager to get fights . . . . while in old Mexico, the Kid was handled by Roland Herrera, the outstanding American representative for managers in Mexico City . . . . Nick De Marco, one-time welter topper and later manager, writes in that he expects the draft to hit him . . . . this writer's brother, Freddy Amann, is now in the replacement center at Camp Lee, Va. . . . . The Ring can be purchased at all of the leading downtown southern Ohio hotels and newsstands . . . . like class, The Ring rings with color.

The Joe Basco stable in Barberton, O., has been hitting the newspaper sport headlines.

When Billy Pryor of Colorado stepped into Chicago to fight Nate Bolden a grand battle, little did anyone know that Billy did so despite the fact that his wife lay in a Colorado hospital, seriously ill. Billy came through as he did not wish to let down Promoter Jack Begun. Fighters like Billy Pryor are few and far between, but it is a safe bet Chicago will always welcome back the Basco boy.

Joe's featherweight ace, Lloyd Pine, scored two sensational wins. After whipping Sammy Scully at Indianapolis, Lloyd hopped up to Rochester, N. Y., and handed Harris Blake, Buffalo lightweight, a neat lacing in 10 rounds.

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KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

ERNIE DERHO, former Indiana amateur champion, who moved to Louisville to gain professional experience, is now fighting around the Mid-West and doing fine. During the past month, Ernie won a six-round decision over Emmett Weller of St. Paul at Minneapolis, Minn. Derho is a welterweight and is running up an impressive record as a pro leather tosser.

Clarence Batsel of Central City, Ky., who holds the Kentucky light-heavyweight title, appeared in the six-round feature attraction of the weekly boxing program staged at Louisville and engaged in a free-punching contest with Gib Jones of Cincinnati. Plenty of action was featured in this match with Batsel winning the decision before a good turnout of local fans. Harry Keller, featherweight puncher from Cincinnati, knocked out Freddy Kramer of Middletown, Ohio, in the fourth session of a supporting bout set for six rounds. In another match scheduled for six heats, Junie Welcher, young Louisville welterweight, won a fourth-round T.K.O. over Billy Breedlove of Indianapolis. In a pair of four-rounders, Billy Sparks decisioned Jerry Murphy, both local middleweights, and Tinsley Garner, recent Kentucky Negro Golden Gloves champ, made his pro debut with a two-round knockout over Battling Ferguson, colored light-heavy.

Curley Denton, Cincinnati middleweight, used a sharp, flicking left jab to win a decision over Jimmy Davis of Owensboro, Ky., in the six-round main go of the next weekly fight card held at Louisville. Herschel Porter, young welter out of Middletown, Ohio, defeated Junie Welcher of Louisville in the six-round semi-windup. Harry Keller of Cincinnati met Freddy Kramer of Middletown, Ohio, in a return match with Keller again winning by a kayo, this time in the second round. Irish Johnny Kelly of Cincinnati left-handed Chief Wahoo Twohouse, Indian featherweight of Shaw, Wisconsin, to win a four-round decision. In another four spot, Fuzzy Morganette, local light-heavy, scored a T.K.O. over James Shipley of Cincinnati in the third session.

Harry Wolff, young Louisville sportsman and former professional boxer, purchased the Louisville fight club from Fred Crawford and his associates during the month. Hutch Hutchinson has been retained as matchmaker. Promoter Wolff plans to discontinue the regular six-round feature attractions and present ten-round main events between "name" fighters in the near future. Wolff has lined up a classy boxing program for the annual Derby Eve show and will present Sammy Angott, N.B.A. lightweight champion, in a twelve-round non-title bout with Dave Castilloux, Canadian champion. Another Canadian title-holder, Johnny Gaudes, may box Freddie Pope, Columbus, Ohio, bantamweight star, in the ten-round supporting bout.

Two new fight clubs will open in this section in the near future. Berlin Roberts, former professional fighter, has constructed a large outdoor arena at Cumberland, Ky., and will hold boxing shows there every other week. The other new club will be at New Albany, Indiana, which is located across the river from Louisville. Jimmy Dell, Louisville fight manager, will be matchmaker for the new set-up and weekly shows will be staged at New Albany's C. C. C. Hall. This writer will be publicity agent for the club and any managers or fighters wishing to show here should write me at 517 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Curley Denton, experienced Cincinnati middleweight ace, and socking Gib Jones, a West Virginian also fighting out of Cincinnati, headlined Promoter Harry Wolff's first offering to Louisville fistic fans. Denton, the clever boxer, and Jones, the slugger, turned in six rounds of fast and furious action with the bout ending in a draw. Willie Cutsinger, the fighting schoolboy welterweight from Cincinnati, handed young Herschel Porter of Middletown, Ohio, a terrific beating to win a fourth-round T.K.O. in the semi-windup set for six heats. Floyd Howard of Cincinnati battled to a six-round draw with Charley Banks of Newport, Ky., in a colored light-heavyweight scrap. In four-rounders, Jerry Murphy drew with Fuzzy Morganette, local light-heavy, and Irish Johnny Kelly of Cincinnati decisioned Marshall Edwards, Louisville featherweight.

Promoter Harry Wolff and Matchmaker Hutch Hutchinson staged a real fistic attraction on their next boxing program when they brought together Freddie Pope, sensational bantamweight youngster from Columbus, Ohio, and Jue Yee Kong, Chinese star of San Francisco. Pope and Kong turned in a fast, action-packed fight and treated a large gathering of Louisville fight fans to a flashy boxing exhibition and plenty of hard punching. Pope won the decision, his 37th straight win, after six rounds of glove-tossing. Tony Kramer, Cincinnati middleweight, defeated Joe Watson of Manchester, Ohio, in the six-round semi-windup that was a slugging affair. In other bouts, Irish Johnny Kelly, Cincinnati featherweight, scored another win by outpointing Harry Wedding of Lockland, Ohio. Tinsley Garner, recent graduate from the local amateur ranks, won his second pro fight with a first-round knockout over Bob Johnson, Negro light-heavy of Cincinnati. Willie Costner, colored Cincinnati welterweight, decisioned Tommy Parker of Lexington, Ky., in the opening bout.

WITH THE SOCKERS AND THEIR SKIPPERS—Charley Jones, Louisville fight pilot who directs Sammy Angott, N.B.A. lightie king, has taken over Freddie Pope, flashy bantam star of Columbus, Ohio . . . . Incidentally, Sammy Angott worked in the corner of Pope when Freddie fought Jue Yee Kong of Frisco . . . . Herschel Joiner, Cincinnati's top-notch Negro lightie, also worked as a second in the corner of several Ohio boys who appeared in prelims on the same program . . . . Tommy Arden, whose rapid rise in the middleweight ranks at Louisville was halted by Curley Denton and Mack Thompson, recently returned from a visit at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and is in top fighting condition after a layoff of six weeks . . . . Arden, who is under Jimmy Dell's management, believes he will again show the form that made him a favorite with the Louisville fistic crowd . . . . Sonny Brentz, Louisville featherweight, lost an eight-round decision to Ted Christie at New York during the month . . . . Jimmy Grimm is again back in Louisville after fighting in New York rings . . . . the young local welterweight won four of his six starts in the Empire State . . . . Jimmy Hunter, former boxer and referee, has taken over the managerial reins of Mack Thompson, hard-hitting Louisville middleweight, for Jackie Dugan, Thompson's former pilot, who is doing a stretch in the Army . . . . Herbert "Pinky" Moore of Lexington, Ky., former Transylvania College athlete who won the Southern middleweight title in this year's Golden Gloves tourney, may move to Cleveland, Ohio, and turn pro under Mike Getz, Cleveland trainer.

ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

BOSTON, MASS.—Ragan Kinney of Hartman, Ark., is the new National A. A. U. heavyweight champion. Kinney won the title on a decision over Al Jordan, hard-hitting Kansas City Negro.

Arkansas Athletic Commission appointed W. E. ("Bill") Burns of Little Rock as secretary of state boxing. It will be the second time for Burns to serve as commission secretary. He held the post from 1933 to 1938. He succeeds John Cantrell.

Pine Bluff, Ark.—Al Sutton, 155, won a six-round decision over Silver Moon, 158, in the main event of an all-Negro boxing card.

HERE 'N' THERE—Promoter Les Wolf, Little Rock, is dickering with the idea of enlarging the Little Theater auditorium and moving his wrestling and boxing matches there for both winter and summer . . . . Johnny Lovell, the North Little Rock lightweight, became the pop of a two-fisted eight-pound boy . . . . Mother and baby are doing fine . . . . Lloyd Montgomery of Bauxite, former Southern heavyweight champ, was disqualified for air service . . . . Lloyd recently married Miss Judy Hunnicutt.

Davey Day, top contender for the world's lightweight crown, arrived in Hot Springs for a three weeks' rest . . . . Day is now "under the wing" of Lou Avery of Tulsa, Okla . . . . Jimmy Lunsford, Blytheville's 200-pound boxing hope, will turn pro in Florida under Jack Kearns, former manager of Jack Dempsey . . . . Three of the fighters who eliminated Arkansas boxers in the National Golden Gloves tournament in Chicago went ahead to win their division championships . . . . Keep an eye on Jimmy Hamilton, heavyweight of the 127th Field Artillery . . . . He's a honey.

Hot Springs has been a heaven for boxers this winter, having a show every Monday . . . . Henry Levy will promote boxing and wrestling at North Little Rock . . . . Yours truly has taken on Kid Roosevelt, Pine Bluff, 230 . . . . Roosevelt, who is six feet and seven inches tall, will turn pro soon.

The following bouts were held at Hot Springs: Vernon Hogue, 132, Hot Springs, knocked out Doug Gibson, 130, Alexandria, La. (4); Grady Flynn, 159, Hattiesburg, Miss., knocked out Don Marshall, 152, Bauxite (10); Barand Timmeran, 176, knocked out Merlin Doning, 170 (1); Rusty Jones, 140, Bauxite, flattened Sammy Rameriz, 144, Hot Springs (1).

Neville "Tiger" Beech, 193, Memphis, Tenn., won over J. D. Turner, Dallas, Tex., heavy (10); Joie Johnson, 149, stopped Billy Davis, Hot Springs, 147 (4); Rusty Jones won over Doyle Venable, 148, Dierks, Ark. (6); Jake Hill, 200, Negro, stopped Lawrence Goodwill, 220, Crowley, La. (1).

Joie Welles, 127, Cleveland, Ohio, won from Joe Palmo, Cincinnati, Ohio, 130 (10); Billy Davis won a decision over Jack Rymer, 144, Springfield, Ill. (8); Don Marshall, 148, Bauxite, knocked out Jimmy Reed, 144, Springfield, Ill. (6).

J. D. Turner, Dallas, Tex., 210, won over Neville "Tiger" Beech, Memphis, 193 (10); Joie Johnson, 146, Dallas, Tex., won over Chino Lopez, 143, Kansas City, Mo. (10); James Miller, 140, Dallas, Tex., T.K.O.'ed Rusty Jones, 134, Bauxite (4); Young Miller, 137, Malvern, Ark., kayoed Charles Ragen, 128, Bauxite (4).

Around New Orleans, La.: Jimmy Perrin, 127½, New Orleans, and Jackie Callura, 127, Hamilton, Ont., drew (10); Jerome Conforto, 146, New Orleans, outpointed Milo Theodorescu, 145, Rumania (10); Nickie Camarata, 136, New Orleans, outpointed Justo Jiminez, 137, Mexico City (8).

Sal Marciante, amateur heavyweight champion, is due to turn pro soon under the Bruneau-Weaver banner.

Shreveport, La.—Ace Morgan, 145, fought a draw with Gene Godwin, Maxwell (6); Monte Ferena, 127, knocked out Billy Haliburton (2); Basil Long, heavy, knocked out Joe Armond (2); Joe Vander won decision over Kayo Moran (6).

Boxing and wrestling is expected to be started in Leesville, La. Gus Kallio has applied for a license there.

Greenville, Miss.—Yazoo City repels Greenville boxers. In the lightweight division, Joe Stringer, Grady Crawford and Sam Fowler of Yazoo City earned decisions over Dick Anderson, Tom Pharris and Gene Salter of Greenville. Greenville heavies made a better showing by earning a draw in three contests.

Milan, Tenn.—Winston Dickey whipped Burrow Woods. Dickey won on a T.K.O. in four rounds. Sammy Alexander promoted the card and plans to have bouts weekly.

Tom Proctor, Oklahoma City heavyweight, received the Joe Louis sportsmanship trophy at the conclusion of the Golden Gloves tournament at Chicago.

Send me your news at 1003 E. Magrill Street, Longview, Texas.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

EVERY once in a while there flashes across Texas' fistic horizon a fighter who possesses the necessary qualifications for greatness. Lew Jenkins was one. Jimmy Webb another. Now comes Paul Altman, a young lightweight of Houston, just graduating into the pro ranks after winning the district Golden Gloves championship, who looks like a champion in the making. "Punching" Paul made his professional debut against the veteran Cecil McKinney and the easy manner in which he disposed of his foe was a revelation. The Irish youngster is a deadly hitter with either hand, takes a good belt, has an amazing amount of ring knowledge for his years.

Houston has been the scene of many a thrilling fight but few have ever equalled the slugfest put on by Primo Flores, the Puerto Rican puncher and Jerome Conforto, sensational young New Orleans welterweight. The echo of the opening gong had hardly died out before Conforto nailed Flores with a beautiful right smash that dropped Primo in his tracks for the nine count. The second round saw Jerome continue to punch his opponent about the ring, but in the third "all hell broke loose" as Flores connected with a terrific left hook that put the Crescent City scrapper flat on his face. He staggered gamely to his feet only to run into another of the same and again he hit the deck. Somehow Jerome managed to last the round out but there was more of the same coming in the fourth as Flores dumped him on the canvas twice and had him reeling about the ring like a drunken man. But Conforto possesses the stuff champions are made of and he would not stay down. Again he stuck it out. He coasted through the fifth and thereafter took command to roar down the stretch like a thoroughbred and copped the decision.

GLOVE GOSSIP . . . . Paul Krell, Arizona manager, is in Houston with Joe Peralta, an exceptionally fine looking lightweight . . . . Evelyn Harper, the Louisville lady manager, came through with a couple of crack Mexican featherweights she imported. She reports a boxing boom in the Kentucky metropolis . . . . Chief Ramey is your scribe's nomination for the gamest fighter in the business . . . . Tiger Clance and Jimmy were knockout victims of the Chief . . . . "Irish" Eddie McGeever is around and in shape to trim most of the welters in the business . . . . Gene Spencer, crack Chicago lightweight, and Ted "Mustang" Garcia, are booked for fights in Mexico . . . . Texans are all excited over Lew Jenkins and Jimmy, our two outstanding fisticuffers. Jimmy is due to be stationed at the new Naval Base at Corpus Christi, which should be good news for Texas fight promoters . . . . Fights around the army camps have been closed temporarily because of intensive training maneuvers but will be going full blast by the time this appears in print . . . . Lots of youngsters around that look like future fighters of ability . . . . The writer's address, 1133 West Bell St., Houston, Texas.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

FISTIC GOSSIP—Curley Martin, veteran Topeka, Kans., welter, retired two years ago, is now residing in Minneapolis . . . . Al Evans, hard-punching St. Cloud lightweight, plans to turn pro under Danny O'Shea's direction . . . . Pug Barron, St. Paul welter vet, is the king of local subs . . . . For the first time in many, many years, Minnesota will have weekly shows during the summer.

Gene Tunney gave a talk on physical fitness here . . . . Howie Hobbs is one of the busiest seconds in town, as is Spike McCarthy and Harley Coleman . . . . Class personified is this Johnny Gates, Wahpeton, N. D. Indian, '41 N. W. G.G. light-heavyweight champ, who would make excellent pro material . . . . Clyde Rasley, '40 G. G. light-heavy king, who lost a close one to Gates in the finals, also would be . . . . Other top-notch performers who would make the local pros sit up and take notice are Walter Diedrich, '41 N. W. G. G. welter champ, a K.O. artist; Bobby Marshall, lithe Negro light-heavy from the Mill City who has whipped Rasley but lost to Gates, and Johnny (Killer) Kleber, another K.O. artist, Melrose heavyweight, who has a loss and win over Rasley. All these, especially Gates, Kleber and Rasley, are so close that only a point or two separate them . . . . Earl (Leif Erickson) Peterson, Appleton light-heavy, is back again after going to Florida and boxing in Chicago.

Johnny Gates is the grandson of the famous Sioux, Chief Ward . . . . Clyde (Red) Rasley plans to hang up the gloves and play tackle for the U. of Minnesota . . . . This neck of the woods is just buzzing with fistic activity.

DIDJA KNOW: That Karl Ogren was a former international amateur boxing champ, besides being a good professional middleweight?

WITH OUR AMATEURS—At the Chicago Tourney of Champions, Norm Mastrian, 112, drew a bye and default. Harold Smallwood of Cleveland shaded southpaw Jackie Graves, 118. Bill Leary, 126, drew a bye, then T.K.O.'ed Bobby Thomas, Muncie, Ind., Negro in two. Wally Holm, 135, drew a bye, then beat Johnny Thompson of Evansville. Walter Diedrich, 147, outpunched John O'Brien of Gary, Ind. Charles Presser of Milwaukee beat Henry Strand, 160. Russ Fitzsimmons, 240 pound heavy, stopped Jackie Woods of Joliet, Ill., in the second. Bill Cornwall of Des Moines beat Norm Mastrian, 112, by a hair. Jack Haley of Kansas City easily beat Bill Leary, 126. Tommy Campbell, Moline, Ill. Negro, beat Wally Holm, 135, by a hair. Harry Harrington of Evansville, Ind., hair-lined over Walter Diedrich, 147. Soldier Frank Duket of Alexandria, La., did the same with Russ Fitzsimmons, heavy. Fitz isn't our best heavy—injuries held better men back. Fitz was a sub.

SHORTS—George De Gidio is being handled by Danny O'Shea, pro mitt-slinger around '28 . . . . Eddie Des Lauriers, former U. of Minnesota athlete, is managing Ernie Derho, welter newcomer from South Bend . . . . Bill Daley, Melrose fullback football star at the U. of Minnesota, is a pretty fair heavyweight amateur boxer . . . . Jimmy Van Gordon, young Minneapolis amateur boxer, footballer and wrestler, is seeking his third state A.A.U. grappling title!

Wayne Armstrong, Newcastle, Nebr. middle, has "hung up the gloves," perhaps for good, to work on his dad's farm until June, when the draft board plans to call him.

Minneapolis Armory—Having had trouble with ordinary boys like Chicago's Billy Carter in North Dakota rings, the amazing Dick Demaray, Bismarck veteran of 15 years, was put against the highly-touted Tony Martin and the way Demaray won was a sensation. In the six-round semi, Big Jim Robinson, 209½, hard-hitting Philadelphian, returned to action with a four-round T.K.O. over Mickey Hayes, 196, Milwaukee's Irish iceman. George De Gidio, 126, sensational state feather champ from Minneapolis, scored his eighth straight T.K.O. in as many starts, the come-backing Carl Ford, 131, Minneapolis, being stopped in the sixth and last. In fours, Ernie Derho, 146, last year's National A.A.U. finalist from South Bend, Ind., flashed a snappy left jab and powerful right to decisively whip game Tony Yates, 148, Minneapolis. Indian Ernie Peters, 143½, Morton, Minn. Golden Glover, made an impressive pro debut, left-handing his way to a victory over speedy Johnny Monroe, 144½, New Orleans Negro, with hard punches. In the opener, Pat Breen, 150, hard-hitting Minneapolitan, did the expected with a one-round kayo over Buck Goben, 147½, St. Paul. Two thousand eight hundred fans were on hand, largest this season. Ford's T.K.O. loss to De Gidio was the first time he had been stopped.

Minneapolis Armory—Ernie Derho, 144, pleasing blue-eyed Belgian towhead from South Bend, Ind., rolled up his ninth straight win in as many fights, scored over Emmett Weller, 140, St. Paul, in the six-round headliner, a close one. In the semi six, Tony Yates, 146½, Minneapolis, fought a draw with Pat Kissinger, 145½.

George De Gidio, 125½, fast and sharp-hitting state champ from Minneapolis, kayoed the veteran Lloyd "Skeets" Weems, 122½, Kansas City, in the first of a six. Thus the sensational De Gidio has stopped every nine of his pro foes! In fours, Horace "Buzz" Brown, 153, St. Paul Negro, returned to the ring after over two years layoff and lost his first pro fight. Pat Breen, 149½, hard-hitting Minneapolitan, scoring a two round T.K.O., due to Brown's cut eye. Al Evans, 144, St. Cloud, G.G., made his pro debut with a win over the ever-losing Dick Lancette, 143½, St. Paul. Indian Ernie Peters, 143, Morton, trimmed Pug Barron, 141, St. Paul trial horse, a sub for Billy Gardner, in the opener.

Minneapolis Armory—Big Jim Robinson, 210, lanky Philadelphian, eked out a very close 10-round decision over tough Selman Martin, 208, Chicago Negro. Big Jim was down for a nine count in the second. The fight was far from clean. In the semi of six, Paul Hartnek, 187, state champ from Kenosha, Wis., looked far from himself in whipping slow-moving Wilbur De Cora, 180, tough Winnebago, Nebr. Indian trial-horse, who surprised by staying the limit, fat as he was. State champion George De Gidio, 125½, sensational Mill Citian, outscored Andy Canal, 122, Chicago Negro, in six, to win his 11th straight pro fight, though Canal has the honor of being the first to stay the limit with sharp-hitting Georgie. In fours, pleasing Ernie Derho, 146, South Bend, also won his 11th straight since turning pro, scoring over Indian Ernie Peters, 143, Morton southpaw, while Al Evans, 144, St. Cloud corkscrew-punch fanatic, was too busy for the vet, Pug Barron, 142, St. Paul trial-horse, in the opener.

St. Paul Auditorium—The first pro card in St. Paul since October was the annual St. Patrick's Day card which featured a handsome, curly-headed blond Norwegian and a burly Negro, not an Irishman! Lee Savold, 190, St. Paul's "Blond Tiger," knocked out Henry Wacker, 199½, colored heavy of Taylorsville, Ill., in the second heat of a 10-round bout. Buddy Knox is next for Savold. In the semi of six, Emmett Weller, 135, hard-slugging St. Paul vet, again beat southpaw Billy Smith, 134¾, Minneapolis, this time annexing the state crown. In fours, Karl Malm, 209½, huge 6' 4" Park Rapids Golden Glover, made his pro debut with a three-round T.K.O. over Clarence "Kid" Miller, 185, St. Cloud, a last minute sub for Roland Feleckder, Fort Snelling soldier. It was Miller's ninth straight kayo loss! Buzz Brown, 153, classy St. Paul Negro, reversed a previous T.K.O. loss, upsetting hard-hitting Pat Breen, 150, Mound, with a one-round T.K.O. A right hook flush to the jaw dropped Pat, who got up in a groggy state of mind. Making their pro debuts, Warren Weller, 153, G. G. brother of Emmett, whipped curly-haired Bob (Ehrich) O'Hara, 158, also of St. Paul, lanky Rice Streeter. In the curtain lifter, Harold Alle, 140, St. Paul, making his pro bow, tanned Dick Lancette, 142, St. Paul, for his sixth straight loss. Blizzard weather resulted in only fair attendance.

IN HAMMOND, INDIANA
By SAMUEL THOMPSON

ONE of the best cards of the season was presented by Earl McClure and Ray Cantele, promoting under the auspices of the American Legion, Post No. 16, Hammond, Indiana. In the four-round opener Al Capalby, Indiana Golden Glove middle king from the Harbor, made his pro debut by dropping a decision to Bobby Berger of Chicago. Mike Sopko, Harbor middle, had Johnny Williams of Danville, Ill., down five times before the referee called a halt in 2:55 of the third.

The best scrap of the evening was a sixer between Anthony Jones, sepia colored middleweight from Champaign, Ill., and former 1940 G.G. welter winner, and George Mitchell, colored lad and another Golden Glove winner from Detroit. Jones was stung in the second and he opened up with his heavy artillery with machine gun action and Mitchell did likewise. This was a wild and woolly session that had the fans in a dither. They repeated in the third. Jones had Mitchell going in the fifth but was too tired to end it. The same thing happened in the sixth. Mitchell, who made a fight of it all the way, collapsed on his stool when the fight was over.

After trying for six rounds in a previous fight, the law of averages finally rewarded Bill Parsons of Danville, Ill., when he beat George Dixon II, Chicago. They are colored lightweights. In the third Dixon went down twice and the third time a round-houser bounced his head off the floor and he was counted out for good in 2:00 of the third.

In the final bout, an eight-round affair, Bill Peterson, heavyweight from the Harbor and protege of Earl McClure, won the decision from Selman Martin of Chicago, colored.

The attendance was better than usual. Looks like boxing is going to catch on here.

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA enjoyed a corking month in fisticuffs, and what's in store for the coming month will delight the hearts of the dyed-in-the-wool fans.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's glorious bon bon who put this country on the fistic map, might well have a successor in Armando Puente, known as "Little Chocolate" who only weighs 105 and is managed by Luis Gutierrez, the man who made Kid Chocolate. He is the perfect image of the Keed in action, and soon U. S. fans will get a glimpse of this little marvel as Mr. Gutierrez will invade New York with him, and also with Santiago Sosa, 135, Pedro Poey 126, and Pedrito Martinez 130, and Rey Gutierrez 160, all promising performers who have been fighting in the pro ranks a little less than a year.

Eddy De La Torre, sparkling Cuban featherweight, scored a two-round kayo over Kid Rapidez, and then got an eight-round decision over Juancito Alvarez, which makes his fifth straight win. His manager, Higinio Ruiz, is carefully nursing him along for a shot at the featherweight crown now worn by Baby Coullimber (Pablo Roca). Luis Cantino, 127, won from Kid Jabao, 127, who was disqualified in the fifth round. Nanito Kid, 118, scored a technical kayo over Nelson Rodriguez, 123, in the fourth, and Luis Diaz, 133½, easily defeated Pedro Otano, 135.

Kid Tunero, Cuba's veteran middleweight, took the measure of Joe Basora, 151, of Puerto Rico in ten rounds replete with action. Tunero was too clever for his younger rival, and Basora only landed effectively in the tenth round, too late for a rally. Sixto Escobar and Senor Lopez accompanied the Puerto Rican bomber.

Aramis Del Pino, accompanied by Kid Chocolate, journeyed to Puerto Rico with a select Cuban Golden Glove team for a series of contests there. Del Pino, who has been doing excellent work in the G.G. department in Havana, took with him Humberto Sierra, 115; Sergio Prieto, 115; Pedro Calderon, 118; Ruben Aldama, 118; Jose Calixto, 135, and Roberto Aguilera, 145. All these boys survived a severe elimination contest, and we are sure they will prove their worth in defending Cuba's colors.

Luis Castillo, 114, of Mexico, hit too hard for Baby Canzoneri, 115, and the local lad was kayoed in 1:59 of the third round after a furious exchange of lefts and rights. Castillo has yet to be defeated in Havana, and is becoming a local idol. Rogelio Oliver, 150, technically K.O.'d Pablo Olivera, 148, in the first round, and Ignacio Alfonso, 118, won in two rounds from Anselmo Argudin, 115, who lost his shoe in action and could not continue.

Sergio Napoles, Cuba's hard punching flyweight, added another victim to his K.O. list when he stored away Joey Rodriguez. Napoles, alias "Guarina Kid" should soon prove himself a menace to the Cuban flyweight title, now held by Kid Espinosa.

Pedro Martinez is the tops this month in local fisticuffs. Pedro, who has only been fighting professionally a little less than a year, is a junior lightweight coming along as fast as lightning. Martinez scored a five round knockout over Rayo Del Ring, and then in great fashion scored an impressive knockout over Poncho Malacara of Mexico in the ninth round. Pedro is under the pilotage of Luis Pincho Gutierrez, who holds high hopes for his charge.

Larry Anzalone, New Jersey welterweight, who made a hit with Havana fans when he scored a seven round K.O. over Joe Caballero, returned to Havana and met Joe Legon, welter champion of Cuba. In a fast and furious ten rounder, Legon was given the nod, and deservedly so. But Anzalone was not satisfied, and has asked Luis Parga, boxing commissioner, for a return bout—"winner take all." Such a fight would go over big, and Sr. Parga is considering Anzalone's offer.

Indian Gomez, Cuba's new middleweight sensation, managed by Manolo Fernandez, scored a seven round K.O. over Saturnino Rico at the Crystal Arena. Gomez is a fast two-fisted puncher, and looks like he'll make the grade. He should be ready soon for a title match. Diego Sosa, 118½, put the knockout potion over Ignacio Alfonso, 119, in the first session, and Young Camaguey, 137, floored Delfin Mesa, 132, for keeps in the third round.

Carlos Malacara, Mexican, 138½, had little trouble in defeating Sixto Morales, 137, of Cuba. Malacara did not have to extend himself, and after the third round won as he pleased. Willy Morejon, 118, took a neat lacing from Orlando Ramill, 119, who was an easy winner; Baby Scull, 133, had too many guns for Young Camaguey, 137, and Scull won every round of the six. Manolo Sierra, 124, won in a special six-rounder from Benny Acevedo, 122.

Golden Glove results: 112 pound class: Fco Alejandro won from Osvaldo Martinez; Tomas Valdes beat Jose Tudino; Miguel Bahamonde beat Jose Lopez; Luis Galvani beat Roberto Martinez; Lino Garcia beat Angel Garcia; Fco Berrios beat Jesus Cintra; Jose Sosa beat Juan A. Gonzalez, and Angel Garcia beat Alfredo Bolivar.

Golden Glove results: 118 pound class, Manuel Sierra beat Joe Lorenzo; Manolo Fernandez beat Alejandro Aluarte; Jose Guavarra beat Raul Vaquero and Humberto Sierra; Raul Vaquero beat Angel Herse; Victor Salgado beat Joe Carrillo; Ignacio Torre beat Moguel Lopez; Fausto Jiminez beat Joaquin Cepero.

Golden Glove results: 126 pound class Pedro Perez beat Juan Morales; Tranquolino Trevejo beat Fausto Jimenez; Antonio Olivera beat Jose Caceres; Rogelio Aldazabal beat Abreu Lopez; Luis Laje won from Carlos Munoz; Antonio Nazarrio beat Antony Rodriguez; Angel Martinez beat Simon Sinen; Antonio Nazarrio beat Evelio Duran; Armando Perez beat Luis Montano and Julio Rock; Sergio Rivera beat Carlos Gomez; Hector Delgado beat Obdulio Crespo, and Felix Pedroso won from Abelardo Munoz.

Golden Glove results: 135 pound class, Joe Calixto beat Serafin Fernandez; Omelio Agramonte beat Joe Casanova; Rosendo Brunet beat Julio Pedroso and Juan Herrezuelo; Martin Rivero beat Manolo Gonzalez.

Golden Glove results: 147 pound class, Baby Pancho beat Joe Betancourt; Roberto Aguilera beat Joe Wenceslao and Baby Pancho; Rosendo Perez beat Mateo Corona; and also Alfredo Castro; Roberto Aguilera beat Rene Knight; Baby Pancho beat Felipe Cuesta; Fco de la Torre beat Raul Moreno; Alfredo Castra defeated Roberto Alonso; and Felipe Cuesta beat Rene Knight.

Golden Glove results: 160 pound class, Reinaldo Reyes beat Esteban Campos; Juan Blanco beat Esteban Blancos; Mario Ochoa beat Juan Blanco, and Cecilio Gilbert beat Roberto Liriano.

FLASH—FLASH . . . . Fernando Rios, Cuba's veteran referee, still going strong, was the third man in the ring in the Legon-Anzalone fight . . . . Rios got a big hand . . . . Vic Canel is sports reporter for Havana's P.M. paper . . . . Peter Fernandez of Diario de La Marina never misses a fight . . . . and does he know boxing . . . . Manolo Fernandez is still Cuba's best trainer and second . . . . Malayo is training Luis Castillo, Mexican flyweight . . . . Referee Gonzalez is back on the job again . . . . hasta luego boys.

Havana's promoter, Giraldo Hierro, keeps piling 'em in at his Thursday night shows. During the month some exciting contests were witnessed. Tony Velasco is the most popular wrestler in town, and is in great demand. Velasco won from Abe Walda in a real hot melee; Jim Martinez beat Cyclone Veloz; Alberto Crespo, Cuba's sensational wrestler, beat Miguel Suarez; and Gilbert Becerra won from Luis Pino, Cuba's gorilla man. On another good card, Albert Crespo drew with Gilbert Becerra, and Abe Walda beat Jim Martinez. Edgar MacCullah, Scotchman, won from Luis Pino; and Tony Velasco beat Ramon Rivera, Velasco then beat Edgar MacCullah; Joe Becerra won from Luis Pino, and Jimmy Martinez drew with Enrique Pechon. Albert Crespo drew with Ramon Rivera; Cyclone Veloz drew with Miguel Suarez, and in a special team match, Tony Velasco and Joe Becerra won from Luis Pino and Abe Walda. All of these contests were thrillers, and Giraldo Hierro, promoter, is gradually eliminating these men for his coming championship tournament, which will soon be held in Havana and different parts of the Island of Cuba.

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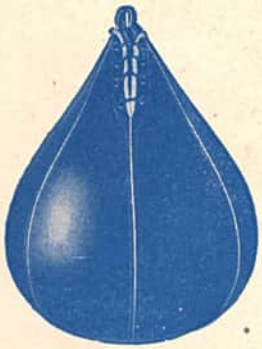

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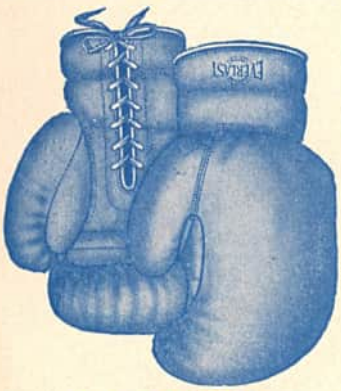

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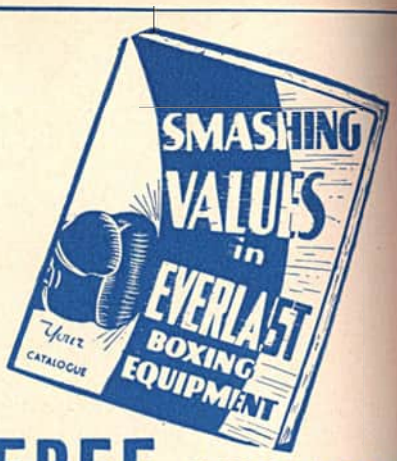

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